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Number 51 in a series

JULY 1998

SPICE WORLD

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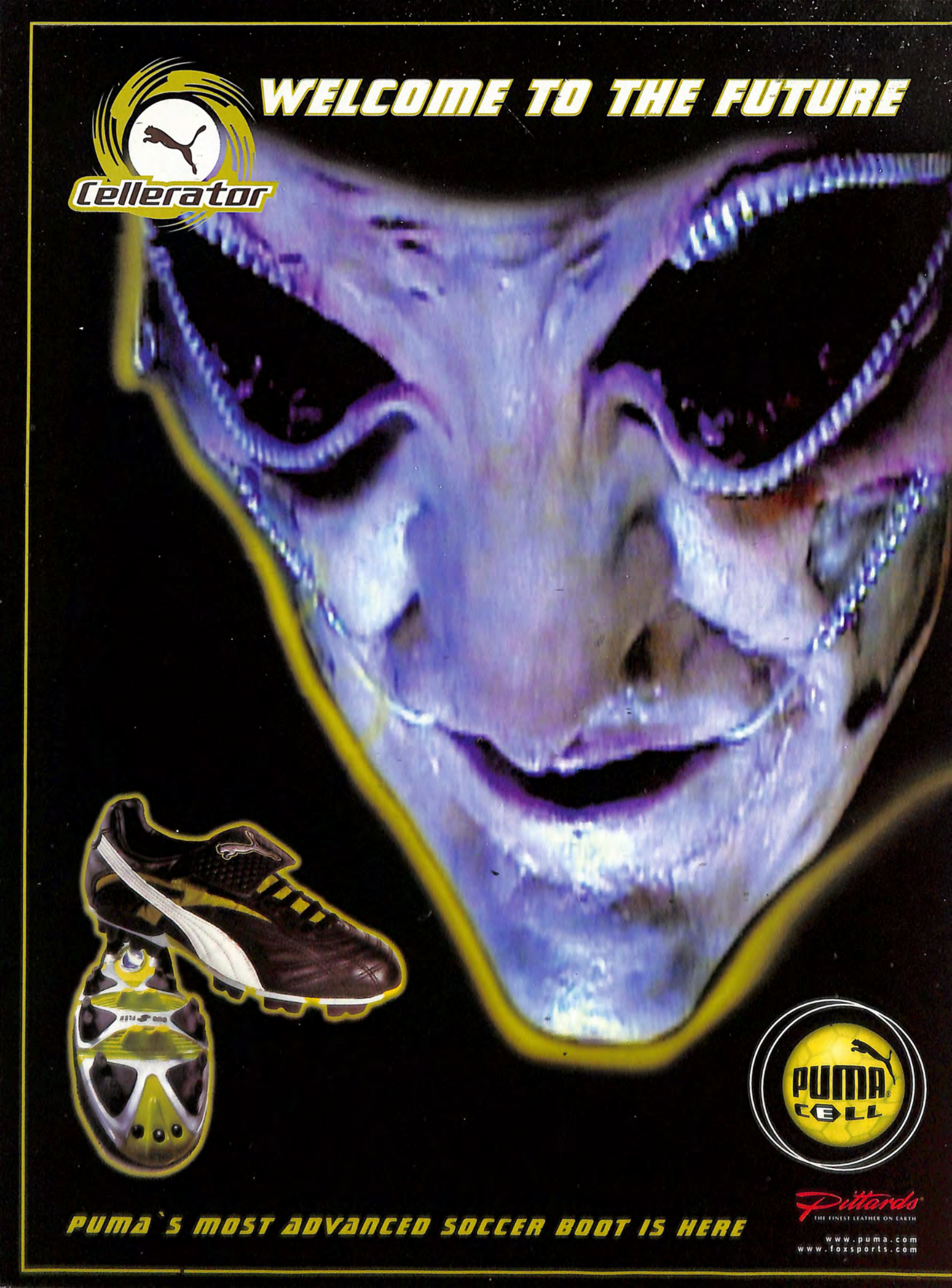
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EDITOR'S LETTER

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(SEE LETTER OF THE MONTH P16)

The sun's come out, everybody's gone bonkers, there's a strange, rancid odour coming from the fashion department and Mike's living in a large bag. Must be summer. About bloody time, 'cos the World Cup's just started and for the next four weeks happiness is this mag, a big telly, a load of booze and a spread bet on when the first Colombian gets sent home. We've pointed out a few to watch out for, along with words of wisdom from Bobby Robson and Teddy Sheringham, a trip to Kingston with the Jamaican team and a look at why Scotland always seem to bugger it up. And if you really fancy going to the World Cup final we'll take you, with the British Grand Prix thrown in on the same day. Aside from that, we paint Mel C gold for a laugh and get her to tell us about shoplifting, wage war in Wales and save a sheep, go out on a bender with Richard Littlejohn, talk with the legend that is Rod Stewart about his farting missus, resurrect the '80s for no particular reason and chart the amazing social rise of a dead shrimp 'cos we lost what was going to be on those pages. All that and an enormous poster of Kelly Brook dressed as a rabbit and Brenda Schad dressed in not very much at all. Summer's here, we'll see you by the pool.

DEREK HARBINSON
editor

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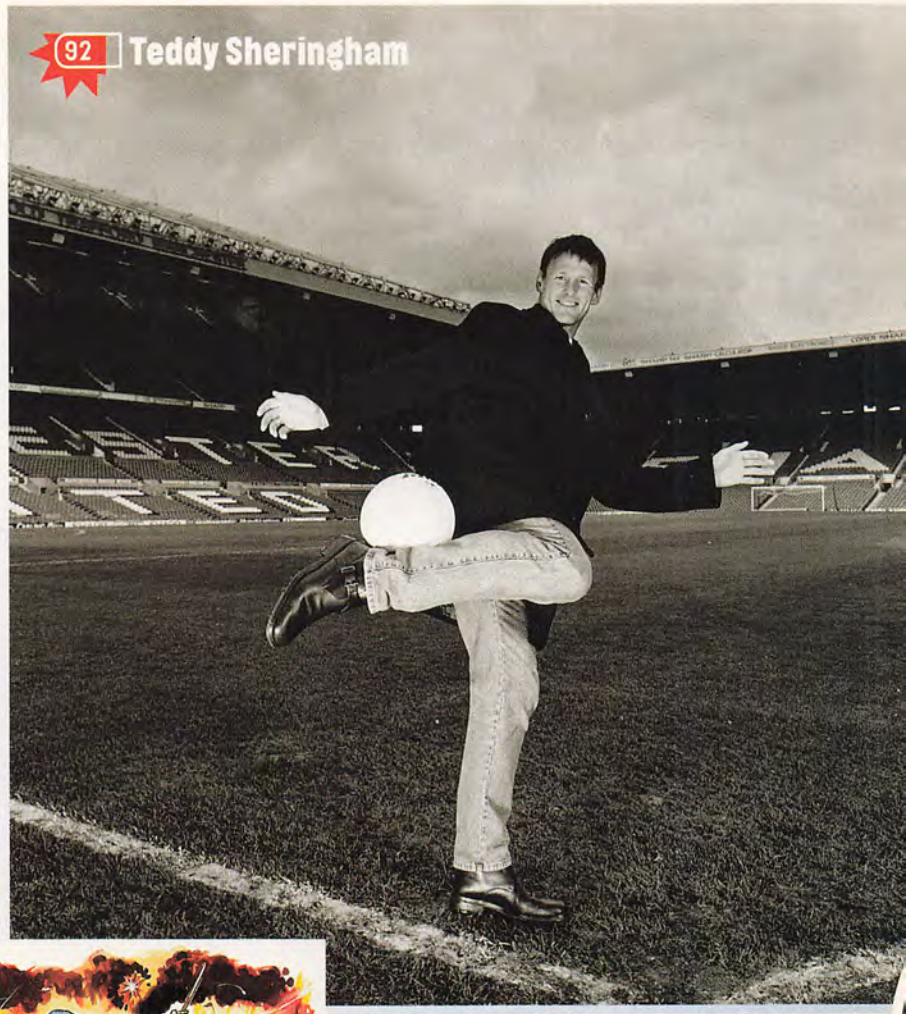

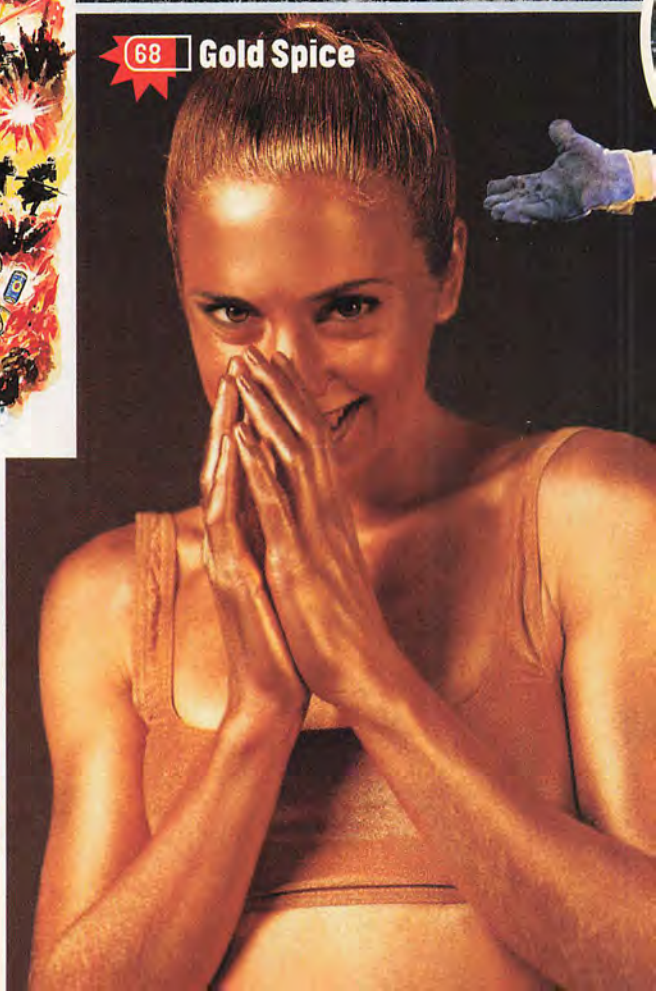

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Meet The Contributors
This month: Noel Coward's sickly niece, Commissioning Editor Adam Black.

issue 51 July 1998

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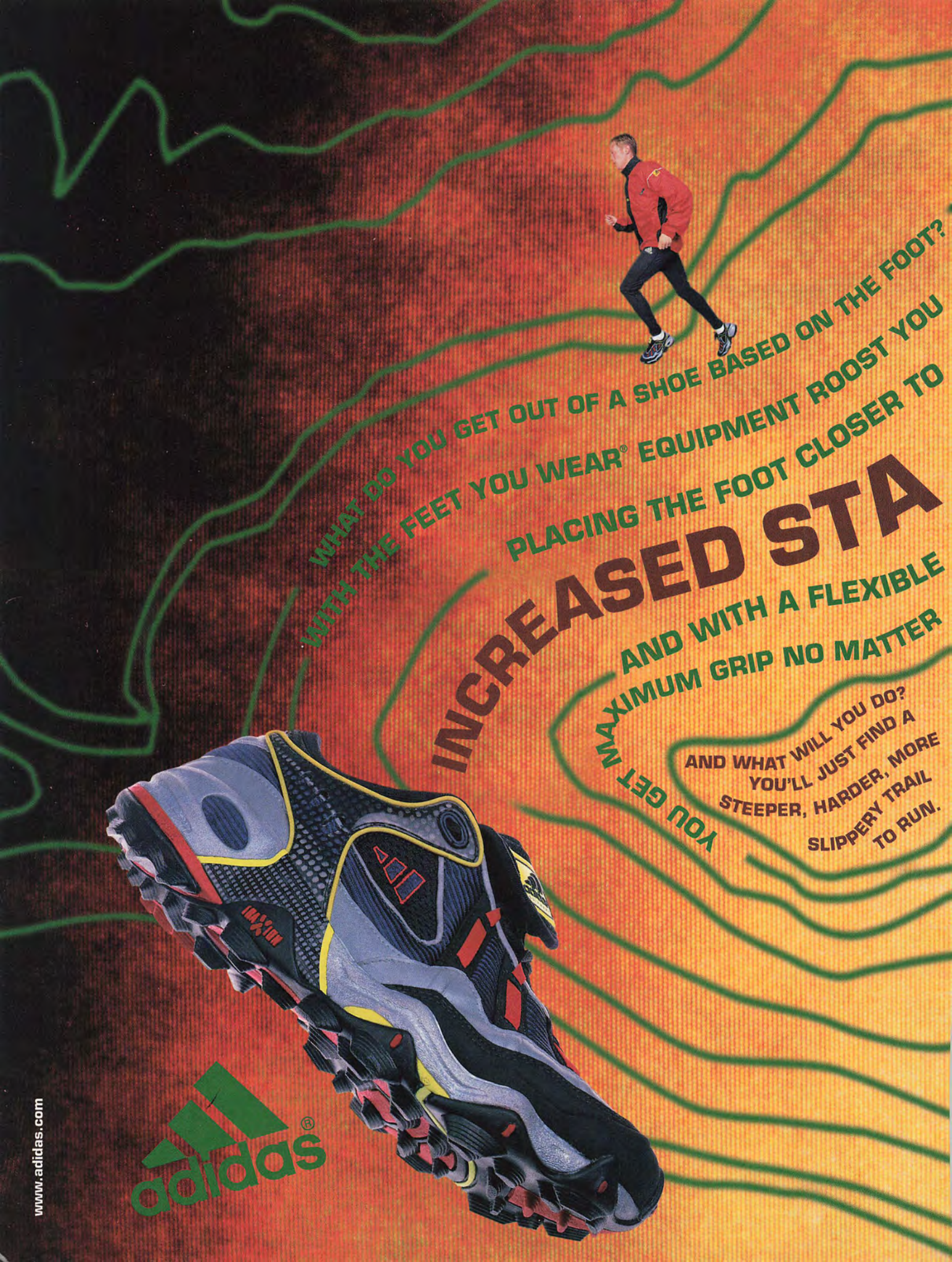
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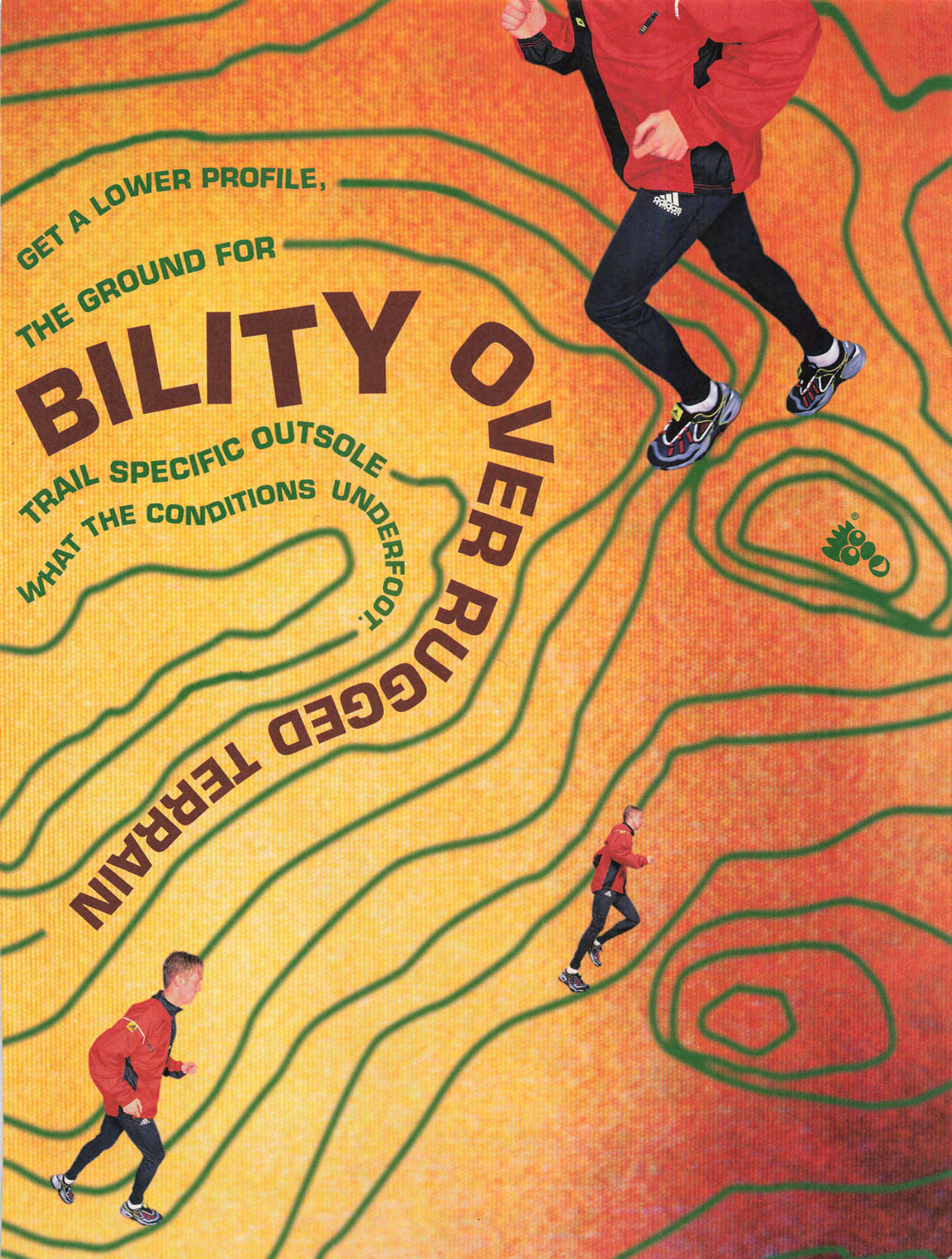
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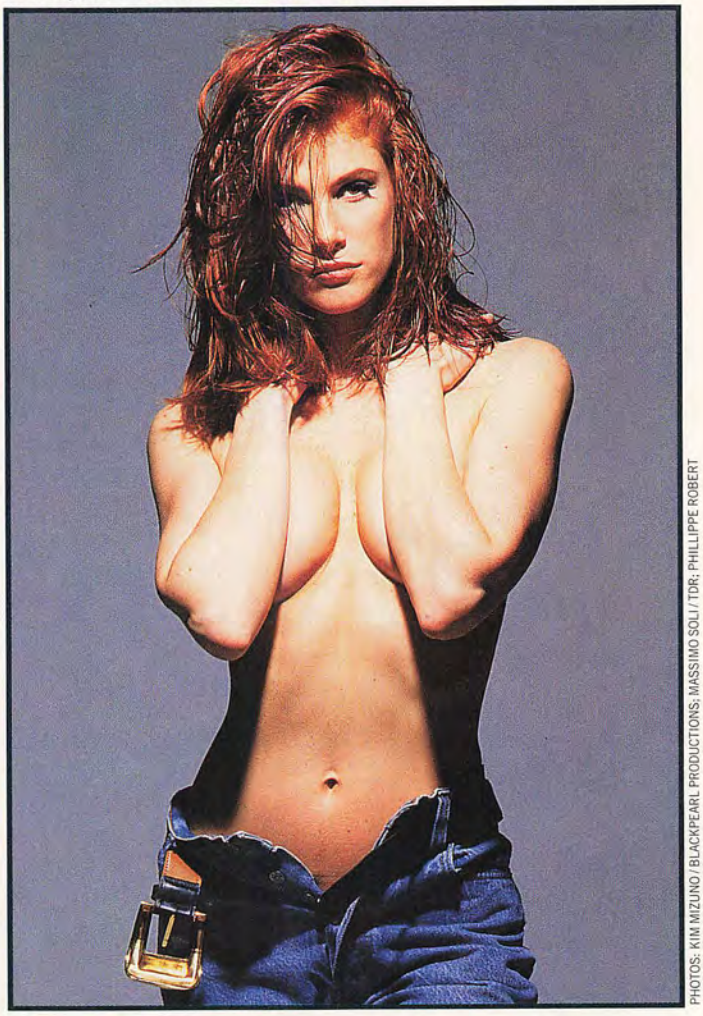
All these women were at your school and you never noticed them. Now look!

Caroline (opposite page) A small village in central France has named a mountain range after Caroline. Every winter a festival is held at the foot of the highest peak where the locals dress up like her and climb to the summit . Each person then burns a pair of socks as a sort of respect thing. "We don't know why we do it, we just do. It's because of her face and body," laughs the mayor. The locals hope that one day Caroline will visit this event herself, but her spokesman has described it as being "shit".

Sheila (left) Sheila's life changed irreversibly almost 15 years ago when a dog she had owned most of her life called 'Skid' learnt to talk and joined a travelling whoop of student activist protesters. This taught the naive Sheila an important lesson which she has since forgotten. Nowadays, Sheila has turned her heartbreak into a money-spinning scheme by selling wicker hats with 'Free Mandela' on them. At the time of going to press she's sold about 12. Skid, however, is currently a huge success on the South East Asia club circuit.

Angie Everhardt (below) Raised by a family of gibbons in Death Valley, California, Everhardt was taught to cook, kill, fuck and sew by the mostly harmless mammals. It was only when she refused to pick some fleas from her step-father's scabby arse that Everhardt realised her future lay perhaps in the big city. Shaved, washed and generally scrubbed up, Everhardt was transformed into the god-like vision she is today but often her thoughts drift back to Death Valley. Especially when she's got an itchy arse or something.

Send your nominations to World Of Women, loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS



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rogue

platinum rogues

The Premier League of bad behaviour: high rollers and low life

re-entry **1**

Paul Gascoigne

Britain's premier footballing brainbox saw the season out in style by going on a two-night bender with a collection of no-good pals including Chris Evans and Rod Stewart. After a boozy sitdown session at the Pharmacy bar in London, Gascoigne got out of his seat and began to fall awkwardly towards the dance floor. Only a last-second intervention by international recording artist Rod prevented the porcine England hero from smashing his own face in. Taking hold of Gazza, Rod then marched him out of the restaurant, stuck him in a cab and took him took him back to Chris Evans' house – where he tucked the England star into bed. Gazza had previously promised Glenn Hoddle he'd try and get fit enough to represent England in the World Cup, a large and highly respected international footballing tournament. Problematically, Gazza was then snapped out on the piss the following night, with Evans again, waving a kebab bag full of saturated fat outside a Soho cab office. This is the sporting equivalent of Nelson turning up to the battle of Trafalgar with a copy of *Fiesta* and a large fake penis with "Stick It Up The Spanish" etched amateurishly across the helmet. Sensational foolishness.

new entry **2**

Jerry Springer

The world's most popular loudmouth talkshow host was trapped by the *News Of The Screws* having a frisky old-man-style sex session with blonde porn queen Kendra Jade and her stepmother. The pictures clearly show Jerry having his tummy rubbed in a hotel bedroom, a classic sex trick. Kendra also admitted performing "a sex act" on Springer after they appeared on his show. Jerry blamed his actions on the new ludicrous sex pill Viagra – which seems to be getting old men's cocks as hard as bats all over the world.

new entry **3**

Dana International

Born Yaron Cohen, this year's Eurovision winner and medical sensation Dana International underwent a painful sex-change op some years ago. Representing Israel at this year's mutant song war, she has had to endure a number of attacks from disgusted right-wing Jewish leaders back home. "The god in whom I believe doesn't care if I have breasts or not," she said. This conflicts with the ideas of a certain German philosopher who believed that God was dead, thus making him unable to pass judgement one way or the other on her transvestite breasts.

new entry **4**

Gay swans

Two male swans have shocked the closeted world of ornithology by chasing a female swan out of an empty nest and moving in together. The birds, who live at Abbotsbury in Dorset, are officially Britain's first gay swans. "It is uncommon and not something I have ever heard of before," said an RSPB spokesman. "It's totally counterproductive to be a homosexual bird." Local swanherd Dick Daley reckons the birds probably "just like one another's company". Both swans are said to be into tattoos, Bowie and shopping for bric-a-brac in little French markets.

new entry **5**

Corrie street slappers

Corrie actress Tina Hobley, who plays busty barmaid Sam Failsworth, shocked locals in the bar of a posh Manchester hotel when she started thumping Vicky Entwhistle (aka Janice Battersby), tearing at her hair and accusing her of wearing "tarty" lipstick. "Someone shouted 'slapper' then all hell broke loose," said an eyewitness. As the brawl escalated, fellow stars Stephen Billington and Denise Welch stepped in to drag the two apart and were in turn served up with a portion. According to newspapers, Hobley was later "carpeted" by TV chiefs.

new entry **6**

Swearing newsreader

Australian Channel Ten newsreader Glenn Taylor got the boot after making an on-air joke about testicles. The comment was made after a female colleague introduced a bulletin about a swimmer facing suspension over a positive drug test. She finished the introduction with the word 'suspended'. Off-camera, Taylor could be heard to add: "By his testicles." He has since refused to comment about the incident and is considering job offers from Channel 5 and The Iraqi Home Shopping Network.

new entry **7**

Lottery alcoholic

Elvis-impersonating millionaire lottery winner Gary Ashmore is on the ropes, claiming he's "addicted to drink" and that it's going to kill him. In a night he'll down a bottle of wine, seven pints of lager, seven alcopops and seven vodkas, all paid for out of his £5,000-a-month interest payments. Gary, now glued to Spain, told a newspaper reporter: "I'm too scared to visit a doctor because I'm terrified what he will say. I even asked a spiritualist to give me a reading and she told me I could lose a kidney." Doh!

new entry **8**

Faye Dunaway

Chinatown star Dunaway went ape after a baby's incessant imaginary howlings drove her up the wall. Faye had previously bought a seat in business class but marched straight into first class claiming she had to read a script and that the maniac baby's agonised grunting was disturbing her concentration. The crew were then forced to point out that there was no baby crying, and refused to serve her any first-class food, making her pay the extra for riding up front. Dunaway is well known around Hollywood for trying the same scams on local buses.

new entry **9**

Farting woman sent in by Mark Foster of Harrow

Drunken female pest Mandy Hawkes shocked local JPs when she stormed a Windsor courtroom where her husband was facing charges for drink-driving. An eyewitness said: "All of a sudden she pulled down her knickers to reveal her tattooed buttocks, then let off a huge guff. It smelled grim. People started coughing and grimacing." The court had to be cleared for 30 minutes while the smell went away. The problem was further compounded when other magistrates refused to re-enter the room on the grounds that "a girl had done a stinky fart".

new entry **10**

Sesame Street

Some 150,000 *Sesame Street* talking T-shirts are being withdrawn from shops in America after complaints about swearing. Due to some factory mix-up the Cookie Monster T-shirt, which is meant to say "It's time to truck", actually says something along the lines of "It's time to fuck". It is believed that the sweary speech boxes were originally intended for T-shirts bearing the image of Christ.

new entry **11**

Sun Valley

Bored night-shift workers at the Balliol Sun Valley plant which supplies McDonald's with Chicken McNuggets may face the sack after they manufactured a 10-inch 'Chicken McWilly'. Disastrously, the giant poultry knob actually found its way into a delivery bound for a West Bromwich McDonald's. One worker said: "It was battered and fried, and some even had their photos taken with it." Staff have their fingers crossed that their other creation, a 6ft Big Mac biker with a bum hole made out of Fillet O'Fish, has been lost in transit.

key:

romp, mad, ruck, bird, food, ill, nice tits, singer, plane trouble, marriage, book thrown, footy, dope, booze, coupla nicker, education, swearing, australian, sprog, slammer, high jinx, shocker, shooter, drug testing, alien, rozzers

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new entry **12**

Student holiday hoaxers

A group of Leeds University art students blagged £1,800 of sponsors' cash to fund a trip to Spain which they claimed would push back the boundaries of "performance art". On their return, the party staged an exhibition of holiday snaps for their lecturers. But the 13 jolly japers had actually gone no further than the local sunbed centre, a couple of seedy juicers and a disused Scarborough nightclub where they recreated Spanish settings. "This makes students seem a bit of a joke," said their student union, unaware how much they already are.

new entry **13**

Shirty statue

Eight Toon Army fans decided Gateshead's Angel of the North statue needed a finishing touch. They each put in £125 to pay for a 29ft by 17ft Alan Shearer shirt and secured it to the 65ft construction using fishing line weighted with rubber balls. Sadly for them, an annoyed driver on the nearby A1 informed the police who removed the shirt 20 minutes later – proving the whole exercise to be, like life itself, a waste of everybody's time and money.

new entry **14**

Monkeyman sent in by Justin Plaistow of Edgware

North London residents are currently being terrorised by a strange figure who can climb 70ft trees in a matter of seconds. People living in the leafy suburb of Edgware have reported a man in his early 20s scaling trees. He has so far confounded residents by climbing down and legging it before the authorities could arrive. "He goes up trees as if he's just walking up an escalator," said a passing motorist. Local papers have dubbed the tree-hugger "Monkeyman" and have since employed a big game hunter to blow the fucker's head off.

new entry **15**

Mark Lamarr

The '50s throwback was arrested recently following a 4am brawl outside London's swanky Savoy Hotel. He was one of three men fighting in the forecourt of the hotel. It's not certain what started the ruck. Lamarr was later locked in a cell for several hours and cautioned for drunken behaviour before being released without charge. "It is not the kind of thing you expect to happen outside such a distinguished establishment," said a staff member. The annual Savoy forecourt pig-fucking event has been postponed.

new entry **16**

Thai bride toff

"It's great not to have ration-book sex," said Sir Peter Moon of his new bride Mem, a Thai girl half his age. Once described as "Britain's biggest male chauvinist and the world's worst husband" by his ex-wife Lady Sarah, Sir Peter had previously blown his entire fortune. These days his Thai bride is fascinated with his fat gut. "Mem is always prodding my stomach – she seems to find it attractive," he explained. Perhaps she believes it to be stuffed with money.

re-entry **17**

Ronnie O'Sullivan

Snooker ace Ronnie O'Sullivan, the world's number three, admitted he felt "deeply ashamed" and "foolish" after admitting he'd taken cannabis during the Benson & Hedges Irish Masters in March. With the threat of being kicked out of the sport hanging over him, O'Sullivan's solicitor responded on his part: "He wants to make amends by offering his time to press home the message that youngsters should say 'No' to drugs." Insert your own joke here, using the words 'pot', 'black', 'cushions', 'long rests' and 'twat'.

rogues *illustrated*

1 Paul Gascoigne

A visual guide to this month's top story

"We've been drinking for ages! We must be really mad to hang around with. Don't you think, Paul and Rod?"

"The alcohol has gone right to my head. Whoops, I'm beginning to topple... over... Phew, Thanks Rodney, I'm being funny now."

"Now I'm sleepy in bed while my fiends [*sic*] tuck me up nicely."

COMPILED BY PHIL ROBINSON, NIALL HAMPTON, MICK BUNNAGE AND PETE STANTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULIA QUENZLER

come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Letter of the month

I thought I would share with yourselves and the readers what has to be one of the funniest moments to have happened yet in my short life.

After a few beers in the afternoon sun of Gran Canaria, me and my mates were bored and decided to construct the sunbeds into a word. Lo and behold, look what we erected! Great, innit?

David Chitty, Dagenham

Readers! Can you top this incredible achievement? If you can, send us the photos, marked 'incredible achievement'. Only don't hurt anybody, and keep your ugly arses out of the pictures. This month's top letter wins a year's subscription, Office Pest T-shirt, Dr Mick mug and an ashtray (we might even empty it).

Marksisms today

Dear Mr Marks,

What?

Spud, Dundalk

Nevermind, eh?

The ghost of Kurt Cobain visited me recently. He had a banjo round his neck and a stupid grin. "Where's your guitar, Kurt?" I asked him. He said he wasn't allowed to play guitar in Heaven as it pissed the angels off. He'd borrowed the banjo off George Formby. For two seconds I was annoyed that Formby had been spared from Hell. Then Kurt began to play a banjo version of 'Frances Farmer Will Have Her Revenge On Seattle'. When he had finished, I lay prostrate at his feet. It wasn't because I'd enjoyed it – I just wanted him to go away. After four minutes the cunt was still there.

"Is there heroin in Heaven?" I asked at last. No reply. As I repeated the question he slowly dissolved into thin air and I was sad. I shouldn't have pressed him on the smack thing.

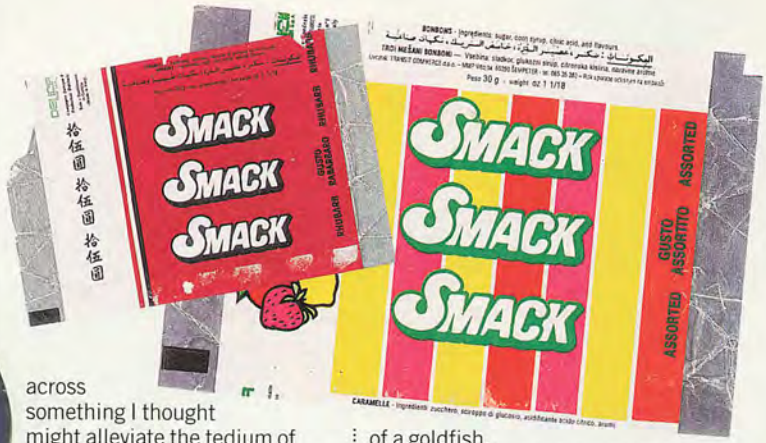
Happy 50th, more tits please.

Mister Bunny (address not supplied, but probably prison)

Wrappers delight

While swanning around the local discount warehouse I chanced across something I thought might alleviate the tedium of sitting here on this Godforsaken hill in the middle of fucking Bosnia [*above*]. Good work, local sweet-making fellas.

L Cpl Leadbitter, Bosnia



Rogues and binders

Ever thought of producing magazine binders? I especially would be grateful – then I could buy a TV and video stand.

St John Healey, Ramsbottom

Written by a monkey

Well, well! After reading Cheeky's album reviews – or should I say Weaky, as in brain cells – he never ceases to amaze me. He has the concentration span of a goldfish, with about as much knowledge of music as Motor Head needs for Armani suit [*sic*].

This person never seems to enjoy music of any style, band or artist, which points out yet again magazines employ frustrated musicians with as much talent for writing a column as they had for attracting a major label – none – which is what I'd pay him for the unwitty, untalented dribble he calls reviews, that echoes frustration, loneliness and abuse.

Tony Case, Birmingham

Knackers

While I was driving home after a strenuous night's firefighting in

pornalikes

Me and a few mates were reading through the April issue of *Razzle* and came across Kurt Benson from *Hollyoaks*. Hope you have as much fun laughing at it as we had. Cheers.

Matt, Woz, Lol, Percy, Allcock and Telf, Crewe

Darth Vader in some early '80s jazz mag!

Distribution fellas, Tonbridge Royal Mail

I was flicking through a porno mag, as you do when you're in prison, and as I came to the film reviews I was shocked to see a very rude snap of the lovely Melanie from All Saints. Must have been her day job before she hit stardom. I wonder if the rest of the group are starring as well?

Jason Wright, HMP Ford

Sportalikes

Bloody weird one here, mates. Last month's fucking excellent 50th loaded featured a pic of some dodgy lads in *The Real Blonde* film review. Now I'm no expert on films, especially ones about half-naked lads, but almost every one of these were footie stars. I made out Nigel Winterburn, some bloke, Sol Campbell, Darren Peacock, some bloke, Robbie Fowler, Jamie Redknapp, David Beckham, Giggsy and a very, hmm, "happy" Les Ferdinand.

Chris Traies, Hampshire

Nigel Winterburn, Sol Campbell, Darren Peacock, Robbie Fowler, Jamie Redknapp David Beckham, Giggsy, Les Ferdinand

Good Work Fella!

Big mates of **loaded** this month:

Everyone who came to our party last month and embarrassed themselves by going mad on the free bar. It started off like a strange wedding and ended like the last days of Sodom replayed using unlicensed mini cab drivers. Good Work Fellas!

Barcelona, for being organised in a manner which allows you wander around aimlessly, get drunk and excite yourself – before waking up in front of the hotel the next day not knowing how you got there. Good Work Señor!

Box Fresh for sending in some snazzy World Cup T-shirts. There are five styles and the go for about £12.50. Call Box Fresh on 0171 240 4742

Tim and Stewart at Coalition, Dave Boyd at Hut and the band themselves for tickets and all that malarkey for The Verve's Wigan extravaganza. Good Work Fellas!

Banks. Every time they get a holiday so do we, for some reason. Good Work Mysterious Accounting Fellas!

Bunch Of Arse!

Barnet losing 3-2 in extra time in the play-offs. Shit cakes! Never mind we'll get there next year and shove it right up 'em! Bunch Of Arse!

Legions of plastic Arsenal 'fans' who pretend to like them just because they win the Double or whatever. Bunch Of Arse!

Pubs where you can't sit on the outside tables in the sun unless you order some food that you didn't want in the first place. Thus making you even fatter to the point where you actually require a seat. Bunch Of Perpetually Growing Fat Arse!

Not being a monkey! Bunch Of Arse!

the heart of Staffordshire, I noticed this top sporting event [*above*] with one of the most curious sponsorships around.
Guy Williams, Shrewsbury

Too much wrist action

My cable TV remote is bust and the channel controller only works upwards. This means that when I am flicking through the channels and find something decent (which is not very often), I invariably go past it and then have to cycle through 99 channels of utter shite to find it again, by which time it is usually over. This is a complete bunch of arse and I felt I had to bring it to your attention.

Good work on the 50th special, and thanks for the beer, even if I do have to go to the Links Hotel to get it.
Sum Yung Guy, Ashford, Middx

Cop a load of that

As serving police officers, my colleagues and I were appalled to see this shameless display [*right*] in the Cumbria and North Lancs Yellow Pages. Spanking good effort, whoever perpetrated this one!
Dave, Steve and Paul, Carlisle

Big girl's browse

I have just read the interview with Ulrika in your May issue. She says she has got big boobs, big thighs and a big bum. Wouldn't it be easier to show some nude photos of her and let us work out if she has these things wrong with her?

Please do not print my address or name.
Del Boy, Tonbridge

Every village should have a byke

The feature on Donna Air was fucking brilliant. I used to have a girlfriend that looked like that other girl out of *Byker Grove*, except nicer. Some clever cunt should start cloning these beautiful women so everyone could live in the same street as Donna Air and Kate Winslet. One just isn't enough.Bunch of arse.
Joe Cooper, Barnard Castle

Hopeless robber: I am not French

I noticed in your magazine that I was in your top 20 rogues [*No 1, January edition*]. I always get your magazine, and so do a lot of my fellow prisoners, but your story was wrong and you're only famous once.

It said I was French, when I am British and very much a true Brit ex-Para. I haven't told the real side to anyone but I might as well. I used my own post office book and my own car and spent £3,500 on Champagne for hotel guests in Manchester. When armed police arrested me I told them I was an armed robber. Also, I hired a limousine to party in for the two days I was on the run.

I was pissed off with life, the same old shit, and I done this for a bit of attention. They gave me five years and the postmaster said it was too long. Can't a man have a blow-out now and again?
Mark Antony Cason, HMP Cardiff

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Greatest Living Englishman

No.48 Tony Hadley

"When you're just one door of a small house in a very big council estate, then looking different from everyone else becomes a very crucial aspect of your life." Tony Hadley, 1982.

Spandau Ballet were about being different. Posing on stage like a bunch of second-hand-car-dealing matadors, this much was obvious. What none of the newspapers could work out was what they actually stood for.

After the bloody demise of the Pistols and punk, the press just wasn't ready for a well-behaved underground movement. Spandau were about suburban escapism. Whereas punk involved sliding around in pools of gob and toppling the fascist junta, Spandau's political agenda stopped just short of doing it all night with sexy birds. From one rare appearance to the next they could look like either Cossack binmen or millionaire cocktail waiters. They were clean and polite and your mum loved them. They were smoother than lager, yet as uniquely British as the dubbin on your football boots. Alongside Visage and Duran Duran they were The New Romantics, and Tony Hadley was the king. They didn't want to tear up the world so much as put on a couple of slow tunes and squeeze its bum till it giggled.

Spandau Ballet was actually born on 17 November, 1979. Hadley, Gary and Martin Kemp, Steve Norman and John Keeble took their name from a bit of graffiti on a prison wall in Berlin. Their first gig took place in a rented studio where 50 invited 'Blitz kid' guests were blown away by the band's blend of new soul and old-style crooning.

Lead singer Hadley was clearly the successor to a line of romantic English frontmen stretching back to Bowie and Bolan. At just 19 years of age, wearing "slightly Puerto Rican" balloon trousers with cross-over crotch and a hand-embroidered shirt, he tried to explain the essence of his band: "We're not like the punks and mods, we don't believe in all wearing the same thing. Everyone has their own theme, whatever they fancy – the show starts the minute the first fan walks through the door."

Hadley was as close as you could get to James Bond if you worked in Gateway's. He had singlehandedly made it acceptable for blokes who would normally be out robbing old people to saunter around the local Wimpy dressed like Lionel Blair. It was clear his music had become the accompaniment to a new, swellegant way of living.

Heart-throb Tony was quite unashamedly narcissistic: "What everyone gets wrong about this whole thing is that they stand back and say, 'We can't afford to do that!' That is absolute crap. We were on the dole for like six months and we still had style!"

In 1980, and now sporting dark gaucho's trousers (tucked into spats and boots), with billowing fawn blousons and bright sashes, they signed with Chrysalis Records for a cool £85,000. The first album, 1981's *Journeys To Glory*, was a classic piece of white disco funk. Dressed up like extras off *The Flashing Blade*, they played the Underground club in New York. Calvin Klein, De Niro and Dusty from *Dallas* were all in the audience. Hadley came back to England a star.

The ex-*My Guy* model had always been one for the ladies. On being asked by a journalist why he was playing in a gay club, he retorted: "Not on our night it won't be," adding that he hoped a lot of "birds" would come along to the gig. They did. The papers called it Balletomania. When their second album, *Diamond*, came out – featuring the singles 'True' and 'Gold' – Spandau suddenly had Number Ones in 22 countries. Their disco anthems had become the soundtrack to Thatcher's yuppie boom. In 1983 Tony married his secretary girlfriend Leonie and the band stormed Europe. After their gear was nicked in Portugal they had to improvise, and manufactured new stage costumes by ripping up hotel bed sheets. They'd routinely turn up in the papers hanging around Bahaman pools wearing thongs like some rent-boy pressure group. In 1984, Tony refused to play any large venues in LA on the grounds that they didn't have enough style. When they finally ended up playing the Wilshire Theater, several girls had to be removed after having hysterical fits. "I don't know why I have this effect," said Tony. "My wife just laughs it off." He was chronically normal.

He wrote off six cars by taking their handbrakes off and pushing them down a hill

"I'm not into being pulled by women. If I ever wanted to pull I'd do it myself. It's really vulgar of them. You might as well go to a brothel. You don't have a clue who they are – they might have dirty underwear, dandruff and greasy hair. I just take the Mickey out of them when they hand me the keys to their rooms."

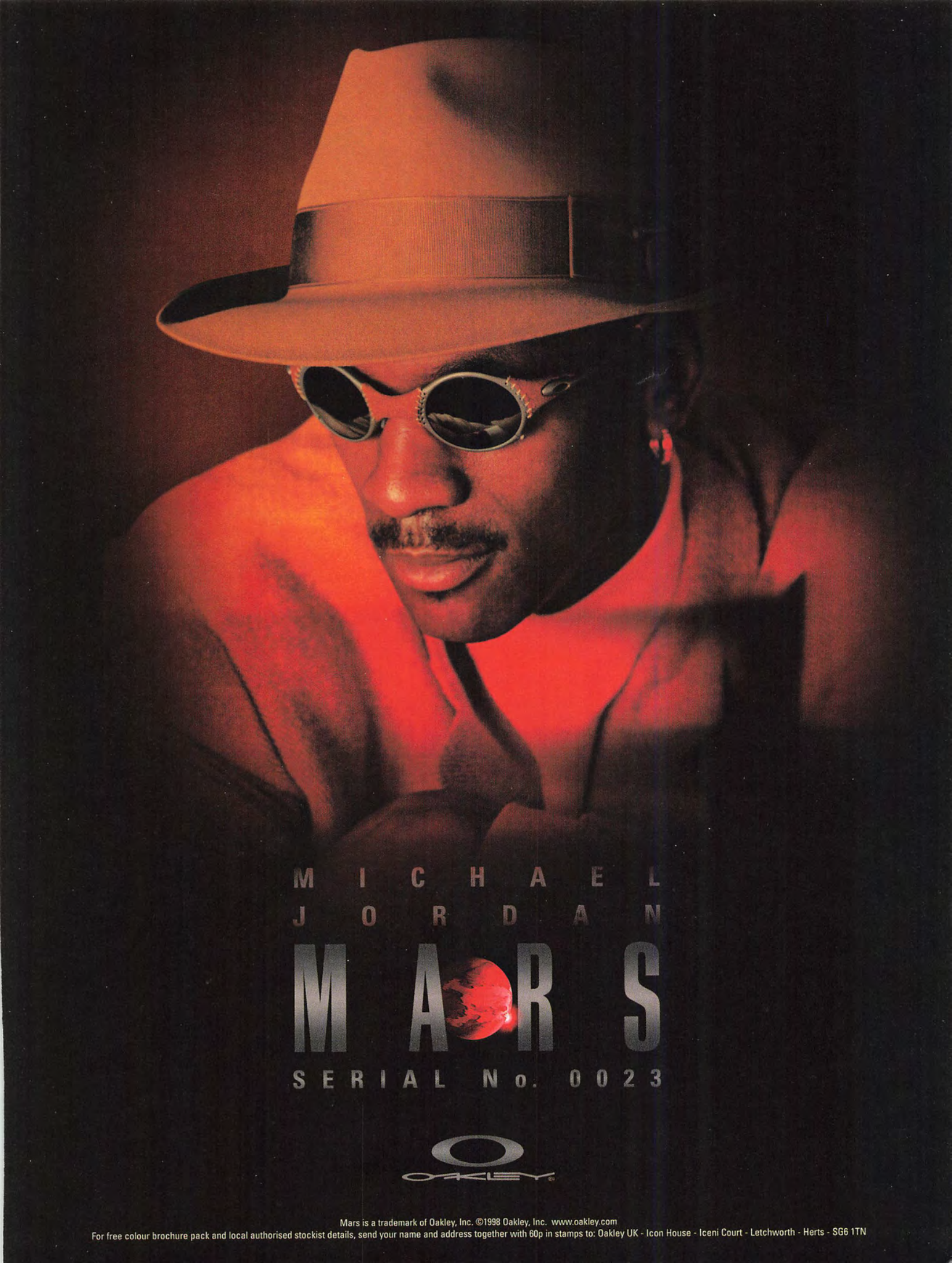
After 18 months of marriage and the birth of his first child, he seemed to have his life worked out: "When I come back blotto, falling about, hitting walls and completely unable to speak, Leonie never complains. She just helps me into bed, pulls my clothes off and tucks me in... When you get married you have to decide to stay faithful. Having a little bit on the side just doesn't work. If you're into sheer animal lust then you shouldn't get married. The night I first met Leonie I said, 'That's it, I'm going out with you, you're my bird.' The best thing about her is that she always wakes me up with a cup of tea, which is my idea of heaven."

In 1986 Spandau Ballet reached the peak of their success with their *Through The Barricades* album. They went on their longest tour ever, which culminated in Tony vandalizing a posh Italian hotel in a £15,000 wrecking spree. He also destroyed £3,000 worth of antiques and wrote off six cars by taking their handbrakes off and pushing them down a hill.

"I don't know what came over me, I've never done anything like this before. I jumped on top of the cars and ran up and down the bonnets and roofs causing even more damage."

An aide claimed he was suffering from 'road fever', but a more realistic cause might have been that the popularity of the band was on the wane. The single 'Raw', taken from the album *Heart Like A Sky* was a modest hit. And with the Kemps rumoured to be starring in an upcoming film about the Krays, Spandau's days were numbered. Though the band never split, Tony went solo, released an eponymous album that's been massive in Europe, and this year even sung the national anthem at the FA Cup final. It was a fine thing indeed to see Tony standing on the hallowed turf of Wembley banging out 'Abide With Me' in true Spandau style. It's just a shame he didn't go the extra yard and do it dressed up like a berk.

PHIL ROBINSON



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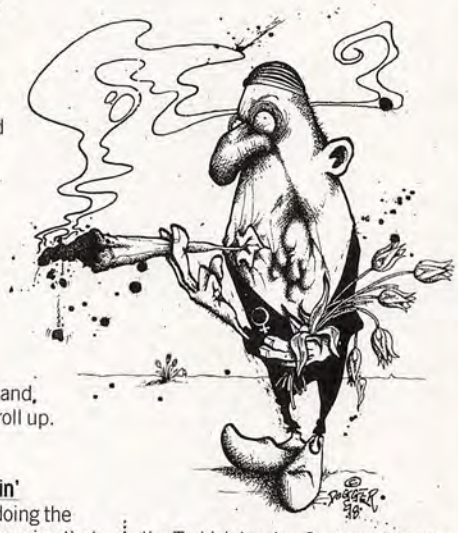
TRIPPING YARNS

drugs news

Piping not hot

Shops in Amsterdam are reporting a drop in pipe sales so far this year. Smokers seem to be turning back to reefers – skins and a roach instead of fancy metallic pipe designs or bulbous bongs that look like lava lamps. Another survey also found that only about three per cent of Dutch people smoke gear regularly. The other 97 per cent are employed making Rizlas and, are therefore too busy to roll up.



You're gonna get your f**king head trippin'

World Cup acid tabs are doing the rounds at the moment, ensuring that a mental trip abroad is guaranteed. Hallucinations are rumoured to be bad. Some fans have tripped out thinking they are French, and have actually been able to get a ticket.

Kiddy cartel

An Internet game allowing you to play the role of a drug baron has been banned in several American schools. Several cases were cited where teachers overheard the children using drug lingo. Words like 'stash' rang alarm bells. The shit hit the fan when five-year-olds wrote stories about scoring shit instead of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. And no, we can't find the website before you ask.

Bad leg

False-legged Marcus Kurensky, 67, was caught smuggling hashish across the Turkish border. Customs became suspicious as the trip had been his sixth in the last two months. What they didn't bargain for was the pensioner taking exception to being nicked and attacking officials with his drug-packed false limb. It took five of them to down the bugger and one plod suffered a fractured jaw. Not bad for a bloke who could only hop.

Animal pharm

Scientists are forecasting that cloned animals will be able to produce pharmaceutical drugs in the future. The idea of Dolly the sheep sweating cold remedies that you pour down your throat is a lovely indictment of modern civilisation. Pile cream manufactured from pigs' snot and spot cream made from horse jizz may soon become a beautiful reality.

PIERS TOWNLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS: DOGGER

Come again

sex news

Tamagotchi for trapping totty

The Japanese have now turned to technology in their quest to get hitched. For £15, they can buy 'Lovegety', a pocket gadget which emits a signal to correspond with three levels of required relationship: friend, playmate or lover. If someone else within 15 feet has a Lovegety on the same setting, it beeps and flashes madly. "It takes away the embarrassment of having to ask whether girls are available," said one proud owner. Lovegetys will be arriving in the UK next month. Remember to turn your mobile off when you're out on the prowl though.

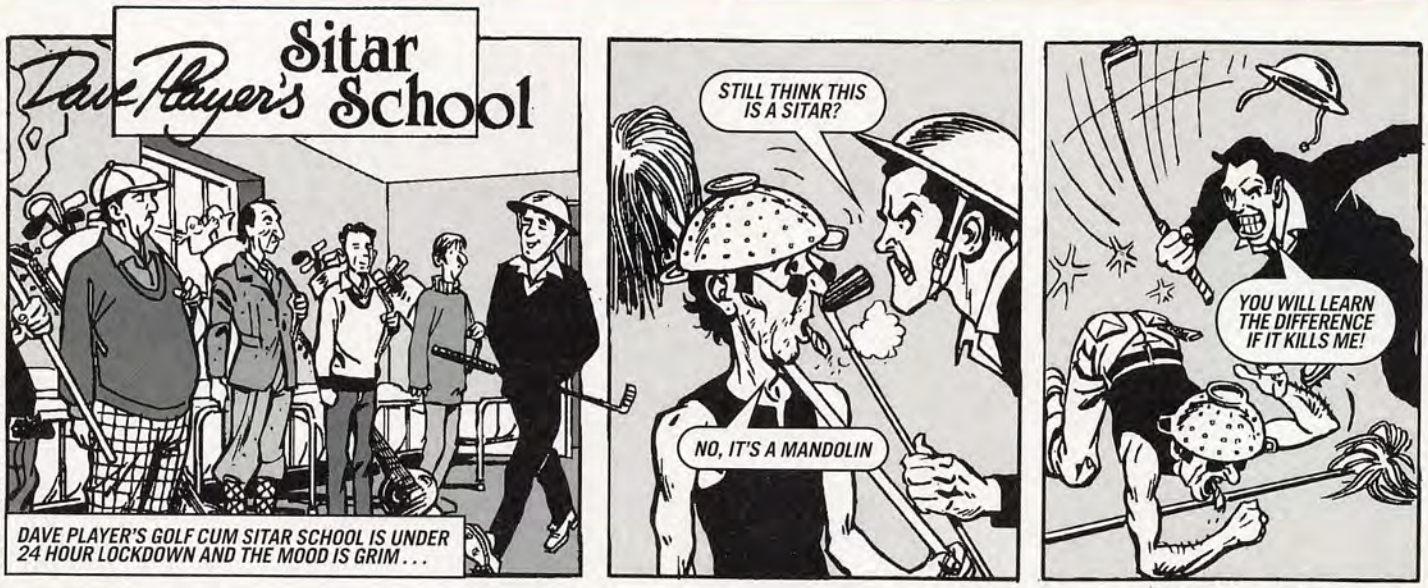
Armpits pour amour

History's served up some right old toilet to help humans get their end away. Oysters, ass's milk, shark-fin soup and rhino horn powder are all supposed to have aphrodisiac properties. But the stuff that's lifting old men's lobbers these days is a synthetic solution marketed as Athena Pheromone 10X (for men) and 10:13 (for women). Strenuously developed by American sexpert Dr Winnifred Cutler from armpit sweat, 10X and 10:13 are odourless liquids designed to be dropped into after-shaves and perfumes. In tests, a whopping 75 per cent of men who used 10X found themselves suddenly irresistible to women. Those who didn't went home with their right hand for company. Praise for Dr Cutler's magic potion has literally been pouring in – fnargh! – from all over the States. Jim from Connecticut wrote, "Women are crowding around me in social situations and my friends are trying to figure out what I have that other men don't." Boing! Dean from New Carolina told how, after a round of golf with his buddies, they'd all gone to lunch: "Fred was wearing 10X and the waitress suddenly got very interested in him. She asked him what he was wearing that made him smell so wonderful." Ker-ching! Thelma from New Jersey panted, "It's made my husband WILD! We've renamed our motor home the Love Shack." Grrrr! A six-month supply of Athena costs £80. For more info, check out http://www.1stworldwidemall.com/athena/

Sporty non-spice

American boffins claim to have found a possible explanation for girls being lethargic in the bedroom. Researchers in Texas recently discovered a correlation between girls who play a lot of sport and girls who have a relative lack of interest in sex. Because of the demands of keeping in shape, most athletic females tend to have fewer boyfriends and less rumpy, they said. So it you want a bit of sack spice, ditch sporty.

NIALL HAMPTON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MICHAEL HOLDEN/PHIL GASCOINE

to be continued...

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it's midnight and she begs me to go to the all night shop for choccy spread. And i thought it was to put on bread.

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Sick of picking up the magazine every month and seeing all the free stuff we've greedily blagged to enrich our already privileged, fattened lives? Probably. Well, worry no more. Just send us a picture of yourself with a detailed description of what you want. We'll print the most amusing ones, and you may even get what you asked for – in which case we'll print your picture again, with the said goods. Try to be amusing with it (don't just send in your picture with "money" written under it). Use your imagination to unlock this untapped Aladdin's cave of new stuff. You won't have to steal ever again!

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the league of GREED

what we have received...

1 Sunglasses
To stop our eyeballs from going runny, Dirty Dog sent in some rad shades. Tel: 01492 541004

2 Senor Diablo
Small food with a South American slant. Hotter than a napalm fajita and much more tasty.

3 Trebor Mints
Extra Strong, mind you! We stuffed four packets into our mouths and suffered the strange but refreshing effects.

4 Yoghurt
Milk in its best form. Given some flavour by Måväl, a great but unpronounceable food company.

5 Coffee
What marvel is this? Instant liquid coffee from Douwe Egberts. Complete with a varying-strength plastic dispenser.

6 Pretzels
But with chocolate on them. For that unusual but excellent chocolate with-a-hint-of-salt flavour.

7 Asahi Beer
The perfect Japanese quencher of those parched, braying throats that pervade our office during this season of sun.

8 Reef drink
Alcoholic fruit thirst defeater that has nothing to do with the band. Though members of Reef may also drink it.

9 Holsten Pils
A canny mixture of water, barley-malt, hops & yeast – all combined together to create a strong yet refreshing lager.

10 Doughnuts
Made by Entenmann's and called Ringers, these disappeared down gullets faster than the air that keeps us alive.

what we want...

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- Legal help for Danny
- Plane tickets
- Milkshake
- Golf club memberships
- World Cup final tickets
- Fish tank, please
- Pellet guns (Glochs)
- Cheese in any form
- A nice hi-fi
- Modish haircuts
- Liposuction
- Wolf's-tooth necklaces
- £700 mountain bikes
- Fresh sarnies
- A big spelllings buk
- New air conditioning

NEWSAGENT PROVOCATEUR

SUDDENLY...
Stone me !!!
Alright darling, fancy coming down the Legion? They do a wonderful gammon platter
No thanks, I'll just have this magazine please
C'mon sexy, you can't hold out forever. Grab hold of this Flake! I can feel my sap rising!
Oh stop it, Dad! Mum'd go spare if she heard you going on like that!
cont'd...

WRITTEN BY PHIL AND TOM. PICTURES BY BILLY. STARRING: TOM & FIONA FROM MARIE CLAIRE. SUNGLASSES: CUTLER & GROSS. COUNTER CONSULTANT: MR PATEL

English born and bred
Manchester United and England's Neville brothers wear Diadora
diadora

GREAT MOMENT IN LIFE

PHOTO: RONALD GRANT

The last holiday with your parents

And you're bloody well going to enjoy yourself

It was so obviously a trap. The flashing lights of Bournemouth Pier, Tony Blackburn *and* unlimited 10 pees for Pacman? It was *much* too good to be true.

"Huh! You call that a holiday?" I moaned.

"Come on!" said my father brightly. "Tony *Blackburn*! It'll be fun!"

"Are you sure it's Blackburn?" I countered petulantly. "If it's Edmonds, I shall begin taking heroin. You've seen the adverts."

"Oh, it's Tony Blackburn alright!" grinned my mother, with just the slightest squeak of gritted teeth. "You like Arnold The Dog, don't you?"

"Duhh! He's not *real*..." I whined, filling it with so much adolescent sarcasm my ears started running.

"Oh come on!" hissed my mum, losing patience. "Do you expect us to leave you here on your own? Remember what happened with the cat and the baby lotion? Are you coming on holiday with us or *not*?"

"Dunno... s'pose..." I muttered with the kind of abject misery only teenage virgins can muster. Somewhere in the night, a dog howled.

I wanted to die. It was such an affront to my fragile 15-year-old dignity to spend even a week with a couple of people as old as Lionel Blair and Una Stubbs off *Give Us A Clue*. I mean, I was already the proud owner of a Philips 'Youth Shaver', veteran of numerous romantic encounters at 'spin the bottle' parties and I understood the adult humour of *Moonlighting*. I didn't want to waste a week looking at churches and bits of sea when I could be hanging around the shops, drinking cider and lying about how I'd had it off with Miss Sheene in the stationery cupboard. Let's face it, I wasn't going to get much more mature than this.

Sadly, it was out of my trembling hands. The Last Holiday With Your Parents brings together that strange unnatural coincidence of being old enough to be a crazy rebel with a wall-full of Athena James Dean posters, but not quite old enough to actually defy your parents. Unless you count sitting in your room sulking. In which case you win every time.

But in reality, no one wins. What makes the Last Holiday so completely unbearable is the firm knowledge that it is utterly, categorically, sell-my-ZX81-I'm-never-coming-home *abso-fucking-lutely* the last time you will ever go on holiday together. Your long-suffering parents are torn between desperately clutching their lovely golden-haired baby to their bosom and wanting to strangle the foul little bastard he has turned into. You, meanwhile, are hoping your parents will die a horrible death so you can inherit the house and stay in bed past 12 without anyone whipping the duvet away. Neither side should feel bad; homicidal hatred is as much a part of raising a rotten, spotty, ungrateful, disrespectful adolescent as Country Born hair gel and the Grattan catalogue lingerie section. In short, The Last Holiday is the final great Rite Of Passage. You build the last sandcastle of youth and jump up and down on it in your shiny new Doc Martens.

Personally, I focussed on my own holiday suffering like a trainee psychopath burning ants with a magnifying glass. *My* parents, you see, chose to go to Bournemouth. In our family, it had always been a particulary cruel and illogical tradition that we should NEVER leave the 'safety' (ie: National Health, surly waiters, poor inside plumbing) of good old Blighty. Clearly the educational value of buying souvenir keyfobs from breeze-block churches and arguing in a variety of Godforsaken rain-trap chalets was vastly superior to sampling the cornucopia of other cultures. If Ordnance Survey ever add an 'Area Of Outstanding Natural Ugliness' symbol to their maps, there will be cute little black clouds hanging over every caravan park in the south of England.

In a rather sinister twist, as soon as I left home my parents suddenly started going abroad twice a year. Freed from the crippling expense of having to buy me 99s and flimsy fishing nets, the world was their oyster. Believe me, they deserved it. Imagine being trapped in a car with yourself at 15. Jesus.

Homicidal hatred is as much a part of raising an adolescent as Country Born hair gel and the Grattan catalogue lingerie section

Indeed, to my unreasonable hormone/lighter fuel-addled mind, my parents were both jailers and torturers. This holiday was the Spanish Inquisition, only we didn't have the nice weather. At least if we'd gone to Torremolinos or Tenerife-y like everyone else in the '80s, the journey would have been fun: a two-hour trip in a wing'ed charabanc complete with space-age plastic food and hot towels, rather than the eight-hour traffic jam and bag of Wotsits north of Birmingham.

But to give my parents their due, at least they had tried to sweeten the bitterest pill I had to swallow (as they used to say back then), by attempting to mesmerise me with the glitter of a falling star. And his fictional dog. Yes, they lured me to Bournemouth by telling me the Radio One Roadshow (featuring top DJ Tony Blackburn) would be in town during our holiday.

OK, so that sounds as much fun as eating dogshit now, but to a lad from a satellite town of Manchester, this was actually a big deal. I was still breathless from the time I had seen Emily Bishop from *Coronation Street* open a garden fete. To me, the Radio One Roadshow was like the Hanging Gardens Of Babylon.

But, being a surly little get, I still had to whine a bit first. I therefore insisted on having not only my own room, but a completely different *hotel* to my parents. I ended up in a pokey broom cupboard with a smashing view of mom'n'pop's window across the road. This, of course, was in the days before telephones in hotel rooms, so my mother devised a fiendish signal system involving hanging towels from the windows. The price of my independence was the correct use of a purple flannel.

In the end, my Last Holiday was exactly like every other teenager's Last Holiday. I didn't meet a wildly attractive yet slightly mental divorcee desperate to introduce me to the heady delights of the flesh, despite the hours I spent praying. I just spent the week shuffling aimlessly around the Winter Gardens, ears glued into my housebrick-sized Walkman, slurping raspberry Slush Puppies (blue, naturally) and studiously avoiding the gaze of everyone, even girls driven wild by Blackburn's spare pheromones.

"Did you see Arnold The Dog?" asked my mother as I moped back from the Roadshow.

"Arnold's dead," I scowled. "Can we go home now?"

The following year, I went to the South of France with my mates and fell in love with a girl from Derby called Loretta. And by then, of course, Gary Davis was king.

JOHN PERRY

rogue

NOW YOU'RE STALKING

Possibly the last time the ePhoto camera will be up for grabs on these pages so take a good look at it. Feel happy at its grey curves and sensuous Agfa logo. Poetry isn't it? Three runners up will receive these tiny pagers complete with instructions on how to use them. Communication in your pocket – isn't science wonderful? Everyone else, who'll be feeling a bit down by now, will be cheered when they receive some beverage or other from us. Make copies, keep 'em coming.

Amanda Burton, David Bellamy and the fat bloke off *Cheers* in three-way sex romp shocker. Michael just watched

Denis stumbles upon a couple of young Brits and comes over all leery

Guess which one's the thin white duke

"We found him deciding between the easy pink and the tight brown in a Thailand nightclub" Thanks Jon

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Bellamy gets his second stalking of the month...

Anthony and Craig with Kid Creole and a pair of coconuts

...and by the third, the stress is starting to show

Alex finally gets a picture in the Gallery

"I don't want a lover, I just want my picture in loaded"

Richard's dickie has one foot in the fashion grave

PUTTING THE APERTURES UP THE RICH & FAMOUS THIS MONTH ARE: Michael White of Bangor, Co Down, Julian Gibson of Kingston-upon-Thames, Thavaselvam Tesanggu of Liverpool, Jon Pym of Chester, C Christodoulou of Worthing, Anup Shah of Nottingham, Tom Jay of West Hill, Craig O'Keefe of Bradford, Alex Baines of Clacton, Martin Hayden and Charlotte Couzens of Basingstoke and James Daley of Glasgow.

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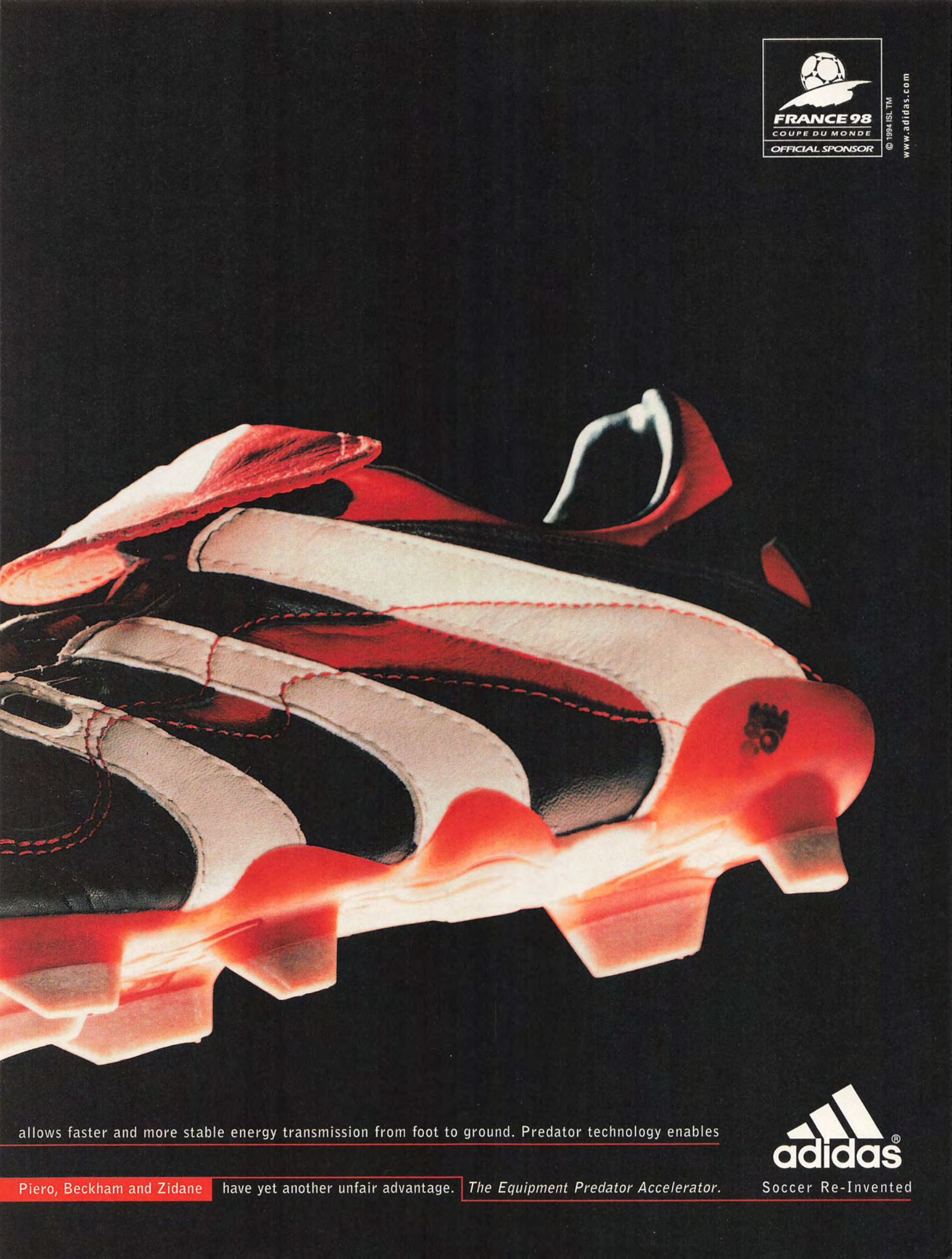
players to shoot, swerve and control the ball faster. And the Traxion outsole enables faster turns, stops and starts. Kluivert, Del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allows faster and more stable energy transmission from foot to ground. Predator technology enables
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have yet another unfair advantage.
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An obituary for Dean Seamonkey B. March 1998 D. May 1998

Two month old Dean first came to **loaded** as an eager-spirited work experience and enjoyed a swift and stellar rise up to the position of features editor. He flourished in his new position and he quickly made his name successfully commissioning features on Sea Monkey Fashion, The Sea Monkey World Cup, Sexy Sea Monkey Newsreaders, More Sea Monkey Fashion and More Sea Monkey Fashion "Keep it Reel" Part 2. He was also responsible for the disastrous Steve McQueen profile that insinuated that Mr McQueen was also a Sea Monkey. He was a funny character, always quick to speak up in the pub, or lend a kind word when anyone had taken too much smack. Previous to journalism he'd worked in a series of jobs, distinguishing himself by supporting Pete Tong at Cream and by operating as an enforcer for both Judy Finnigan and The Notorious B.I.G.

loaded editor Derek Harbinson once had the good fortune to share a flat with Dean:

"He was the best mate I ever had. I remember once when we'd had a row in a restaurant, we'd both said things that we regretted. One of the waiters had said I was a Sea Monkey lover, I said I wasn't and I cried. Well, you know Dean, he took it the wrong way. I was too ashamed, I was loaded up on Sea Monkey sex muck and wasn't ready for the world to know."

Dean was a friend to some, God to his wife Jean and a hero to his boys Paul, Glenn, Teddy, Eric and Tron. We'll all miss you very much Deano, you daft bugger.

Dean's funeral will take place at St Bride's church this Thursday. Mourners are asked not to send flowers, but instead send any donations to the Dean Sea Monkey Memorial Trust Fund. All proceeds will go towards helping young Sea Monkeys who have broken and lost tentacles in conflicts across the third world.

Above: The street where Dean was born. Below: Dean and the fellas enoying a night out.

Above: This is Dean with his second wife Emma. The papers gave them a hard time because she was on the rebound from John Major's son. They also said that Dean looked like Grant Bovey.

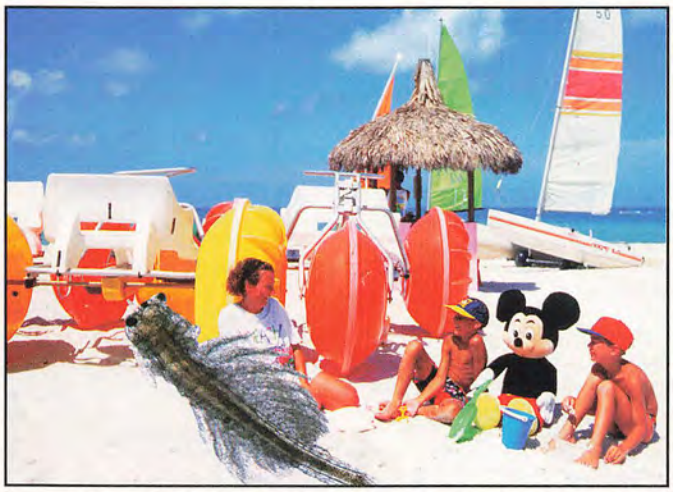
ABOVE: This is Dean escaping the indiscriminate ferocity that was American Napalm in Vietnam. He was in the country on a charity golfing junket and was quite unlucky to get caught in the crossfire.

PHOTOS: ARDEA/PA/MSI/POPPERFOTO

Dean Seamonkey:

A LIFE IN PICTURES

Above: This is Dean sharing a joke with Frank and Dean. Below: Dean just couldn't stomach what Thatcher was doing to this great land.



Above: That's Dean, Jean and the kids relaxing in Mauritius. Below: Dean was also very lucky to count Michael among his closest friends.

loneliness

FRIENDS • CLUBBING • SPORT • LOVE

FRIENDS

MAN new to London, thinks a lot about just killing people, but fearful of consequences. Interested?? **CALL BOX NO. 64575**

FEMALE obsessive hand washer, never leaves the house seeks18-25 male or female to join in with the fun. **CALL BOX NO. 64595**

CLUBBING

ASEXUAL waif, unemployed would like to get into clubs for nothing & hopes to one day do a guest list of his/her own. Help me!! **CALL BOX NO. 64595**

E CRAZED window cleaner hasn't stopped dancing yet, craves slack jawed female to join in with the action and chew. Nice. **CALL BOX NO. 64595**

SPORT

GIT Basingstoke area, needs women for badminton. Shit attitude, own parents hate me. Slam my shuttlecock over the baseline for Christ's sakes. **CALL BOX NO. 24525**

LOST TOUCH

JILL where the fuck are you? **CALL BOX NO. 14595**

FRANK I had no idea it was loaded, I never shot anyone in the face before, try to understand that I love you. **CALL BOX NO. 74395**

I'M SORRY I piss myself Sarah. Come back inside, the rain's stopped. **CALL BOX NO. 94666**

ROMANCE

I OFTEN think about suicide. Male 28 GSOH. Try and stop me. Go on. **CALL BOX NO. 87595**

SEX! I had it years ago and fancy another go. I am a man. Don't care who you are or what you look like. **CALL BOX NO. 04791**

TRANSLUCENT white male, can't go outside. Seeks woman, 16–40 to stay in with and do it. BFA essential. I miss you already. **CALL BOX NO. 22295**

UNIVERSITY educated SWM seeks working class girl come to flat, say, "Cor! Aintcha gotta big kitchin" then lull him to sleep with bad grammer and nick stuff. Pref pregnant and small. **CALL BOX NO. 34590**

BLASPHEMING female divorcee hangs out all day in a dressing gown, eating chocolate and thinking rude and bitter.For god's sake come over. Swindon area. Can offer biscuits. **CALL BOX NO. 11593**

CIVIL SERVANT withered arm and nasty eyes walks the streets looking for voluptuous blonde boy who ran off with his dreams all those years ago. Complete the jigsaw of my heart. **CALL BOX NO. 04235**

SOMETIMES I see myself running down and endless tunnel toward a cat. The voices tell me to cut myself with a pen. Are you any different? **CALL BOX NO. 60095**

I MAKE like a heretic whilst you shun me. Share the laughter. Male, 13. **CALL BOX NO. 74576**

LEPER needs love. Fall for me while I fall apart. Must have own car, gloves and shovel. I like music. **CALL BOX NO. 24522**

EASY GOING rector would consider a sexual realtionship, but I don't really care if we ever meet. Give us a ring, it's up to you. Not Sundays. **CALL BOX NO. 04009**

I'VE BEEN in this room for years. All the walls are covered in writing but I've crossed out the vowels. Someone came to the door the other day, I never answered. Maybe it's your lucky day? **CALL BOX NO. 34539**

SINGLE MOTHER 60. My son won't leave home. Will do sex if you come round and threaten him with violence. It might need two of you, but I can take it. **CALL BOX NO. 12590**

SCANDINAVIAN GAY student I am. I seek penfriends of dirt for letter. One day soon, I saw wasps at midnight. My bag in your court one day soon. **CALL BOX NO. 34593**

CAREFREE lame janitor wants to sweep you off your feet. Then smash your ugly face with a bucket. Does my penis make me a bad boy? Come on! **CALL BOX NO. 24591**

I'VE got so much love it's coming out of my arse! Get your laughing gear ready, there's a standing joke in my pants and you're the punchline. Try it, you never know. **CALL BOX NO. 34085**

EAST END hippie wants his wing-wang sucked. It's that simple. Greek love on Roman Road. No time wasters. **CALL BOX NO. 64591**

PULLING the legs off spiders is my gig. Just you try and stop me. 18-25 male or female **CALL BOX NO. 64595**

SWINE needs discipline, not that you'd understand. There's a girl in the paper shop that's driving me mad. There are messages hidden in the obituary column that tell me touch her. Come round and shove me up against the standard lamp before it's too late. **CALL BOX NO. 14518**

FRENCH people drive me fucking mad. Are you one? My interests include imaging the death of my parents, wounds and scrabble. Tonight the pieces in my brain spell love. Come round. **CALL BOX NO. 74535**

LESBIANS where are you all? Although most of the magazines I read depict them behaving with rabid sexual abandon, in 28 years I have never met one. But I did kill a lot of people in the sixties, perhaps that's why. **CALL BOX NO. 34533**

OWNER OF a lonely heart, enjoys Friends and ridiculous pasta. I am slowly dying. In a film you would nurse me. We would make love in my twilight months. I would fall pregnant. But because I am dying the foetus would be implanted into

stops here!

•LOST TOUCH •ROMANCE •MESSAGES

another woman's womb. I would die and our child would live. I've got it all figured out. **CALL BOX NO. 74555**

DOG LOVER that's about the size of it. **CALL BOX NO. 22592**

THEY CALL me Janet here on c–wing but my real name is Martin. I live for pleasure, but mainly other people's. Coming out soon and I don't know my arse from my elbow. Sadly neither does anyone else. **CALL BOX NO. 34593**

I MAKE my own jewellery out of hair. Need a man to tour the festivals with this summer and keep an eye on things while I wander around in full make up dressed in black looking miserable and occasionally dancing to snatches of overheard music. Are you ready? **CALL BOX NO. 14519**

I WATCHED A BIRD fly into a tube carriage at one of the open air stations. As my journey continued the train went underground and the bird went into a panic. It flew into the walls and the windows gradually destroying itself. No one did anything to help but when it died I felt a kind of bond develop between some of the passangers ,one of whom was a woman with a fantastic arse. Was that you? **CALL BOX NO. 44594**

POSTMASTER needs his stamps licked. Hop over the counter for a very special delivery indeed! I am 90. **CALL BOX NO. 34575**

I'M MEDIEVAL! Falconry, jousting, banquets and witch trials are the order of the day in my flat. If you were Marion and I "made" you come over would you love me? Syphilis has eaten a hole in my face. No central heating. **CALL BOX NO. 44442**

MISER would prefer not to meet you. But if I do you won't see a fucking penny of it **CALL BOX NO. 67595**

SOFT toys still adorn my bed and I insist on holding hands in public. Think you can cope? **CALL BOX NO. 44563**

LIFE GOES ON? Well not round here it doesn't. Nobody comes, nobody calls. If you don't like me then just say so. It feels even worse in the summer. **CALL BOX NO. 34447. THOUGH I DOUBT YOU'LL BOTHER.**

DON'T DIE ALONE

FLY ME TO THE MOON and you can do what you want with me, there's no law in space and no one can tell us to stop. Is it possible to be fat and weightless? **CALL BOX NO. 64595**

TEENAGE KICKS are where I'm at. I need 13-19yr olds to come round while I'm out and do things. When I get back I like to hear music I don't understand on the radio, and find drug paraphernalia, washing up and smells. **CALL BOX NO. 64595**

THEY SAID it couldn't be done. Perpetual motion, I've got the secret! It's been weeks since I stood still. Share the magic when I shudder. There's got to be money in it. **CALL BOX NO. 34386**

THEY'RE LOOKING for me everywhere, but you can find me here. The streets hate me and the sky spits at me but you love me. When I find anything wounded I nurse it back to health, then wound it again, then nurse it back to health and so on. It makes me feel like god. Are you there, Mary? I swear I won't even touch you. **CALL BOX NO. 34555**

ROUND MIDNIGHT I usually nod off, depending on what's on the telly. Give me a reason to open my eyes . **CALL CONNECTION NO. 64595**

CAREER CRIMINAL GSOH, no sense of compassion, seeks courageous partner for life of leisure. I'll kill for you, but if you do me wrong I'll kill you with my hands. **CALL BOX NO. 74598**

LIFE barely seem worth living so I'm going to end it. No immediate family so get in touch and come round for the pick of my stuff. Not that there's much worth having. **CALL BOX NO. 44678**

IF you can keep your head when I'm running round the house all night on drugs then there's every chance we'll get along. 400 children and a crop in the field. **CALL BOX NO. 66596**

HOW TO USE CALL BOXES

TO PLACE AN ADVERT

1. Write something down
2. Send it to us
3. Wait

DISCLAIMER

If, for whatever reason you feel moved to respond to any of these adverts then don't come running to us, not that you'll be able to judging by the state of these freaks. You're better off just drinking heavily in public till you wake up with someone, and think of that day as the first day of the rest of your life. Or you could just keep on seeing films like Sliding Doors and leading a pathetic fantasy life in Notting Hill. It makes no difference to us.

HOWARD MARKS

HOWARD TAKES THE PISS OUT OF AND THROUGH CUSTOMS

I was flying back to London looking at some stupid fucking leaflet which portrayed the customs channels as traffic lights (lights for traffickers: green for go, red for stop). Why has the orange become blue?

It had been a long time since I'd tried any new tricks on Her Majesty's Customs and Excise. I thought of simply tearing through customs as fast as my wheels, could carry me. There were no 'Walk, Don't Run' notices and no speed limit. Even if there had been, I'd only had one line (which I'd sniffed believing it to be a cocktail of coke and MDMA), and that was wearing off.

Trolleying severely, I rushed to the trolley point, grabbed a trolley, pretended I was a trolley, and sped off like the clappers towards the green channel. Two overweight customs officers and 25 plain-clothes cops (who'd been ligging around the carousels making out they were drunken **loaded** readers) tore after me. I let go the trolley and tripped over my shoelaces. I was too dizzy to stand, and passed out for a split second. Suddenly, a uniformed female officer of Her Majesty's Customs & Excise was giving me the kiss of life. I coughed. She sucked out two lungfuls of THC-saturated air and fell flat on her back. She straightened out her head and her kit, and stood up. Panting pigs pulled me to my feet.

"In a bit of a rush are we, sir?"

"No, it's worn off."

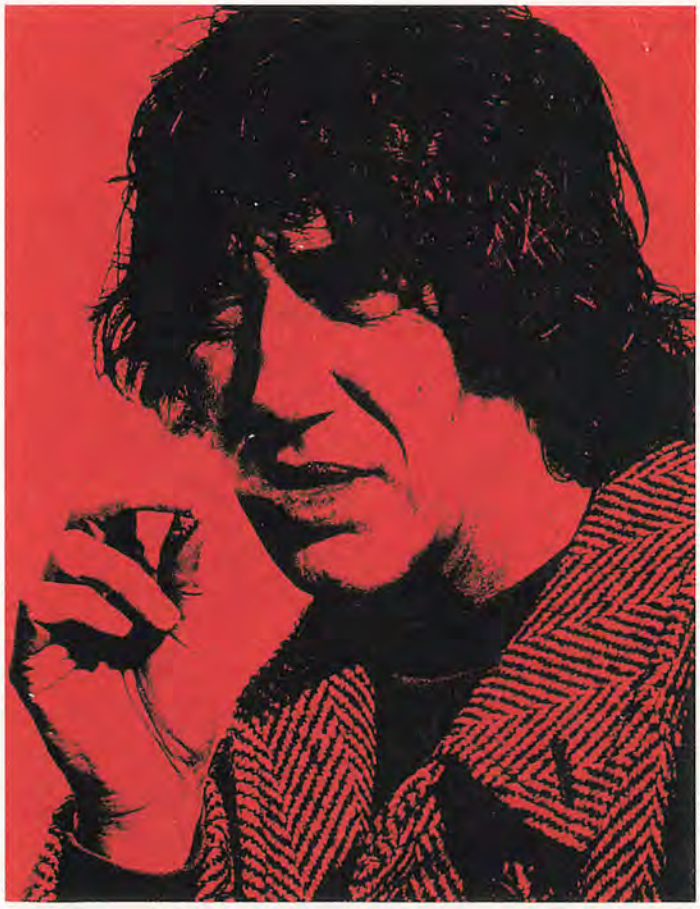
"Well you know what they say, sir. More paste, less speed."

"I haven't got any speed, other than what might be stuck up my nostril. And I prefer leaves to paste."

Special Branch tapped me on the shoulder: "Marks, isn't it? You think you're such a clever cunt, don't you? I think me and the other coppers used to like you more when you had the balls to actually smuggle sensible quantities of dope, not just a squidge up your arse."

Some other plain-clothes law and customs approached. One looked like Jack-Off Straw.

"Mr Marks, you have just attempted to go through the green channel, thereby stating you have nothing to declare. Where have you been?"



Trolleying severely, I grabbed a trolley, pretended I was a trolley and sped off towards the green channel

"All kinds of places. Should I start alphabetically?"

"Get on with it, Marks," snapped Special Branch.

"Amsterdam."

"So what were you doing in Amsterdam?" asked Jack-Off Straw.

"Shagging, from what I can remember. Oh, and smoking dope in coffee shops. And drinking coffee in dope shops. In fact, you might have heard that in Holland it's OK to always be in possession of a cup of coffee and 5 grammes of mind-blowing dope. So when I got on the plane at Amsterdam airport, I wasn't bustable. I drank the coffee but they wouldn't let me smoke a fag, let alone a bong, on the plane, so I couldn't get rid of it. Presumably you carry all the appropriate forms?"

"Forms, sir?"

"Well, thousands of people arrive in London every day from Amsterdam, with no worries about the 5 grammes of dope they're carrying until they're going through British Customs. Accordingly, I imagine there to be a procedure whereby the passengers deposit their 5 gramme lumps with HM Customs. You then issue a receipt, so the passengers can pick up their dope when next leaving the country. I remember once going through a similar procedure when trying to take a blow-up doll looking like Mickey Mouse into America. You must have a load of dope here. And a load of forms."

"Are you taking the piss, sir?"

"No."

"I'd better get my superior."

"Mr Marks, where have you flown in from?" said the senior officer.

"Oslo."

"Oslo? My colleague informed me otherwise."

"He's a lying, evil, gutless wanker."

"Mr Marks, we have everything tape-recorded. Why did you tell my colleague Amsterdam?"

Because Amsterdam begins with A. I was giving an alphabetical list of where I'd been. Actually, I should have started with Aberavon. I drank several litres of wine on the flight, so I'm completely fucking pissed."

"Why were you running?"

"I was busting for a piss, and I'm pissed off with being busted."

"Have you anything to declare?"

"Yeah. Piss."

"You'll have to wait for a piss while we finish searching your bags. They have already found 13 bottles of booze. That's well over the limit."

"That's not booze," I said.

"What is it?"

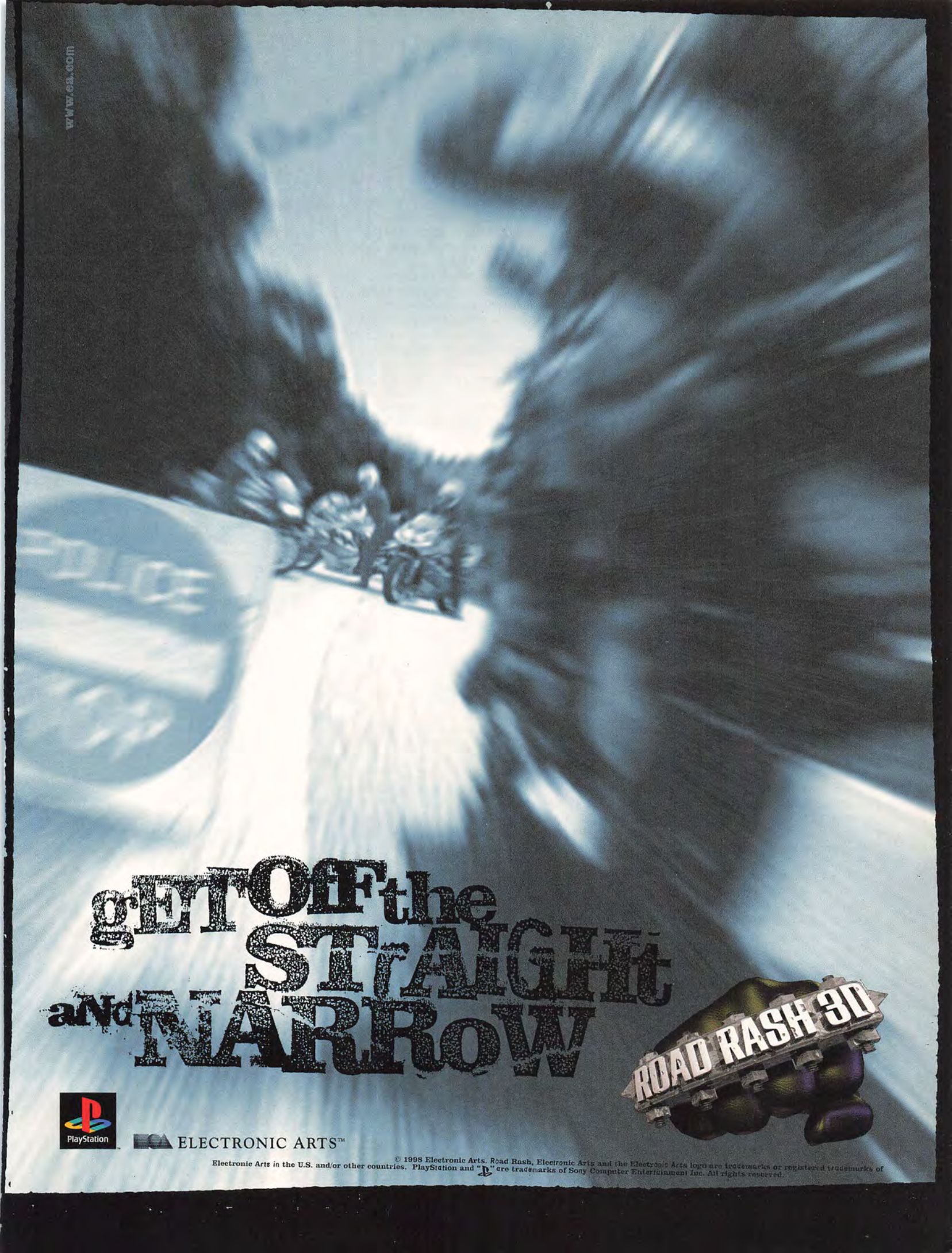
"Piss. Fresh reindeer piss from the north of Norway. I guess that's not illegal. I would be well and truly pissed off to get busted for piss while I was busting for a piss."

"We have to keep it for analysis, Marks. I'll get the appropriate form."

It's kind of true. While doing a gig in Oslo, I discovered that, in parts of Norway, mushrooms exist which are far too toxic to eat. Instead of trolleying, one pukes, dies, and there's no tomorrow. Reindeer, however, scoff these mushrooms like there's no tomorrow, and drinking their cum and piss is an extremely cheap way of getting tripped out. I sipped a bit and imagined how, in the old days, every family would have a pet reindeer, lie down under its genitals, open their mouths and romantically whisper, "Rain, dear."

Then I perceived the true meaning of Christmas: Rude (Rudolf erect), the reindeer god of drinking, together with Santa Claws (a tom cat), flew a trolley-load of stockings and mince pies, giving them to whoever shagged and smoked at the same time. After all, smoking distinguished men from animals, and chimneys still look like dicks. ■

Visit Howard's website at http://www.weaveworld.co.uk or e-mail him at howard@marijuana.co.uk



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Much cop, then?

In almost everything he's been in, James Belushi's laid down the law

Your earliest recollection of him was probably as the big-mouthed, big-drinking slob in the 1986 romantic comedy *About Last Night*. A man so big-mouthed and big-drinking, you probably mistook him for his notorious late elder brother, John. Audience double-takes are something that James Belushi had to live with when he started out treading the boards in Chicago theatres during the early '80s, before ironically getting his big break on *Saturday Night Live*, the hit TV show immortalised by John.

After two successful years specialising in crease-up, Belushi junior started to broaden his range with roles in films including *Salvador*, *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, *Red Heat*, *K-9* and *Traces Of Red*. His latest flick, *Gang Related*, sees him share top billing with Tupac Shakur as one of a pair of bent undercover cops ridding the backstreets of drug dealers. Next up, Belushi gets to play a psychotic fugitive in *Retroactive*, a dark, time-travelling thriller. When he's not indulging his darker side on celluloid, he hits the road with his blues band, The Sacred Hearts, or relaxes in his Dallas cigar lounge, Lone Wolf, a business venture with his old friend Chuck Norris. Puff...

***Gang Related* has just opened in the UK. Are you pleased with it?**

It's a very good movie. I just got a note from Oliver Stone who saw it and wrote to me to say how much he really enjoyed my work in it. That was a nice surprise. Tupac and I really had a good chemistry going on.

But when you first met on set, you had a bust-up.

Exactly. He was late for rehearsals because he was sorting out some contract negotiations. I jumped on him like an older cop would jump on a younger cop. The relationship that happened in that rehearsal room became the relationship of the characters in the movie.

What was your impression of *Gang Related* when you first read the script?

I've waited 10 years for a part like that. It was so natural; when I met Jim Kouf [*the director/writer*] he cast me there and then. "You're Frank Divinci, I'm telling ya," he said. He was really happy with it. It's a very good movie. It's dark, it's smart, it's got a great sensibility running through it and it's funny at times.

Did you need to research the part of an undercover cop to play the role of Frank?

Well, I've made 37 movies and in a lot of them I've played cops. Over the years, I've ridden with Chicago police, the LAPD, LA K-9, Florida Homicide, SWAT teams and the NYPD, so I'd already done quite a lot of research, hah hah. For *Gang-Related*, I was shooting *Retroactive* right before it so I didn't have time to research the part – I just drew on earlier experiences.

Like when you arrested a crack dealer while you were out with a drugs squad?

Yeah, while shooting *Traces Of Red* in Florida, we went in and busted a crackhouse. After the SWAT team subdued the room, I walked in with their captain and we stepped over this big guy who was riot-cuffed, lying on a big pancake of crack. The captain told this guy that I had something to say to him, so in my deepest voice, I went: "You're under arrest!" The guy looked up at me and he goes, "Belushi! Are you Belushi? Where's the dog?" Even crack dealers are renting my videos, hah hah.

You've said you don't look for work any more, only challenges. What's really stretched you lately?

Retroactive and *Gang Related*, because I play characters in them that let me explore my dark side. They weren't about the friendly Belushi, they're both killers – especially Divinci in *Gang Related*. He was a very normal guy, but he just had that one little chip off. It was challenging not to make the part funny, just humorous.

Is that something which appeals to you – exploring the darker side in your roles?

Yeah, it's much better to access it at work and not at home, hah hah. And actors get rewarded for it. It's a great job. I can kill people and get in car accidents but I never get shot or go to jail.

You were supposed to play the lead in *Blues Brothers 2000*. What happened?

I was going to be in the movie but it didn't get the green light. It was a very thin line whether they were going to make it. Then this TV series came up with a great character, so I took that. The movie did happen but, due to the conflict of schedules, we just couldn't get it to work.

"We stepped over this guy who was riot-cuffed and lying on a big pancake of crack"

Were you annoyed?

Oh yeah, I was ready for it. I started playing in The Sacred Hearts because Danny [*Aykroyd*] said I had to learn to sing the blues. But now what's come out of it is that I've got this great band, a new album, and we tour all over the country. I'm having so much fun, man.

More fun than acting?

Hah, hah. We're doing very well, and sometimes my wife has to keep me in line. I get an offer for something and I go, "No, I can't take that." And she goes, "Well, why?" And I'm like, "I gotta concert, I'm playing the Santa Barbara Blues Festival that week." And she says, "Jim, Jim, what is your profession?" "I'm an actor," I reply. "And what do you do?" "I act." "And what do you act in?" "Movies and television." "And what is this music?" "Fun." "And why do you do it?" "Because it's fun." "Where do you make your living?" "Acting." "Do you make any money singing?" "No." "Well, let's get it into perspective." She's a good chick, but ohhhh, it's just so fun, man! It's like taking a little musical on the road. I've got 10 people standing behind me blasting horns and guitars and I'm singing on the mike, man. There are moments I think I'm Elvis!

You had a childhood "without restrictions" in Chicago. Ever get into trouble with the law?

Well, I lived in a community that was voted the 'All-American City' and I was the crime rate. I was on probation from the ages of 13 to 17, for stealing cars, getting into fist fights, shoplifting... all the usual kids' stuff, just to get a bit of attention. When I got into the theatre I started getting that fulfilled and I stopped being a punk.

One of your favourite pursuits as a nipper was setting fire to things.

Yeah. My buddies and I used to get these Ohio Blue-Tip matches, stand about five or six feet apart, strike them and throw them at each other. We'd get all kinds of little burns.

So what do you prefer to light up with at Lone Wolf? Matches or a lighter?

Hah hah hah. Whaddaya mean a lighter? I'm into advanced pyromania now. I got these torches, like you use for welding. Whoooossshhh! People go, "Where did you get that? I want one!" You'd be surprised once you light up how many ex-pyros are in the house.

Bet you don't get the gas board coming round to chase the bills up with Chuck Norris around...

He's a very good man and we get on really well, but he's always trying to get me to kick him in the stomach. "C'mon, c'mon... just hit me! C'mon, I can take it!" he says, but I'm never tempted.

It's been 16 years since John died. Do you find it easier talking about him now?

As a journalist, you've got to find an angle for your story about me, and the easiest angle is to talk about John. Sometimes I get frustrated with that. When an interviewer says, "So you have a problem with it?" I reply, "No, I just want you to work a little harder." I love John, I honour him in his spirit.

Do you think that his death really did help Hollywood to clean up its act?

Yes, I do. I really do. Within this community, drugs and alcohol are really not tolerated now. It's got really conservative.

Were you ever a bit of a hellraiser yourself?

Aaaaaaahhhhh, I was always a lightweight. You can probably sit there, drink 12 beers and have a conversation. I'll have four and I'll be falling around going, "Wait a minute! I have the most important thing to say!" and not listening to other people. I'm such a lightweight – I've never built up much of a tolerance.

NIALL HAMPTON

Gang Related *is on general release this month.* Retroactive *will be out later in the year.*

PHOTOS: SYGMA/RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

"Some people say it's a penis substitute – and that's just my nose"

Father forgive me. It's two seasons since my last confession.

I deliberately pulled a certain player's shirt in a game last season.

Then in another game, I shoved a player when the ref wasn't looking.

In a big home game, I swore at the linesman.

Then in the same game I swore at the referee... twice. Or was it three times.

Actually I think I may have sworn at the referee in the next game as well.

Oh, and in another match, I threw a punch at this player... but I did get sent off for that one.

Another time I kicked a player, I got away with it, so I kicked him again.

In the next game I had a run in with a striker that got a bit out of hand.

Oh... and in training last week I had a go at one of my team mates.

At half time, I had a little scuffle in the tunnel.

And I keep having these terrible thoughts about what I'm going to do to this certain player next time I play against him.

I keep having this overwhelming

http://www.snickers.com

NOT GOING ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE?

GRAB A

SNICKERS

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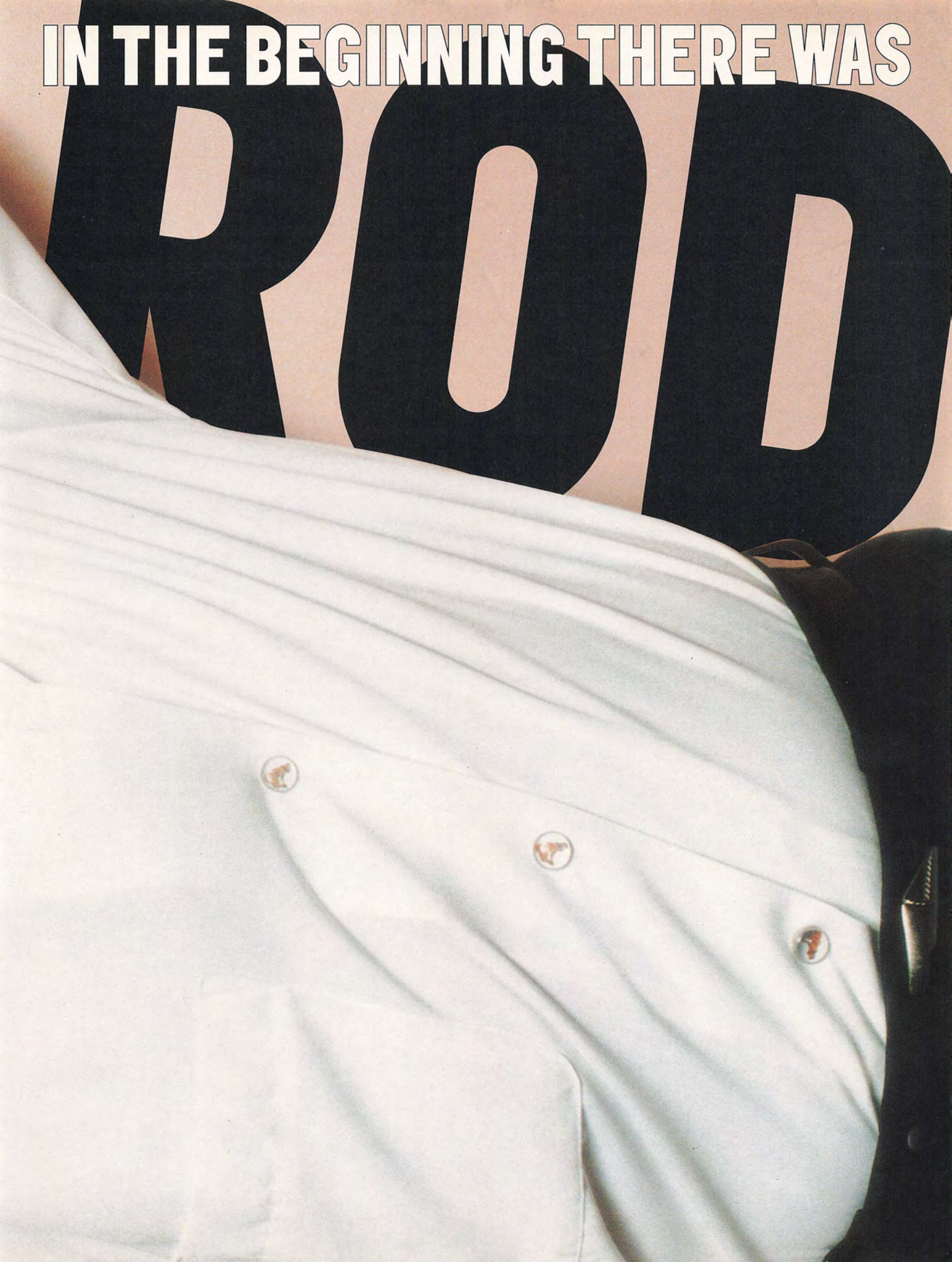
Hungry? Why wait?™

On the fifth day Rod saw the blondes were good, and on the sixth day he did ask a blonde if she had a sister, and she replied, 'Yes, are you in a band?'

story by JON WILDE photos by JAKE WALTERS

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS ROD



HERE ARE THOSE OF THE rock star fraternity who, when asked to justify some of their more dubious career moves, will go to any lengths to dodge the issue. Not Rod Stewart though. When reminded of some of the moments when his career slipped on some of the world's largest banana skins, the so-called Tartan Terror simply shrugs and effortlessly laughs it off.

"There have been times," he says, "when I think it's fair to say that I've been a bit of a silly old cunt. There would be no point in denying it. Because it's there for everyone to see. You only have to look at some of my videos and album sleeves to see what a silly old cunt I've been at times." There are times, he admits, when he finds himself wondering how he ever managed to get away with some of it: the dodgy records ('Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?', 'Some Guys Have All The Luck', the really crap one about Motown…); the dodgy clobber (strange hats and enough luridly coloured spandex and leopardskin print to stretch from here to the back of beyond); and the dodgy arse-wiggling stage moves that were like all your worst Eurovision nightmares rolled into one.

"Let's face it," he beams, "it's a fucking miracle I got away with all that. But I did get away with it. There might have been times when the music critics decided I was the naffest thing going, but that never bothered me. Even when I was a bit naff, I was having the time of my fucking life. And now they tell me I'm fashionable again. Unbelievable really, isn't it?"

Yet not so unbelievable when you think about it. Because, even though there have been times when Rod seemed hellbent on making a complete and utter twat of himself, we could always bring ourselves to offer him a pardon. There might have been times (especially during the '80s) when he appeared to be selling his talent right down the Nile, but you knew that, sooner or later, he'd hit top form again and start making the kind of thumping great records that made him famous in the first place. Even when he was poncing about with phony disco, or huffing and puffing it up with godawful rock anthems, he could never let you forget that he possessed the kind of voice that could run rings around the competition.

Equally, there might have been times when he appeared to embrace the whole Hollywood lifestyle (the celebrity parties, the big fuck-off Beverly Hills mansions) a tad too whole-heartedly – at least for a working-class boy from Highgate who'd previously clocked in as an apprentice gravedigger. But Rod seemed to be having such a good time living the jet-set life that it would have seemed churlish to give him the raspberry for it.

Through all the ups and the downs, the boozing and the numerous hot blondes, the whole nine yards of tabloid headline excess, you were always left with the sneaking suspicion that, even though Rod might have travelled a long way from where he started out (living above a sweet shop in North London), even though he'd achieved a personal fortune of £50 million at the last count, he'd not really changed very much at all.

"When I started out," he says, "my ambition was very simple. All I wanted was a sports car and a blonde. So I got the sports car and I got the blonde. In fact, I got plenty of both. And I started living a certain kind of life, especially after I moved to America in the mid-'70s. I'd be accused of selling out, but I didn't give a fuck about any of that. I was too busy enjoying myself. That's what I was always about – having a fucking good time. I'm with my old mucker Ronnie Wood on this one. We've never taken ourselves too seriously. One way of looking at our careers is to say that we've spent years being paid fucking great wads of cash for… well, doing a lot of arsing about. And you could say arsing about is what comes natural to someone like me."

HE TURNS UP AT THE ULTRA-POSH BEL AIR HOTEL IN LA LOOKING BIG-TIME chipper. No reason for him to be otherwise. It's bully beef and chips all the way for Rod at the minute. This very morning, for instance, brought the news that he'd just made himself £15 million richer overnight by signing away a chunk of his future record earnings to a bunch of crafty Wall Street investors. Then there's the early press reactions to his latest album – his finest for a long stretch, dodgy pub-rock cover of Oasis's 'Cigarettes & Alcohol' notwithstanding. "I'm not one to blow my own trumpet," he says,

"MY VOICE DON'T HALF GIVE ME THE HORN. I PUT MY CD ON AND THOUGHT, 'I'LL HAVE A WANK'"

"but on this album my voice sounds better than ever. It don't half give me the horn, this voice of mine. I put the album on this morning, matter of fact. And I thought, 'This is the business – I think I'll have a wank.' About 10.15, it was. So I got out the Oil of Ulay and I was well away. My album blasting away in the background. 'Get hold of that,' I said. And I did. Cor! Not half."

Enjoys a good pull on the blue-veined custard-chucker, does he?

"Cor! Not many I don't! A good wank? It's lovely and relaxing, isn't it? You can't beat it, first thing on a Monday morning, last thing on a Friday night, sitting there with a tea-cosy on yer 'ead, giving it everything you've got with the ol' right hand… It's like this whole George Michael thing. All this fuss, just 'cos some bloke decides to have a quick handjob in the gents. That toilet where he was caught – it's a sodding landmark now. Tour buses go past it. They come from miles just for a peep. Fucking 'ell! If you took all the places I've had a good old wank and turned them into landmarks…"

He might have had a Number One hit with 'I Don't Want To Talk About It', but he'll merrily rabbit on about anything and everything, will Rod. "Ask him about farting," his American PR had helpfully suggested – going on to relate a tale concerning her famous charge flying from LA to London the

morning after consuming a particularly treacherous lamb curry. "So we're sitting there," she explains. "With Tina Turner in the seat in front of us. And Rod starts letting rip with these terrible farts. My God! You've never heard anything like it. And the smell! He's stinking the whole place out! Tina is trying to ignore it, but finally she gets to the point where she can stand it no more. So she looks round and glares at us. At which point Rod, calm as you like, points at me and says, 'Sorry, Tina love, you'll have to forgive her – it's a medical problem she's got.' That's the thing with Rod. He's a gentleman in most respects, but when it comes to farting…"

Reminded of this story, Rod erupts with laughter. "Fair cop," he says. "I do have a problem in the arse department. Although I don't actually see farting as a problem. I'll fart at the drop of a hat, me. Any time or any place. I'll crack a fart in front of the missus without any qualms. She'll let fly herself from time to time. Quite often, we'll lie in bed and have these farting competitions."

Beg your pardon?

"Farting competitions. With the missus."

Now, hang about. Let's paint a little picture here. There's Rod Stewart, top pop celebrity, spliced good and proper to Rachel Hunter, one of the world's most ravishing beauties, and the kind of playmate under whose grill any man would be happy to park his kippers for a long weekend. And with so many other exotic possibilities up for grabs, our Roderick chooses to entertain this fair lady in the sack with pitched battles of the wind-breaking variety?

"It's not something we do every night," he laughs. "But yeah, we have these friendly little contests from time to time. I'll let fly with one. 'One-nil!' I'll shout, and she has 45 seconds to come back with one or it's game over. And she can give me a good run for my money, can Rachel. She enjoys a good fart. Nothing wrong with that either. I mean, if your missus can't fart in front of you, who can she fart in front of?"

HE'S A BIT OF A GEEZER IS ROD. A BIT OF A CHAP. A TRUE customer. With a glint of mischief permanently fixed in his blinkers. 'Twas ever thus. Right back to his early days with The Faces, when he was first offered the chance to live it on the large side. And live it large he surely did. Extremely large. Birding it up and boozing it up like there was no tomorrow.

"Yeah, we were a bit excessive in those days, though we didn't go as far as some. I never had sex with a shark, for example. Pretty much everything else. But I drew the line at shagging sharks. Still, we'd shag just about anything that moved back then. Cor dear! We'd shag anything with a pulse in The Faces. Anything that hadn't been dead for more than 24 hours. Of course, the trick was to avoid waking up next to these women. Few things are worse than waking up next to some rough-looking woman and thinking, 'Jesus, Rod! You and your knob!' And some of those woman were rough, I can tell you. Fucking 'ell!"

They liked a drink or two, The Faces.

"Strewth! Didn't we just! Port and brandy, that was our drink. We purposely used to drink on empty stomachs, just to get the maximum effect. And when it hit you it was like being clobbered by a fucking mallet. It's amazing really that we got any work done in The Faces, 'cos we were always completely tattered. We were hell to record 'cos you could never get us out of the sodding pub. Then we decided to have a bar on stage so we could get served while we were playing. The tour manager doubled up as a barman. And we 'ad these strippers running about, dressed as schoolgirls. Oh yeah, we knew how to put on a show in The Faces."

Between 1971 and 1975, Rod Stewart could, quite simply, do no wrong. Whether belting it out with The Faces or in his own solo career, he was responsible for some of the most exhilarating music of the age. 'Reason To Believe', 'Maggie May', 'You Wear It Well', 'Cindy Incidentally'… Somewhere along the way, he became an icon. Hell's teeth, even his haircut became iconic – inspiring a whole generation of young turks to stroll into barbers' shops and proudly ask for "a Rod Stewart on the top, squire". Oh yes! Rod Stewart was the jackal's testicles. A proper geezer. A real bloke's bloke. Just like the sort of bloke you'd find getting his round in down the local. Except the bloke down your local probably wouldn't have openly admitted to his fondness for wearing women's knickers. And most definitely wouldn't have been let off the hook too easily had he owned up to the fact.

"Ah yes," says Rod a little sheepishly. "The women's knickers. I became quite famous, at one time, for wearing women's knickers. The only problem with wearing that sort of thing is that they have a tendency to get stuck up the crack of your bum. Which can be a bit uncomfortable."

In 1975, shortly after The Faces chucked in the towel, he upped and fucked off to the States, set up home in Beverly Hills and prepared to launch himself as an international solo star. He stepped out with Swedish-born actress Britt Ekland, the first of many identikit blondes with legs up to their armpits. He started hanging around with the Hollywood smart set. It was a long way from getting oiled-up with honest-to-goodness ruffians like Ronnie Wood in some boozer down the Old Kent Road. Inevitably, his music went through some ✈

"I'm wearing a black bra and French knickers under this"

The Stevie Wonder of Scottish football

OTHER PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY'RE SCOTTISH

Spandau Ballet Islington's pop gods may have looked like a bunch of fop sheriffs at the time of their hit album *True*, but they'll always be most fondly remembered for their tartan tossers phase during the winter of 1981 when the New McRomantic craze swept the nation.

Duke of Edinburgh Prince Phillip apparently loves nothing better than dressing up in a kilt, pouring a large scotch and reciting the collected works of Robert Burns. Once rumoured that he liked Big Country. Quite an achievement, seeing as he's Greek.

Idi Amin "My friends in Scotland regard me as their king," said the former Ugandan dictator in 1976, who was regularly seen sporting a kilt in public. He added that he'd attend the celebrations with his military pipe band when Scotland gained independence from the UK. This from a man who once challenged Tanzania's president to a boxing bout with Muhammad Ali as referee.

Mel Gibson in *Braveheart* The Aussie Yank got his face painted like a manic Scots football fan to play Jock folk hero William Wallace. This Highland romp was filmed entirely on location in, that's right, Ireland.

The submarine commander in *The Hunt For Red October* Oh, hang about. That was Sean Connery pretending to be Russian. With a Scottish accent.

NIALL HAMPTON

changes too. His 1975 album *Atlantic Crossing*, employing the famed Muscle Shoals rhythm section, certainly had its share of corkers. But it also included the abysmal 'Sailing', which anticipated the kind of inflated bilge that was to come.

"I guess it got to a point when the music became a bit of an afterthought," he admits. "I was out there having a fucking great time and, somewhere along the line, I stopped paying attention to making decent albums. You can see it all going arse over tit just by looking at some of the album sleeves. Like *A Night On The Town*, where I'm sitting there with a glass of champers, wearing a boater, and looking like a complete cunt! Or you can tell it was all going wrong just by looking at some of the song titles from that period. 'Attractive Female Wanted', that was one. Which just about sums up my state of mind at the time."

"SHE ENJOYS A GOOD FART, THE MISSUS. SHE CAN GIVE ME A RUN FOR MY MONEY"

As Nick Hornby has pointed out, there was a point in the late '70s when Rod Stewart ceased being a mere recording artiste and became the living embodiment of a certain kind of lifestyle. Which involved, among other things, copping off with some of the world's most glamorous ladies.

"I was still shagging like crazy," he says, "but I'd raised my standards by the time I became a solo artist. I never had a problem with chat-up lines and what-have-you. I used to say, 'Hello darling, what have you got in that basket?' That always worked for me. Of course, you don't wait until a bird comes along carrying a basket. That's the great thing about it. They don't have a basket. You just come out with the line and they're intrigued."

Clearly, the potential effectiveness of the line is somewhat boosted if you happen to be Rod Stewart. "Oh yeah," he laughs. "If you're thinking of using a line like that, it certainly helps if you're Rod Stewart. And I have to say, I always found being Rod Stewart did me a few favours along the way."

Some guys have all the luck

The '80s, in contrast, was not a good decade for Rod. His music, having courted self-parody for some time, finally went the whole hog, giving up all pretence of decency. In a decade that produced some of the most obscenely awful music ever to see the light of day, Rod delivered more than his fair share of misbegotten abortions on the end of a stick. These days, he's understandably happy to disown albums like 1983's *Body Wishes* and 1984's *Camouflage*. Genuine cow flops, both. It was around this time that his taste for silly clothes went completely off at the deep end. "When I look back at some of the pictures," he confesses, "I can't help thinking that I look like a complete and utter cunt. Some of those trousers! Christ on a bike, were they tight! Of course, I only wore them so they would show off the ol' toolbag to good effect. Not that I'm over-generously endowed in the salami department. It's not huge, my penis. But the missus tells me it's very ✈

He wanted to play for Scotland but he was too good

Anyone who can pull dressed like that is due some respect

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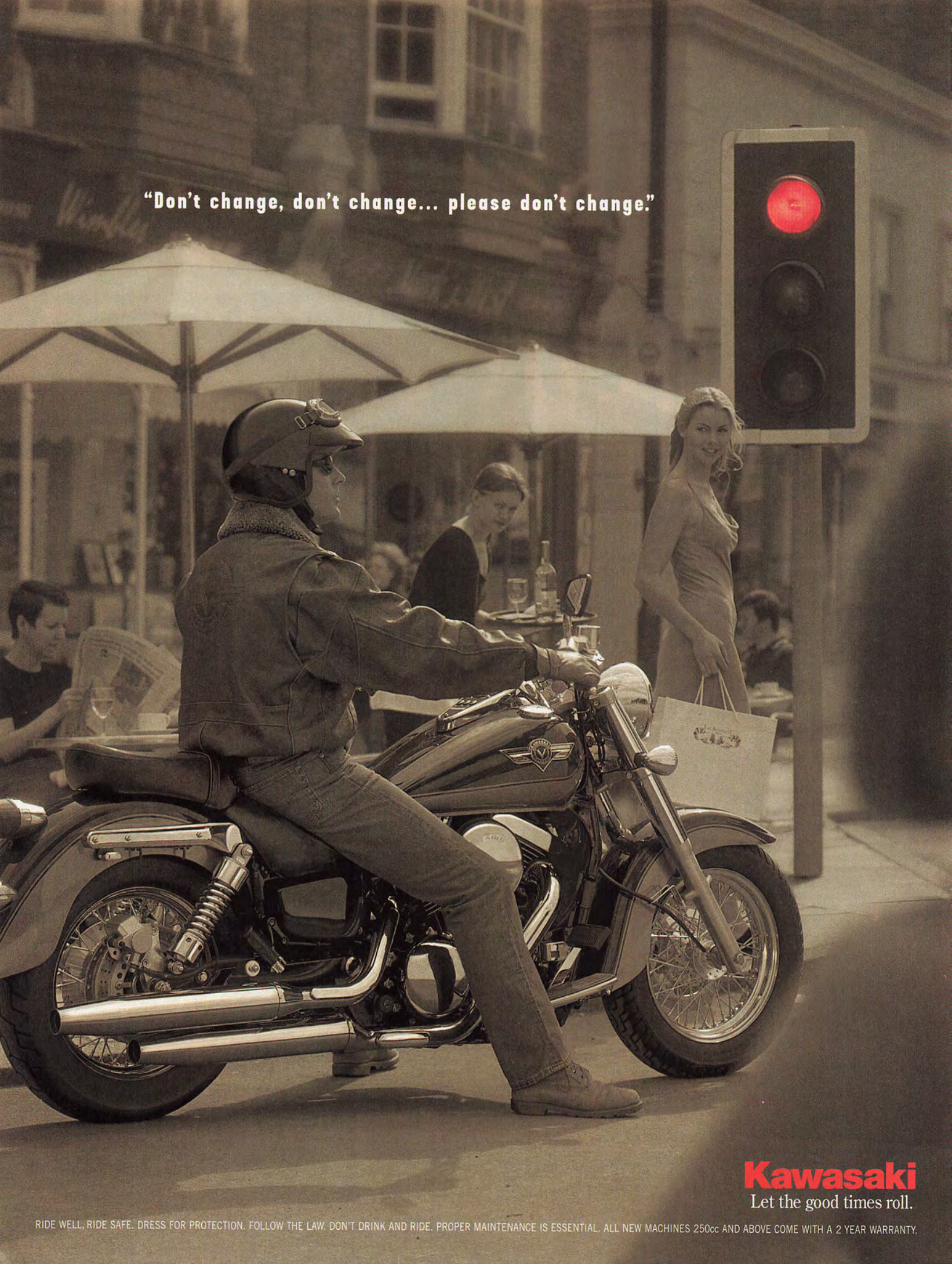

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pretty. That's good enough for me." Clive James was not so kind in the mid-'80s: "Rod Stewart has an attractive voice and a highly unattractive bottom. In his concert performances he now spends more time wagging the latter than exercising the former." Even so, by this time, Rod's arse had become something of an institution. The world's most famous tail-end, so it was.

"Still is, mate. It's so tight, my arse. Unbelievably tight. I'm surprised I haven't won awards for it. At the risk of sounding conceited, I've got a fantastic arse."

It was in the early '80s that he got himself a sizeable drug habit. "A spot of the ol' how's-yer-father up the hooter," as he calls it. Enjoyed the company of old Bonny Prince Charlie, did he?

"Indeed I did. Right back to The Faces, we always indulged in a bit of that. As a matter of fact, me and Woody used to stick cocaine up our arses. Just to see what it was like. We'd stick the coke in these cold capsules and up it'd go. But it was only in the '80s that the whole coke thing got really out of hand. So I had to put a stop to that. Mind you, I still like a little bash at the weekends. A line or two, just to perk things up a bit. But I don't go mad these days. Mainly 'cos I play football on the weekends and there's no point trying to play when you're coked off your lid."

It's only his rampant love for the beautiful game that's kept him in check over the years, preventing him from joining other members of the rock aristocracy in sliding off the greasy pole and landing in the shitpile. "Football – it's been like an alarm system for me. It's given me a centre of gravity. Only it's more than that. It's always been such a huge part of my life."

Famously, he had trials with Brentford FC as a teenager. And, according to no less an authority than Sir Bobby Charlton, he could have made it as a professional if he hadn't opted to go sauntering off down the rock'n'roll road. These days, he plays regularly for his team of Hollywood ex-pats, The Exiles. In England, where he now stays for three months of the year, he's built a full-size pitch in the grounds of his 16th Century mansion in Epping. Still a bit handy on the ball, is he?

"Oh yeah, I've always been a bit handy. Still got the old touch. I played attacking full-back for a while. Now I've moved back up to the midfield. I fancied being in the thick of the action a bit more. Passing – that's my speciality. Passing and shouting. In fact, shouting at my team-mates, that's what I'm best at these days. It's the dodgy knees, see. I can't move around the field like I used to. If I could have one thing on this earth, it'd be a new pair of knees."

He used to say the loves of his life were football, music, drink and women – in that order. Would he stand by that? "I'm not really sure what the order would be these days," he says. "And kids have entered the equation. Football is no less important to me these days, but the other things have become more important. I suppose my perspective has changed a bit. But I've still got this natural reluctance to grow up. That was always there with me, and it doesn't seem to go away. It's just a part of my attitude. Live life to the full and all that. I've never had to fight against growing older. And, right now, I feel as excited about life as I've felt for years. What's my secret? Playing a bit of football, having a young wife… mainly though, it just comes down to luck. I'm a lucky bastard really, in that I've always been able to do what I want. Just 'cos I happen to be able to sing. If I hadn't had a decent voice, I'd have amounted to fuck-all. In the end, it all comes down to two muscles that bang together in my throat. Weird, innit?"

ROD'S BLONDES

"WE WERE A BIT EXCESSIVE BACK THEN. BUT I NEVER HAD SEX WITH A SHARK"

Rod's banana impression. Next week, the pineapple

He's 53 now – 53 going on 17. Shitting lollipops all the way. You get the impression the old rascal is far from ready to hang up his boots. Indeed, the very suggestion of retirement brings forth the loudest and longest laugh of the day.

"Hang up my boots? You must be fucking joking. Nah, I'm having too good a time to think about knocking it on the head just yet."

And, with that, he jumps up from the sofa, picks up a football, juggles it from foot to foot, flicks it up in the air, bounces it off his chest and volleys it straight into the hotel fireplace. "One-nil!" he hollers, arms aloft. Back of the bastard net. One-nil to Rod Stewart. Not for the first time. And not for the last. ◼

Rod Stewart's new album, When We Were The New Boys, *is out now on Warner Bros.*

SILLY OCEAN

Surfing waves the height of 50 medium-sized dogs

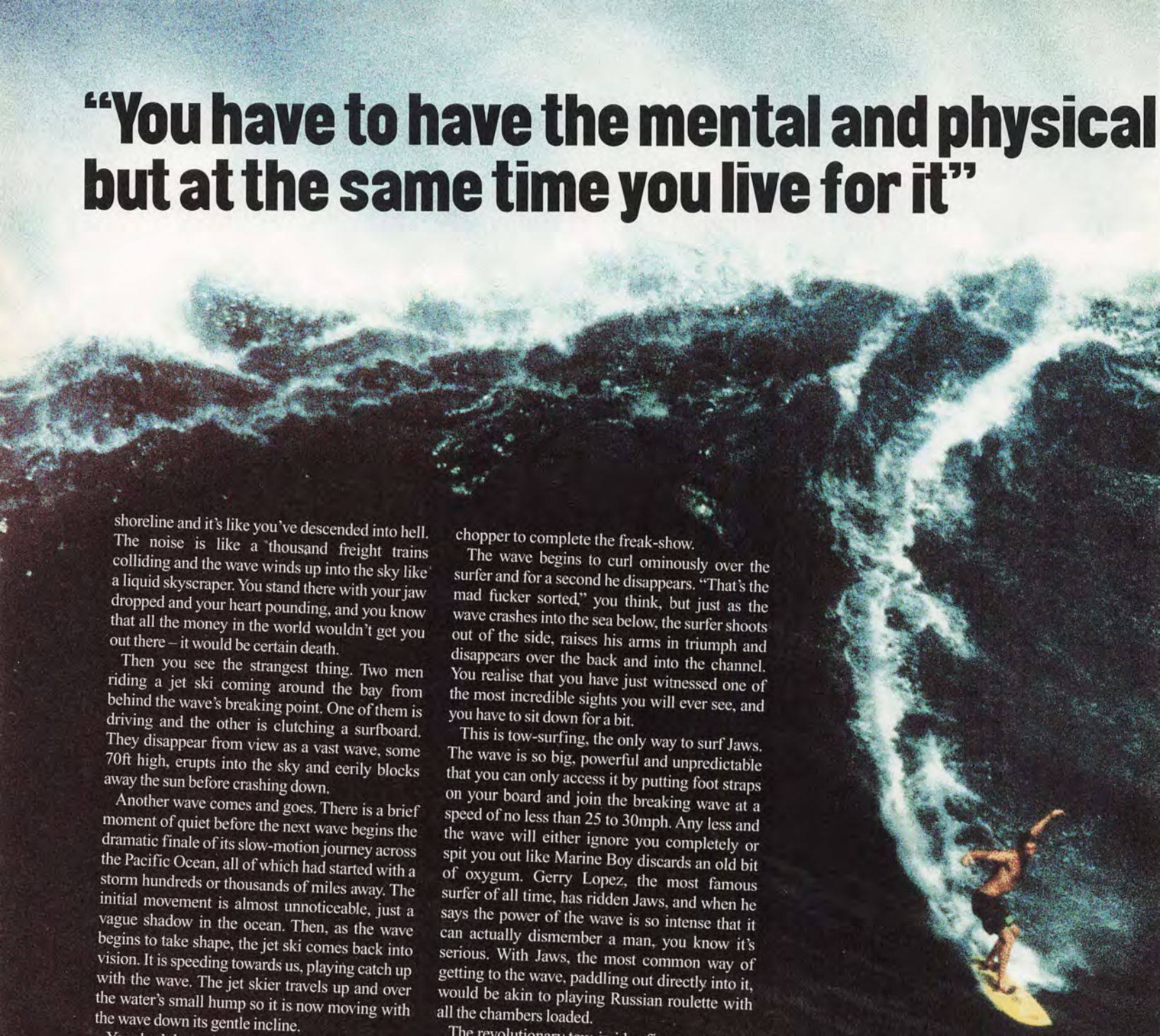
"IT'S LIKE BEING CHASED BY AN AVALANCHE AND BASICALLY YOU CAN'T FUCK UP. AND IF YOU do, which we have, then you take a serious beating… and then, ha ha… you just hope your friends come in and get you."

Pete Cabrinha is one of a mere handful of surfers to have ridden Jaws, the world's most insane, brutal and beautiful wave. Every time he and his friends surf this beast, they know they could be riding their last wave straight into oblivion. Don't ask them why they do it, they don't know; they just know that it feeds some part of them that can't be reached any other way.

Standing high up on the cliffs above this 'secret' location on the Hawaiian island of Maui, you get a bird's eye view of nature at its exhibitionist best. From this distance Jaws looks gentle and majestic, just a vast silky carpet rolling gently up and down. All you can hear is a deep, softly pounding thrum. Then you go down to the ✈

story by TIM SOUTHWELL photos by NEALE HAYNES

"You have to have the mental and physical but at the same time you live for it"



shoreline and it's like you've descended into hell. The noise is like a thousand freight trains colliding and the wave winds up into the sky like a liquid skyscraper. You stand there with your jaw dropped and your heart pounding, and you know that all the money in the world wouldn't get you out there – it would be certain death.

Then you see the strangest thing. Two men riding a jet ski coming around the bay from behind the wave's breaking point. One of them is driving and the other is clutching a surfboard. They disappear from view as a vast wave, some 70ft high, erupts into the sky and eerily blocks away the sun before crashing down.

Another wave comes and goes. There is a brief moment of quiet before the next wave begins the dramatic finale of its slow-motion journey across the Pacific Ocean, all of which had started with a storm hundreds or thousands of miles away. The initial movement is almost unnoticeable, just a vague shadow in the ocean. Then, as the wave begins to take shape, the jet ski comes back into vision. It is speeding towards us, playing catch up with the wave. The jet skier travels up and over the water's small hump so it is now moving with the wave down its gentle incline.

You don't have time to figure out just what the fuck a jet skier is doing trying to surf what will soon turn into Mount Everest before a surfer, hanging on to a rope attached to the jet skier, comes flying over the back of the wave, shoots down the face and lets go of the rope.

The wave is quickly becoming huge and the jet skier turns sharply away from the its path and disappears out the back, into the channel to safety. Which just leaves the surfer, who is now half-way down the growing mass of wave, cutting up great swathes of water as he twists and turns and flies up and down the wave face. The wall of water is now a monstrous 50 to 60ft high, towering over the surfer so he appears little more than a dot at its base. It seems only a matter of time before the wave will realise what's going on and crash down on this liberty-taking irritant.

A helicopter sweeps down and hovers so menacingly close to the water that it seems as if the sea is going to rise up and swallow it whole. A cameraman dangles perilously from the chopper to complete the freak-show.

The wave begins to curl ominously over the surfer and for a second he disappears. "That's the mad fucker sorted," you think, but just as the wave crashes into the sea below, the surfer shoots out of the side, raises his arms in triumph and disappears over the back and into the channel. You realise that you have just witnessed one of the most incredible sights you will ever see, and you have to sit down for a bit.

This is tow-surfing, the only way to surf Jaws. The wave is so big, powerful and unpredictable that you can only access it by putting foot straps on your board and join the breaking wave at a speed of no less than 25 to 30mph. Any less and the wave will either ignore you completely or spit you out like Marine Boy discards an old bit of oxygum. Gerry Lopez, the most famous surfer of all time, has ridden Jaws, and when he says the power of the wave is so intense that it can actually dismember a man, you know it's serious. With Jaws, the most common way of getting to the wave, paddling out directly into it, would be akin to playing Russian roulette with all the chambers loaded.

The revolutionary tow-in idea first came about in 1993 when Laird Hamilton, Derrick Doerner and Buzzy Kerbox spent a couple of days on the north shore at Oahu with a boat they were using to tow themselves into bigger waves. At the same time Cabrinha, an ex-windsurfing world champion, and his mates were experimenting in Maui with foot straps on their boards.

"Laird came back to Maui with this tow-in idea and we immediately jumped on it," says Cabrinha. "We took our boats and skis and formed a little group of guys, about seven or eight of us, and we started really going for bigger and bigger waves – it just opened up a whole new world for us.

"People laughed at us at first. They said it was a monkey show and not proper surfing. Then they saw what we were doing in these huge waves and we got respect. It's like walking on the moon… you're going somewhere no one's ever been

awareness to do it. You know it can kill you

Evacuating the shark embassy

before and doing stuff no one's ever done before."

The gang or, as I prefer to call them, Cabrinha's Confederacy Of Wet Lunatics, consists of big wave riders Hamilton, Doerner, Dave Kalama, Mark Egbula, Mike Walsch and the marvellously named Rush Randal. These people are legends in surfing in the same way that Del Piero, Ronaldo and Roberto Carlos are in football. They do stuff no one else will even attempt.

"People had seen Jaws for years," says Cabrinha, "and nobody wanted a piece of it. Well, a lot of people wanted to, but they never tried because it's so ominous. Basically, the whole Pacific Ocean unloads onto this one reef and there's so much concentrated energy in this one spot that it's extremely dangerous. Everything happens in an area of about 100 square yards, and it's unlike places like Waimea, which up until now was the reigning big wave spot. This place is different because the wave itself forms a tube like a pipeline – you look at a picture without a surfer on it and it looks like a five- or six-foot wave, it's only when you see someone surfing on it that you can see how huge it is."

NO ONE HAS DIED SURFING JAWS YET AND THERE is one good, simple reason for it. No one is allowed out there unless they really, *really* know what they're doing. Cabrinha and his crew have had to prevent people from going out because they know that when they wipe out they are the ones who are going to have to go down there and save them, risking their own lives in the process.

"If someone comes up there who we don't know or who shouldn't be there well, we don't wanna see them get killed so we pull them aside and tell them to go back down the coast. It's strange because everyone thinks we're trying to protect the spot for ourselves... a lot of people see it from afar and watch us doing it and figure they can do it... but they can't.

"The thing with the jet-ski is that it gives you a false sense of security because you can get out there and you can ride these waves, but that's only half the equation – you have to be a good surfer and have the mental and physical awareness to do it. You know it can kill you but at the same time you love it and you live for it."

Cabrinha sounds almost paranoid when talking about "protecting people from Jaws", until you realise that some of the world's best big-wave riders have met their maker in the last couple of years. One highly respected professional, 25-year-old Californian Donnie Solomon, was killed at Waimea bay in Hawaii in 1995. It was an average day and there were lifeguards and rescue helicopters overhead as he fell from his board and into the crush of the wave. There were even 20 or so fellow surfers near him. Yet no one could save him.

A year earlier almost to the minute, Mark Foo, one of Hawaii's premier big-wave riders and one of the world's most experienced, died in similar circumstances in Northern California.

Remember that famous line from *Point Break*? "If you go out with fear, you'll hesitate. If you hesitate, your worst fears will come true."

That was a direct quote from Foo, talking about big-wave surfing. When he took off on that 18ft wave, Foo wasn't hesitating. For a surfer of his quality this fall would not normally have been a major problem. Nevertheless, halfway down he fell and didn't surface. Another surfer, caught by the next wave, was plunged down 30ft and hit the bottom where he felt Foo's motionless body brush against him. The surfer broke to the surface and raised the alarm, but it was no good. Surfing had lost one of its most revered pioneers.

Cabrinha is well aware of the perils awaiting him. "Where do I begin?" he says dramatically. "You can drown pretty easily out there. Water is very heavy too, which people don't realise. A lot of people actually break bones when the wave crushes down on them, or your board can hit you and knock you unconscious, then when you throw the jet ski into the equation it opens up a whole different world of danger.

"When a guy goes down in the water, the jet ski goes to pick him up and if the jet ski misses him then a lot of times he's coming in so fast that the rope can catch him round the neck... One guy got caught by the leg so what happens is the guy becomes like an anchor to the jet ski, who now can't get away either... and then the wave hits you both and the jet ski goes down and pulls the surfer down with him by the leg. The jet skis themselves are pretty problematic – they're two-stroke engines and they shut down quite a lot just when you don't want them to, and when ✈

Sliding down the window of Fish Towers

Monitoring traffic on the monkfish motorway

Jumping off the roof of the plankton house

A 15ft wave is the height of a terraced house, one and a half times as thick and moving at 25 to 30mph

that happens you're just a cork on the water."

Let me simplify things. A 15ft wave at Jaws is about the height of a small terraced house. It's one and a half times as thick as the house is deep and is moving at somewhere between 25 and 30mph. A 20ft wave is way beyond comprehension unless you've seen it in real life. 25ft is absurd, and at 35ft (that's at the point of take-off) the actual face of the wave is 100ft high (waves suck up all the water before them). That's 100ft multiplied by its width of, say, 70ft moving at 25 miles per hour. At this size they usually travel in sets of six to eight waves. If you get caught, it's goodnight Vienna.

To give you an indication of where these fellas draw the line you have to go back to Thanksgiving Day in 1995, when the swell at Jaws was so massive no one can even put a number on it. Cabrinha knew it was going to be massive because, the night before, he could hear the thunder of the waves from his house half a mile from the Ocean. He didn't get much sleep that night and at dawn when they got down to the beach they were all faced with the same choice.

"Ten of us went out and only three surfed – it all depends on where your head is that day. If you really think you can attack it then you go for it. If not then you don't, because it's not only your life, if you go down then the other guys will come in after you and try to rescue you. After the terror of the first five minutes you start to enjoy it. When I see a video of me surfing Jaws I think, 'What the fuck am I doing out there?!' But you can't do it too much because it starts messing with your mind."

Of course, there's good money to made out of being intrepid and unhinged – 35-year-old Cabrinha is sponsored by a Japanese roof-rack company called Turzo, Jet Set clothing and Nash sails. He quit the world windsurfing tour a few years ago despite being world champion. He was on sponsorship money plus earnings of about £50,000. His sponsors, bless their cotton socks, told him they'd still give him loads of cash so long as he maintained a high profile. Then the tow-in thing happened. Talk about timing. He also has a graphic design company and Hollywood is immortalising the big wave riding thing by making a film about these magnificent men and their flying ironing boards. On top of all this, he gets to live on the beach all bloody year.

"Often the big-wave riders are just guys with balls of steel, core survivalists who get straight out to the biggest waves. There's also a real bond between us. You know that if you go down then these guys will come in after you, and if you're not breathing then they'll breath life into you."

That won't be necessary, young man.

Thanks to Andy's Cove Apartments, Maui. For the holiday of a bloody lifetime, call 001 808 8774848.

Pete Cabrinha hanging around in the suburbs of Dolphin City

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PC CD-ROM

TURNED OUT

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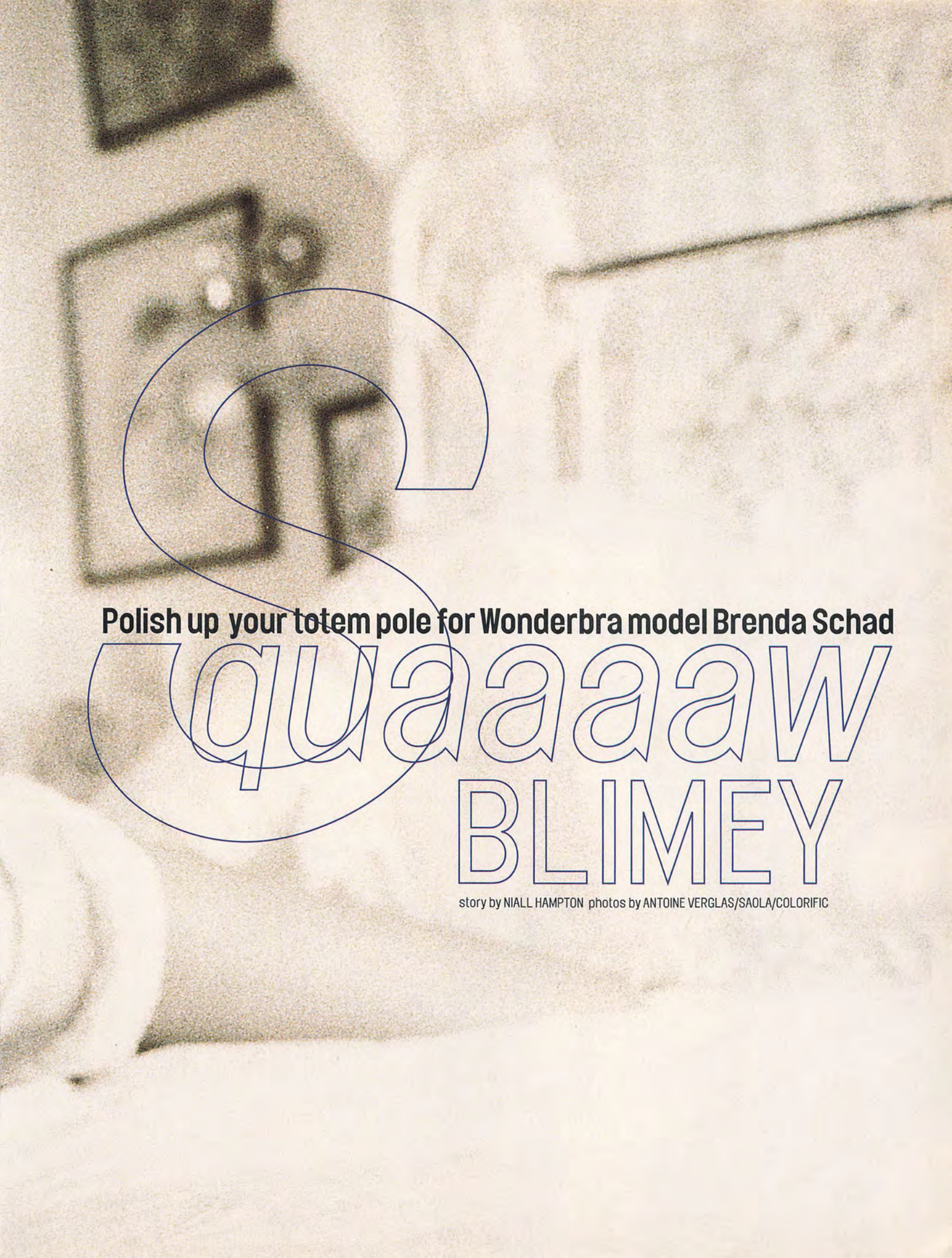


Polish up your totem pole for Wonderbra model Brenda Schad

Squaaaw BLIMEY

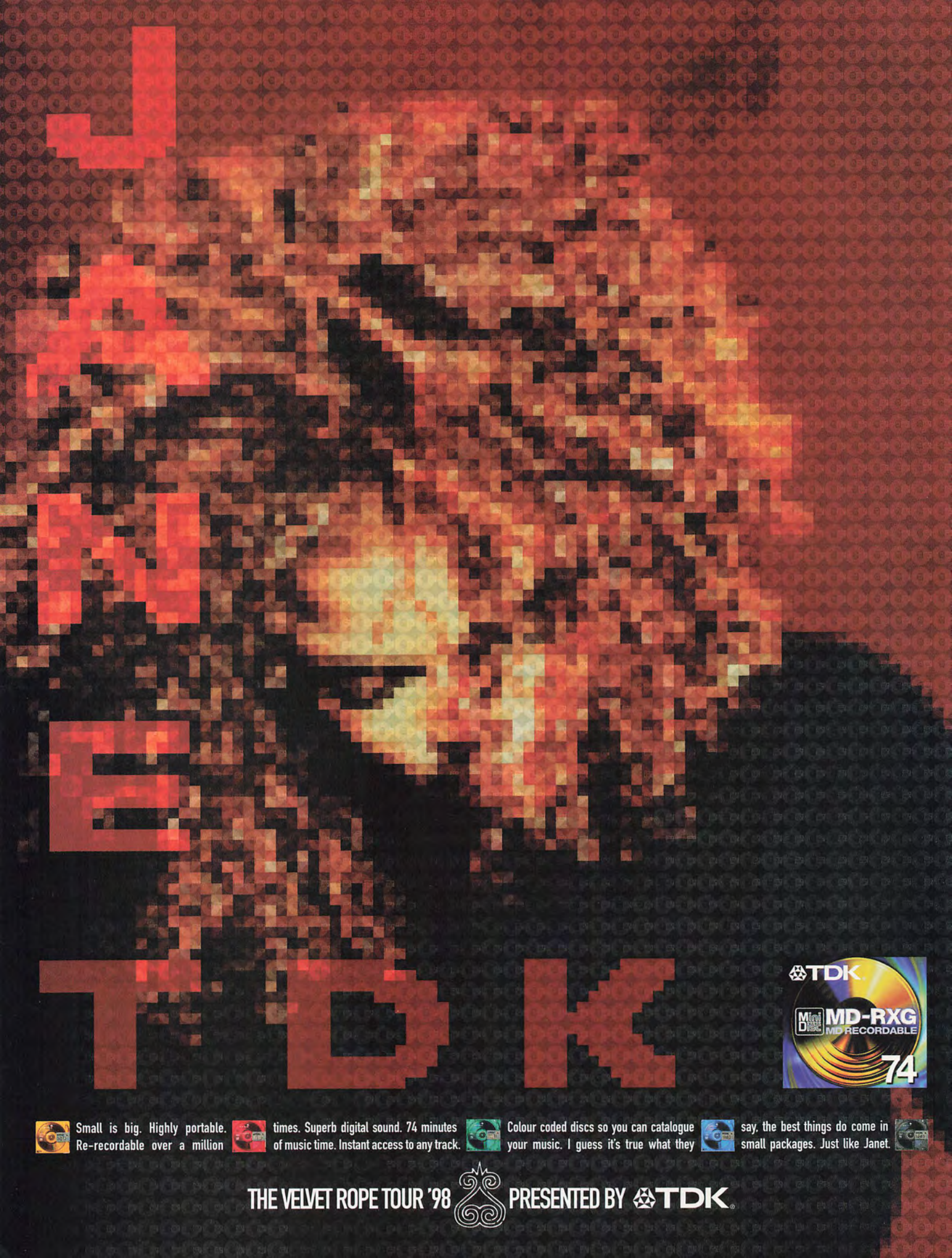
story by NIALL HAMPTON photos by ANTOINE VERGLAS/SAOLA/COLORIFIC

BRENDA – STRANGE CHOICE OF NAME FOR someone with Red Indian blood. Sounds as if she'd be more at home serving sausage and eggs in a greasy spoon. Bet you don't get any of those down the local reservation. Ha! Instead, you're more likely to find Brenda Schad, the latest Wonderbra model, doing the phwoar dance round the totem pole. Hek! Brenda, whose mum is half Cherokee, found her exotic part-paleface, part-redskin looks snatched by Disney's big chiefs as the basis for their Pocahontas character. Yet she's in no way two-dimensional herself. Geddit?

"People think that because you're beautiful you can't be smart," she crows, adding that she fancies a future career in politics campaigning for Native American rights. For now, however, she's perfectly happy to carve out a living in professional semi-nudity.

"I'm not embarrassed about the world seeing me in my underwear," she points out, unaware that she's been driving motorists to distraction all over the UK. Sioux much so (snarf!) that a Welsh tool-hire firm sent out smoke signals to get one of Brenda's posters near their works taken down because her cleavage was "playing havoc with concentration".

So no driving or operating machinery whilst under the the influence of Brenda. Get your wagons in a circle and remain calm!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times. Superb digital sound. 74 minutes of music time. Instant access to any track.
Colour coded discs so you can catalogue your music. I guess it's true what they say, the best things do come in small packages. Just like Janet.
THE VELVET ROPE TOUR '98
PRESENTED BY TDK.

ESCAPE FROM... itzcold

For you Tommy, ze war is over. So why not spend a weekend being chased off Welsh cliffs by men with black paint on their faces?

story by ROWAN CHERNIN photos by NEALE HAYNES

GROPING HOPELESSLY IN THE BLACKNESS BETWEEN A BUSH AND A BARBED WIRE fence, defeat and capture seem certain. No one speaks, paranoid we'll be discovered. No one dares shine a torch... they'll *shoot* us. Out here, three hours from sunrise, a lifetime for the Dogs of War, we are supposed to be making a hasty escape from a prisoner of war camp. But without The Knowledge, nature's nightlife is riddled with chaos. "What are you doing twatting about over here?" Ughhhh? At last, the wise whisper of a friendly partisan. "Turn to your left and regroup," he spits. Creeping across wet grass, I find the rest of the platoon stalking a small campfire patrolled by two armed guards. We stare like completely useless rabbits until an armed figure points a gun into our patch of darkness: "WHO GOES THERE?" Puuumphff! Faaaaarrrrpp!

"Fucking control yourself, Reece," spits Michael, the deputy editor.

Fuuuumphf... pooomphf! "I can't help it," croaks the farting Reece, a man who has spent years in bushes acting out his American soldier dreams. "It just comes out, you know?" This would never have been allowed out on the Ho Chi Min Trail.

Two ninja shadows remind us of our mission. It's a pair we met five minutes before the escape. Two members of the public dressed like fantasy Falklands war veterans have joined the six of us from **loaded**. We hastily follow this camouflaged ✈

"Last one in the sauna gives the back rub"

"No, no, you're wrong. Ikea does much better throw cushions than Habitat"

Is that a caber in your pocket etc

couple, alias Alex and Paul, across a field and crouch to a stop in the middle of it… confused.

In the distance, two flashes of a torch in true Enid Blyton style (a signal we were previously instructed to follow) shows us the way. One person is supposed to return this signal with two quick flashes. But, as we're a bit torch happy, the lightshow from a Jean Michel Jarre gig erupts as we crack on like nervous elephants. Resembling the terrorist wing of Boyzone, our special outfits crinkle like stiff carrier bags. Pots and pans clang like a team of one-man band fanatics busking for torture as we stampede blindly into the forest. If this were war we'd all be sent home coffinless, with flowers in our hair and a sick note from the enemy.

THIS IS A ONE-OF-ITS-KIND ADVENTURE. DAVE ORANGE is the big boss, the controller and organiser of what we're about to experience. An outdoor guru from Yorkshire who's climbed Everest, taught the SAS the tricks of the great outdoors and is now about to turn us city bumpkins into 'men' via a 48-hour endurance test they call 'Escape and Evasion'. Escape the PoW camp, evade the enemy. Us and the Camouflage Couple, let loose and chased through the wild pine forests of deepest, wettest Wales.

But Dave's not coming with us. Only his advice: "This is REAL LIFE," he shouts. "If the bridge is blown, you HAVE to cross that river. There may be a cliff to tackle. All traffic is NOT friendly. Partisans will give you a grid reference or a phone box location on a map. When entering enemy territory you have a good chance of being ATTACKED. They will TAKE HOSTAGES. If someone is missing, you carry on… your life depends on staying in a group."

Two-thirty a.m. Feel the force, Luke. Like a flat-capped Ben Kenobi, Dave's voice echoes through the paranoid dark: "Your lives depend on staying in a *groupppppp*…" Tons of twigs have already snapped underfoot, Reece perpetually trumps like a dominant walrus while fear of capture keeps us in a tight queue, managing to scrabble an exhausting half a mile in 40 minutes. We walk along in Eddie Izzard meets *Dad's Army* fashion, a pathetic stealth-like performance. A voice from a ditch tells us to follow the road silently through a village to a rendezvous point on the other side. Every dog for miles begins to herald our approach. I remember reading in *The Handbook Of The SAS* that "a dog is as lethal as a bullet". Thank God this is only a game.

"Where the hell have you lot been?" asks a partisan called Will at the rendezvous. The task of retrieving a map from a slippery sewage pipe across the river shambles along. "I may as well take off my trousers," mutters Hedonists' Handbook editor Danny. Then Will covers our faces with camouflage paint as Alex reads the map – strangely entitled Jaffa's Massage Parlour – and we set out on a five kilometre walk.

The next bridge is in enemy territory. We have to cross the river otherwise we suffer the penalty – no packed lunch, if I remember correctly. A toothache of the testicles grips as we plunge in, naked. Dreaming of the hot springs of Hawaii is to no avail. Winded by the cold, I panic and run back out, only to find my clothes missing. Across the channel, a friendly partisan smiles and waves, then points to my rucksack… right next to his feet.

I can't do it. My ego, body, mind, the whole emaciated bag of spanners is numbed, exposed, shattered and shrivelled. There is only one path to redemption, and I enter the water like a pagan sacrifice. Escape and Evasion has such challenges to separate the cubs from the scouts. And, like Peter Pan, I've been relegated to a life in short, flowery trousers.

As we amble along another five kilometres, with the sun rising over the green mountains, a white-cloaked druid – honestly, the real thing – is kneeling on the opposite side of the river reading a good book.

"Yo, Druid!" bellows Reece. "Can you hear me?"

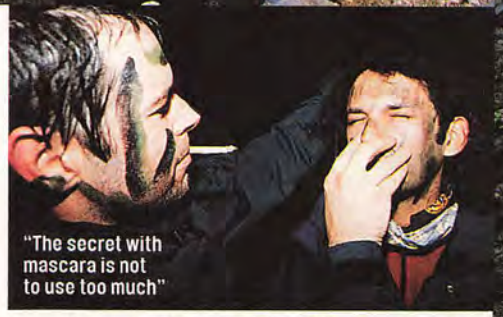
The white-hooded one silently turns a page. Magically, almost from under his cloak, an otter steals our attention. Our heads follow the skippy little mammal in amazement until we are practically staring face to face at a figure in black. And he's pointing a rifle right at… Oh shit! The first crack of gunfire cuts the dawn chorus with cap-gun thunder. The enemy scatters us like a flock of chickens scampering in twos and threes behind sparse little shrubs. The whole idea is to evade the enemy. Instead we've verbally harassed a member of the druids' chapter, made the noise of a circus and thought we could make ourselves invisible in a Pythonesque way behind sticks and flowers.

NOON. AT EIGHT THIS MORNING WE CRAWLED INTO our bivvy bags (shaped like body bags) and slept like Stig of the Dump. Now a partisan arrives and gets

A toothache of the testicles grips as we plunge naked into the river

"I'm a sucker for a pretty lady in distress"

One of the Village People literally just dropped in



"The secret with mascara is not to use too much"

The oldest swinger in tow

us on the road without breakfast. What's more, he's delivered **loaded** commissioning editor Adam Black, who missed day one with the flu excuse. Yet here he is, strutting around in his hi-tech trousers, so tight his arse trembles like Tracy from the Fat Slags. "It's fooking great out here," he chirps in his Mancunian accent. "Fooking will you look at it! I feel like Willem Dafoe in *Platoon*. We're on a fooking mission."

"You look grotesque," mutters Michael. "Keep well away from me."

With the map reading in hand, the Camouflage Couple lead us to a bridge where we meet Dave, Niall, Will, Gill and Ian – all friendly partisans – with a bag of ropes and a puzzling task. There's a bridge, two storeys high, a fast-flowing river with a floating tube anchored in such a position that it requires someone to be lowered down from the bridge, float underneath it, retrieve the tube and be pulled up over the other side. There is only one fool available. Lowering him down on a wooden swing like a suspect witch, we dunk Adam arse-first into the freezing river.

"J-ho-ho… Jesus Christ… pull me up a bit."

We suspend him under the bridge inches above the torrent while we argue. "What ya doin' lads?" rises his echoing cry. "What ya doin' to me?"

"Soak him until he's calm," murmurs Michael. "It's good to make him suffer. The longer the better."

Thirty minutes pass quicker than you can throw as many pebbles. Apparently, this is a popular way to stimulate office staff into developing 'team solutions'. It would appear that the only thing we can agree on is the horror. The torture. Like a wet Labrador, Adam retrieves the tube… and drops it. The show continues. Eventually, dragged out of the river in the most grotesque Readers' Wives position imaginable to the human mind, the fantastically brave wobbling man is finally beached, dried and laughed at further.

This is just the beginning. Three miles later I'm standing on top of a cliff watching everyone lower themselves nervously over the edge. Mental survival in this situation involves adopting a chest-beating faith in the power of the safety ropes, which are tied to a couple of knackered, geriatric trees. Reece recites bloody tales of rock-climbing tragedies while Adam, on top of a mountain both physically and spiritually, enters an ecstatic spiel of consciousness: "This is great. I'm really fooking happy. I feel like I'm escaping my own fears, evading my routines in life. I feel like this is the start of something new."

Without hesitation I am abseiling as fast as I can, without looking down, face to face with the wall of the grey slate cliff. Frigid effort keeps me sliding for two dangling minutes, time enough for a couple of pints of adrenaline to kick in.

After packed lunch, we follow Dave feet first into a black hole beside a waterfall, and the hell of total darkness again threatens the pant cloth. Down ropes 30 metres into blackness, slipping on evil loose rocks and hearing them smash five seconds later over a ledge too far. We are exploring a disused slate mine. Its craggy tunnels, with miles of steel tracks, add to the feeling of Wild West exploration. Dave points out an old box of unexploded dynamite, a miner's shovel and a rotten newspaper revealing only half a headline: 'Death… The Great Conspiracy'.

We venture a couple of kilometres through the ✈

Away with the fairies

ESCAPE ROUTE

For this 48-hour excursion you need a minimum of four people who are reasonably fit (unlike us) and can swim 50 metres. You'll need to bring your own outdoor activity clothing (check with the centre first), and pants which you don't mind getting dirty. Specialist equipment, such as safety harnesses, sleeping bags, rucksacks etc are supplied for you. Open Door also offer other exhausting roofless activities like quad biking, canoeing, clay-pigeon shooting, dry slope skiing, mountain biking, windsurfing etc. Their address is: Open Door, Penmaendyfi, Pennal, Machynlleth, Powys SY20 9LD. Or call them on 01654 791326.

Open DOOR
To the Outside World

That night he couldn't sleep for fear of being burgled

My ego, body and mind are numbed, exposed, shattered and shrivelled

black bowels of this mountain and, via an ankle-deep stream, crawl triumphantly out through a gap in a rusty steel fence. Daylight. Four people head off for a crap.

SEVEN THIRTY PM. WE SIT AROUND THE CAMPFIRE with a hearty soup, our home for tonight resembling a lowly cattle shed. A leaky corrugated metal roof, no walls and the sweet ripple of a nearby stream. "One day we'll all be pure energy," argues Alex Camouflage. "No bodies, just energy."

"No," interrupts Adam. "No. We'll evolve to have no legs, great big fat arses and massive fooking heads."

At midnight, a partisan arrives with news of our next mission. Our aim? The retrieval of a log and two paintball guns. Rentokil-style paintball masks are handed out. An hour later, again perfecting our Eddie Izzard *Dad's Army* stealth routine, we make enough noise to let everyone know we are surrounding an old farmhouse. A guard appears. We freeze like drama students trying to impersonate trees. He fails to see us, turns and walks away. Reece, Alex and Paul run for the guns. But where is the log?

"*Who goes there?*" We freeze again. "Take out the guard," mutters a voice. "Go on, take him out."

The guard looks at the pathetic bunch of idiots vogueing before him and walks off shining his torch into real trees and bushes. Scrambling for the log, nine young men relive the jungle confusion of *Apocalypse Now*. In steamed-up paintball masks, everyone grasps for the log like a cluster of springtime frogs. "Oof!" Reece gets smacked in the ribs by the eight-foot caber; another man loses his legs. "Aaaargh…!"

"Who goes there?" Not him again. Reece takes aim and shoots him painfully in the back. "Ooh bugger," he cries, spinning round and returning three nifty shots. "Arrrgh!" screams Reece. "*No more!*" The rest of us run. Like a genuine leader of men, deputy editor Michael, sensing an ambush, stops for a fag and leaves the rest of us to protect the caber and take the bullets in true *Hamburger Hill* style. With all the confidence of Colonel Kurtz he eventually waltzes up, ignoring the splattered paint, failing to see the rest of us hiding from the bruising pellets of our invisible enemy which, whenever you move, flatten you from all directions.

Crack! The first shot merely sends Michael running into the bushes. The second makes him realise he's trapped. The third is just to humiliate him. The rest are for the sniper's pleasure. "Don't shoot me! Can't you see I'm unarmed and no threat to anyone? Arrrgh! Arrrgh! What are you… Doh!… doing? *Arrrghh!*"

THE MORNING AFTER, BRUISED AND TAKING IT IN TURNS to carry the caber to our next rendezvous point, we reach the Great Divide. A open-mined mountain with its lid chiselled off, resembling a huge grey amphitheatre. Fifty metres beneath us is a trench lined with loose, jagged slate. Dave wants us to cross it on a rope. Dave wants us to calm down but, before he can worry us further, a sheep falls from the top of the mountain and miraculously lands on a four-foot square plateau. "Stupid twat," shouts Dave. "They do this all the time. We leave 'em a couple of days to calm down, then we rescue them."

"Can't we do it now, Dave?" asks Reece. "You can't leave it there."

Reece and Alex abseil onto the ledge to save the sheep. Adam has disappeared. Unfortunately for both myself and Wounded Kurtz, we come face to face with a smiling Adam, shitting like a dog on the bridlepath. Keeping our nerves in order so far has been like herding a pack of jittery sheep on a different kind of ledge. Difficult, though not impossible. But a happy Adam defecating onto nature is beyond the pale.

The sheep safe, we all end up letting off steam in a far more grown-up manner. With us armed and dressed again in paintball masks, Adam adorning himself with bleach-white sheep bones, the great Rentokil massacre begins. A dogfight to liberate the flag – alias Dave's red trousers on a stick. War is crazy.

The Falklands conflict was described by one Argentinian intellectual as "like two bald men fighting over a comb". We should know better, but this is the wonderful world of the great outdoors. We've blown our minds with physical and mental stress, evaded capture thanks to the generosity of our enemy, run out of adrenaline and seen Adam Black behave like Lassie off camera. War is evil. ■

FULL METAL PACKET

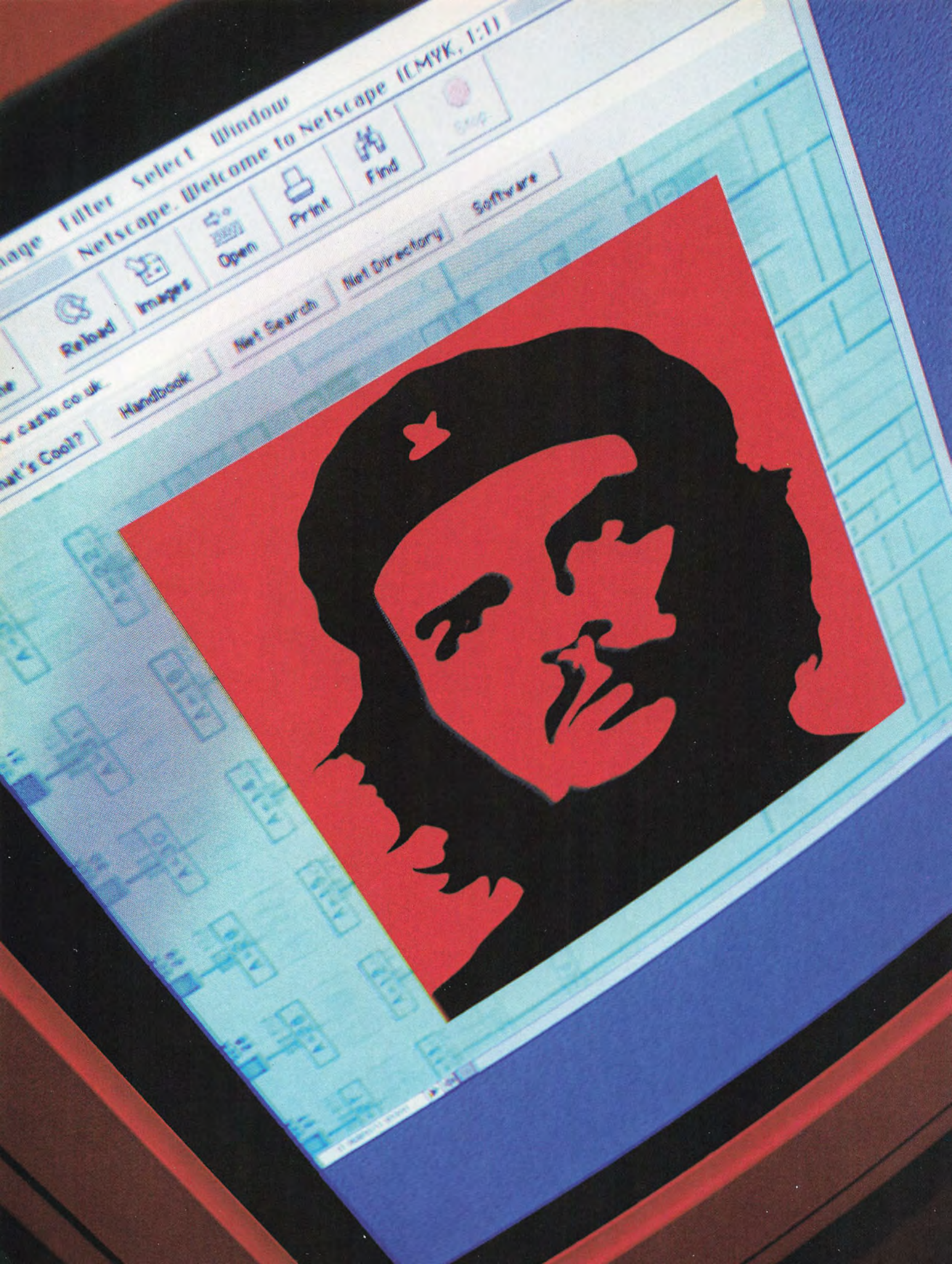
This kind of weekend involves a lot of walking, running and hiding in the countryside of north Wales, where it rains quite a bit. So here are a few considerations to make when choosing clothing and equipment.

Clothing should be dark or camouflaged as well as waterproof. Equipment such as bivvy bags or cheap army poncho bashas make good small alternatives to tents, or you could be a right hard bastard and use nothing; but we ain't, so thanks to the following: **Karrimor** **clothing** Green two-layer Goretex jackets £200, waterproof over-trousers £90, K-SB 300 GTX boots £110, power stretch trousers £45, mid-layer Polatec top £45, Hot Earth rucksack £80, Frontline Goretex bivvy bag £180 and Solo Goretex bivvy bag £200. All available from The Karrimor Shop, 899-901 Fulham Rd, London SW6. For nationwide stockist information tel: 01254 893000. **Coleman Camping Co** Sleeping bags take up a lot of space; try using 2/3 season bags. Prices from £20 to £180. Sportster dual fuel stove £29.99. Uses unleaded petrol, cooks faster and is more economical than gas stoves. Peak solo stack cooking pans (very compact) £14.99. For nationwide stockists, freefone 0800 317466. **Sigg Switzerland** Traveller cook set, spirit fuel cooker and pans £67. Economical and light but bulky, good for groups of four to six; **Swiss Army** knife £24.95; **Maglite** torch £16, all from **Burton McColl**. For information on these and other outdoor brands call 0116 234 0800. **Ortlieb** water sac 2L £10.95. An excellent way to carry water, available from **Field & Trek,** tel: 01277 233122. **Extremities Clothing** gloves from £4.50 to £69.95. Socks £5.95 to £12.95. For stockists call 01773 833300. **Wayfarer Foods** the best camping grub that money can buy. Main meals £2.99, desserts £2.49. For local stockists contact Vango on 01475 744122. Thank you all very much.

karrimor

SMOKING CAUSES HEART DISEASE

Chief Medical Officers' Warning
5mg Tar 0.5mg Nicotine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THERE'S A REVOLUTION GOING ON

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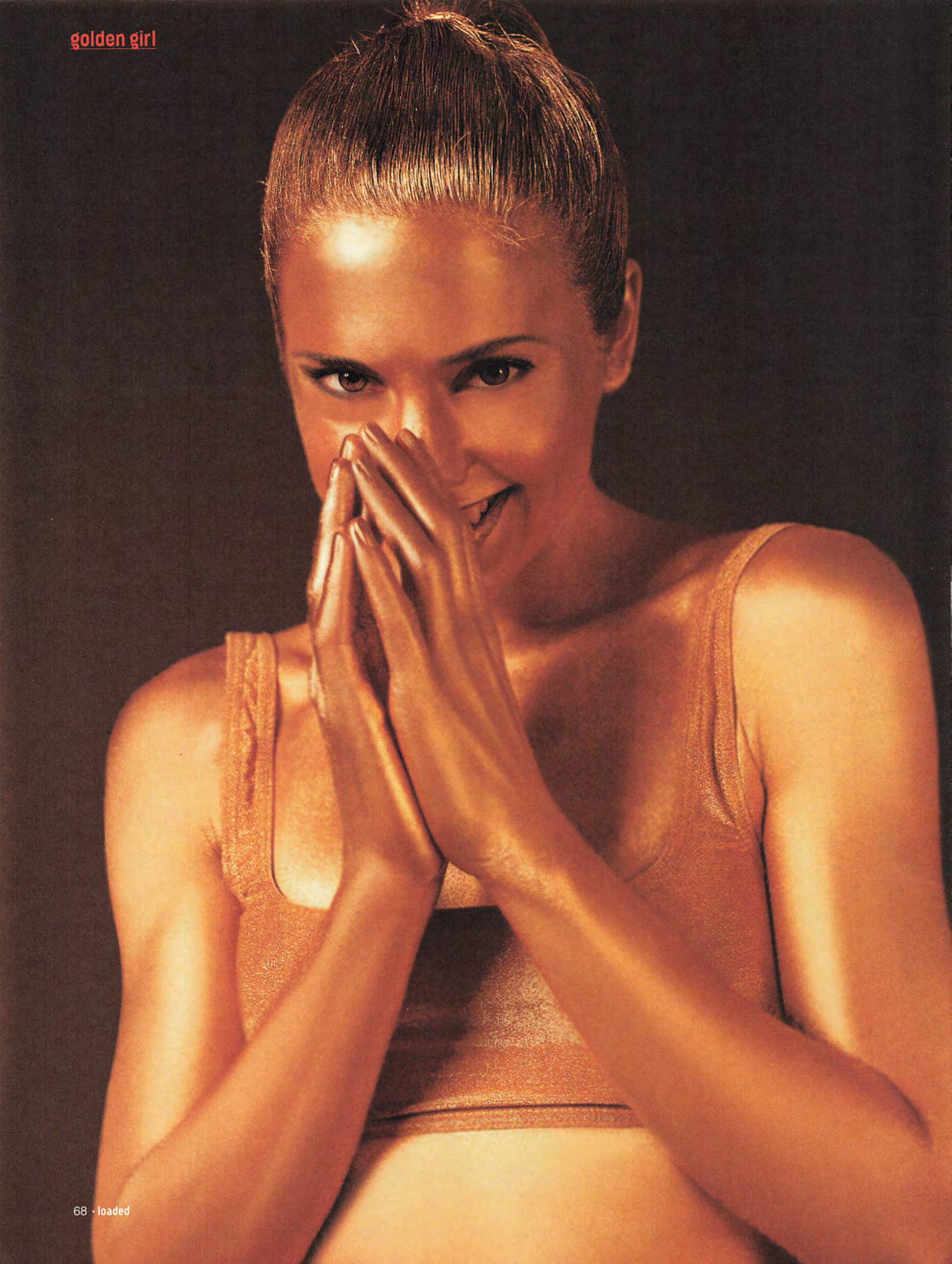

old spice

This isn't the World Cup – just global megastar Sporty Spice trying to get picked up by a footballer

story by PHIL ROBINSON photos by JOHN STODDART

DOSH SPICE'S FOOT DROPS OFF GINGER SPICE GIVES BIRTH TO PREDATOR BABY SPICE'S MOTHER WAS A GIANT DISCO CRAB 'I WAS A FOUL-MOUTHED SHOP BOTHERER' SAYS SPORTY SPICE GARY GLITTER DIES OF TORTOISE AIDS

THESE HEADLINES ARE not real. They haven't been written yet. But after reading 1,500 pages of press cuttings dating back to the birth of the Spice in 1994, it can only be a matter of time. When the official SpiceBacklash™ started in November '97, one paper asked its readers which Spice Girl irritated them the most. The broadsheets wanted them buried for crimes against the brain. People talked about hating them. That's "*hate*". As in, "I *hate* my arthritis."

You could be mistaken for thinking these Spice Girls were sick, or evil. Papers can do positive, helpful stuff like rescuing donkeys from Spain and providing bedding for hamsters, so why waste space drumming up spite for the Spice Girls? It might stick in your gulliver but the Spice Girls are set inside kids' minds like sweets, bogies and getting bitten by Alsatians – if you attack them, you might as well go up Toytown and kick Sweep in the nuts. The Spice Girls will probably have a bigger influence on the future of Britain than any other female after Thatcher – and you can bet she never went like a bunny or gave away shiny motors on Turkish gameshows. The Spices enjoy football, footballers, quality merchandising, a dance, a bit of a swear, big shoes and having fun. They don't make beagles smoke tabs, push kids up chimneys or shut vicars' heads in doors for hard cash. They are a good thing.

AT THE BACK OF A BRUM PHOTO STUDIO, MEL C, A SKIMPY BIKINI, THREE tins of gold paint, my hormones and a make-up lady who looks like one of Charlie's Angels battle for space and attention. Despite the three bottles of 'push the boat out' bubbly we've stuffed in the studio fridge, Mel C sits in an office chair supping lukewarm tap-water out of a cloudy pint glass. We've pulled a curtain around the office section of the studio for a bit of Eastern Bloc-style privacy. On the other side of the curtain, in an area no bigger than a wasps' nest, the photographic side of the **loaded** operation assembles its lights and equipment with all the decorum of a tramp trying to kill his dinner in a rubbish tip. "Fucknuts! Shit! Bollocks!" Quiet it ain't.

Does she like a swear herself?

"I like to swear. I was going to say I don't know… but I do swear a lot. I think I like swearing. No. I think I really like swearing. I really have to watch what I say. I think it's because I don't read enough, I haven't got enough adjectives. Do you know what I mean? So everything is fucking this, fucking that, fucking something… When I first started doing kids' telly I thought I'd start swearing on the spot. But then I thought, when you talk to your nan you don't swear, so it must be possible."

You come across as being quite intimidating.

"I had my tarot cards read to me the other day and the lady said that people find me really intimidating. I found that really strange because I'm really soft. I'm as soft as shit, I'm not really aggressive to anybody. She said that can actually intimidate people – because I'm so quiet, people can't read me. If I'm in a room with lots of people, it's not that I don't want to speak to them, it's just that I don't know what to say. It's like you can see people thinking, 'Hmmm… you rude bitch', but I get embarrassed. I got stopped in a shop the other day by this gay guy and he was shouting: [*squeals*] "Oh it's Sporty, it's Sporty!" Making all this big fuss, and I was so embarrassed, people must think I'm just being rude."

HER MUM WAS A SINGER IN A BAND WITH A COUPLE OF RECORD DEALS IN the offing when young Mel burst into the chill air of a Liverpool maternity room back in '74. After being nourished for nine months on her mother's yearning for fame, there was very little doubt that Baby Mel was going to be an international superstar. At school she won large, cumbersome trophies for dancing and gymnastics – even snatching the school's mixed high jump record away from the lads in her third year. It seemed written in her destiny that she should be sporty. After school and college she became a full-time dancer and cracked her knuckles a lot ("it makes people upset"). Following that she went on the dole and then became a massive star when her band rose to fame on the back of the pop classic 'Wannabe'.

How long was she on the dole?

"For about two years."

She must have many fond memories…

"Yeah, nicking food because I was so skint. Oh God, will I get done in the papers for this? But, erm, you just can't survive when you're on the dole. It's ridiculous, isn't it? Being a dancer I was trying to audition for stuff and I was living on five pounds a day, which takes the piss. If I had an audition in London it'd be £3.50 to get there, and then you've got to feed yourself after that, and I couldn't afford to do nothing. Me and my mates used to have to nick food from supermarkets. We used to go in with empty carrier bags and come out with full ones. Saying that, we used to eat like kittens. I'm going to get done for this… but the thing is with supermarkets, it's all like kids working in there. They see you and they don't give a shit."

You're unlikely to find Mel C or the Spice Girls nicking six-packs of Scotch eggs these days. You're more likely to find them sitting up in first-class with the likes of Mick Hucknall and the King of Spain. Doesn't she miss going out raving in fields with the hoi polloi, being naughty, knocking coppers' hats off and acting the goat on lager?

"My last wild night out was probably in New York in February, a long time ago. But I was so rat-arsed after the Brits. We got this restaurant and invited a lot of friends and family. We all ended up so pissed, dancing on the bar to our own records, ha ha ha! I can't remember a thing. You know when you get drunk and can't remember a thing? I always get that, when you wake up the next morning and think, 'Oh no, it must have been good. All I can remember is me dad looking at me going like this…' [*shakes her head disapprovingly*]."

"I NICKED FOOD FROM SUPERMARKETS. WE'D GO IN WITH EMPTY BAGS AND COME OUT WITH FULL ONES"

What happened in New York?

"We were out there for a video shoot. I didn't really get round to going out, and ended up getting wrecked at the hotel. The others went to the Rolling Stones gig and then went off to this mad S&M club. I'm not really into going out. Mel B's not really into S&M, but they like going out and really exploring the world and seeing everything. I find it boring sometimes. When I was a teenager at college, out of work, I done it to ✈

this – 'Huh huh huh!' – and panting like a dog. Isn't that weird? Huh huh huh huh!"

THE MINIATURE CURTAINED SPACE STARTS TO FILL UP WITH THE SPICE entourage plus our own team of elite slap artists. We have to stop the interview to start the painting, else we'll never get the pictures done in time. Mel peels off her tracksuit, down to a sparkling gold bikini. The spray begins to cover the make-up girl's fingers as if she's caught a dose off King Midas. Golden particles fill the air, making breathing difficult, and I can feel my love-mud beginning to boil up like some ancient tar pit. Mel's hard dancer's body holds the paint like an eggshell. In a ballerina stance, she begins to morph into a golden statue, the paint intermittently blossoming over her from head to toe. Watching a beautiful woman getting painted gold is an erotic experience right up there with being held hostage by the Milk Maid Liberation Front. The paint barely covers her multitude of tattoos.

"I love me tattoos. I'm a tattoo freak, actually. Whenever I have a new tattoo I know which one I want to have next. Me last one, 'Angel', was across my stomach. That's it. I don't want a new one. I've already got a cross, an armband and Japanese writing."

No Bull Dog Bobby?

"No, but I've got a Liver Bird on me arse!"

Very forward… do you get much bloke groupie action?

"We're working solidly, so the people we meet, we meet through work.

"THE SHOWBIZ BLOKE FROM THE *MIRROR*? I'VE MET HIM. I THOUGHT HE LOOKED LIKE A COMPLETE TWAT"

death – staying out all weekend. I partied hard and now I just think, 'Ooooh, [*giggling*] I'll sit in front of the telly, have a nice glass of wine.' When you get into your mid-20s you start thinking all this dancing and getting sweaty malarkey is a bit much."

Are you an obsessive person?

"I'm quite erm… as a person… I'm a bit… I'm not a complete obsessive, but I like all me tins to be the right way in the cupboard."

Labels forward?

"Well, I think there are a lot of people like that. It really annoys me if my flat's untidy. It does my head in, it really gets to me. When we were all living together we used to have to keep the house clean. The guy who was letting us stay there said we had to keep it clean or we were out – so we had a rota. Bathroom, kitchen, washing up, but Geri's job was to do the rota, d'y'know what I mean? All she did was write the rota out. I just ended up doing everything. You know what I'm like, I'm domesticated. I can't have washing-up sitting on the side. Have you seen *As Good As It Gets*, with Jack Nicholson as the compulsive obsessive? That's me. Lining up all his bottles of mineral water… I'd have to be Obsessive Spice. This industry has made me obsessive. Though saying that, I've always been a bit weird."

Do you ever question your sanity?

"No one's normal, but I think I'm a bit of a head case. I've had out of body experiences a few times. One night was quite weird because Geri had one the same night. It was after we'd done the Prince's Trust gig. I used to have them quite a lot. I'm floating around the room and spinning and that, and sometimes I'll go over the sea, and it's like I'm asleep but I can't make myself conscious."

Like drinking meths, then…

"I'm always scared that I'm going to see myself, that the end of my journey is to look down on myself. So I always wake myself up by breathing like I met you today – I might not see you again for the rest of my life or we might meet again through work. We're not in a place long enough to form a relationship. You could be in a relationship while you're on the road, but I've not really met anyone. Obviously you want someone to be there so you can say, 'Oh my God, I hate this and I'm so tired,' and have someone to say 'It's alright'. It would be nice and I'm really fatalistic. I don't think, 'Oh, why not me?' When it's my turn I know I'll meet someone and it'll be the right time for me. At the moment I'm so consumed with what I'm doing there doesn't seem to be any time for it."

Do you get rich old men offering you money for sex?

"No way. I've got this guy who sends me fantastic flowers. But I don't think they know how to get to us."

You've been linked to a few blokes by the papers…

"If it's someone quite tasty I don't really mind, but the embarrassing thing is if something has been in the paper about you and someone, and it's not true, and you have to work with them. Then you have to meet up and it's like, 'Hi!' Very embarrassing."

Who was that with?

"That was with Robbie."

Williams?

"I didn't see him for ages and ages and then I went to see one of his gigs in Milan. I only really know him to say, 'Hi, how are you doing?' Then I was at the Brits and at that point he was with the girl from All Saints, and that's really, really embarrassing. Everyone looking at you, thinking something is going on that isn't."

Do you have a male equivalent?

"That's tough. I think a lot of Robbie. He's talented; his album's good."

Do you fancy him then?

"Well, I used to a little bit when he was in Take That. But once you meet someone it's a bit of a different story, isn't it?"

You were also linked to Jason McAteer. In hindsight would you ✈

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Some people have personal trainers, others have private coaches

Here's the World Cup made up to look like a Spice Girl

recommend to your young to fans that they stay away from professional footballers?

"Ha ha ha! Erm, I've been friends with Jason for a long time, but from what I know of footballers I would be concerned if my daughter was knocking around with them. But you can't tar them all with the same brush, and David [*Beckham*] is a very nice, genuine guy – and Jason's quite funny."

Are you around for the World Cup?

"I'm going to be in America for this bloody World Cup, aren't I? I'm gutted. I would have loved to have gone, but I can't even see one game. The first game is on the 15th, the first show in America is on the 15th and I'm off until then. Victoria will be watching David, so I'll catch as many games as possible. David's a really nice lad, and I let him off for being a scummer."

THE LAST OF THE PAINT GOES ON AND SHE LOOKS AWESOME. STANDING perfectly still in the middle of the room with people bothering around her, not making a sound. The door smashes open and in comes Baby Spice, all smiles, her hair done up in curlers. She's shooting elsewhere in the same building. "Shhhhreeeeeeeeeeeahhhh! You look great!" Seconds later Mel B sticks her head round the door. "Yeeeeeeah! Yeeeeeeeah! Amazin'!" Some little berk from another magazine is peeking over her shoulder, his face all twisted up, having a good stare. Mel C stays quiet but you can tell she's uncomfortable with the Piccadilly Circus set-up. It couldn't be more public if we stuck a dwarf in a top hat on the main road charging people to see her pants. They disappear and the door gets locked from the inside.

Does she have to do much stuff that she doesn't want to?

"If we don't want to do something then we don't do it. We had to sack our manager for our own sanity. Legally we can't talk about it. We just had to do it for the good of the band and our brains. The most tacky thing we did – that did wind us up but was good fun – was *Surprise Surprise!* The thing is that 'Wannabe' is the cheesiest pop song ever written, outside of Aqua's 'Barbie Girl'. Anyway, we had to do the 'huh huh huh' bit and then and pop out from behind a poster grinning, and that was like 'NO! I can't believe we're doing this!'"

How did she feel about the all press attacks that started coming out around Christmas?

"It worked in our favour really, because we didn't want our movie to be over-hyped. That's the worst thing that can happen, and with all this Spice Girls bollocks it was completely dissed by the press from the off, and we thought, good. Then people went to see it, made up their own minds and thought it was alright."

The worst press came from the showbiz bloke on the *Mirror*.

"I've met him and looked at his pictures, and thought he looked like a complete twat. He's like Mr Bean on a bad day and he's the biggest geek that ever lived. I think, 'I don't blame you mate, because if I was you I'd be pretty bitter an' all.' He's a complete git. Once, before he really started having a go at us, it was his birthday or something and he wanted us to custard pie him in the face, so he came down to the studios where we were working and we shoved a cake in his face. Top guy… hmmm.

"I pick up papers now and read the stuff people write about us and think, 'Does anyone care about the shit they write?' About a weekend before we came home there hadn't been a mention of us in the tabloids for four days, and that's the longest we haven't been in the papers since we started as a band… which is pretty incredible."

Do you ever want to back out of being a Spice?

"Well the schedule is fucking hard, but I love it. No matter what flak we get, with all we've fucking achieved I am proud to be a Spice Girl."

And that's it. Time's up. Wet wipes start jumping out of ladies' handbags and the scrubbing begins. Bit by bit, the paint comes away. The tats are back. With a deft wipe and a scrape, Mel C ends her time as the World Cup. It's closer than I'll ever get to the real thing, and obviously better. Imagine if you got the chance to win Mel C, and all you had to do was take on the best of the world's footballing talent. As an Englishman, that puts me at an instant disadvantage. It's enough to make you stock up on sausage and turn German. Well, almost. ■

Spiceworld The Movie *is out now on video. The Spice Girls' new single 'Viva Forever' is released on 13 July.*

"FROM WHAT I KNOW OF THEM, I'D BE CONCERNED IF MY DAUGHTER WAS KNOCKING AROUND WITH FOOTBALLERS"

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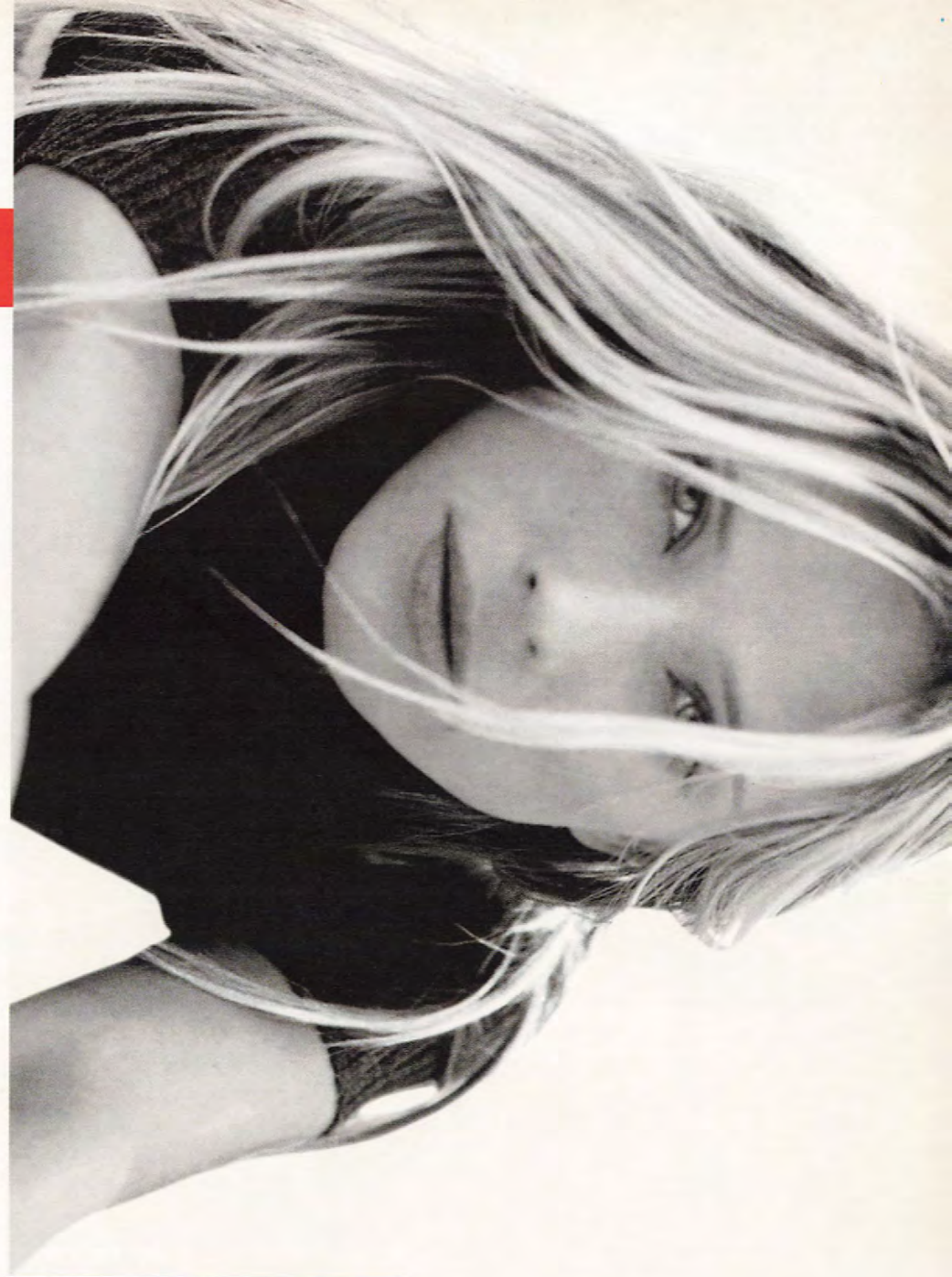


don't imitate

Shut up and watch the game

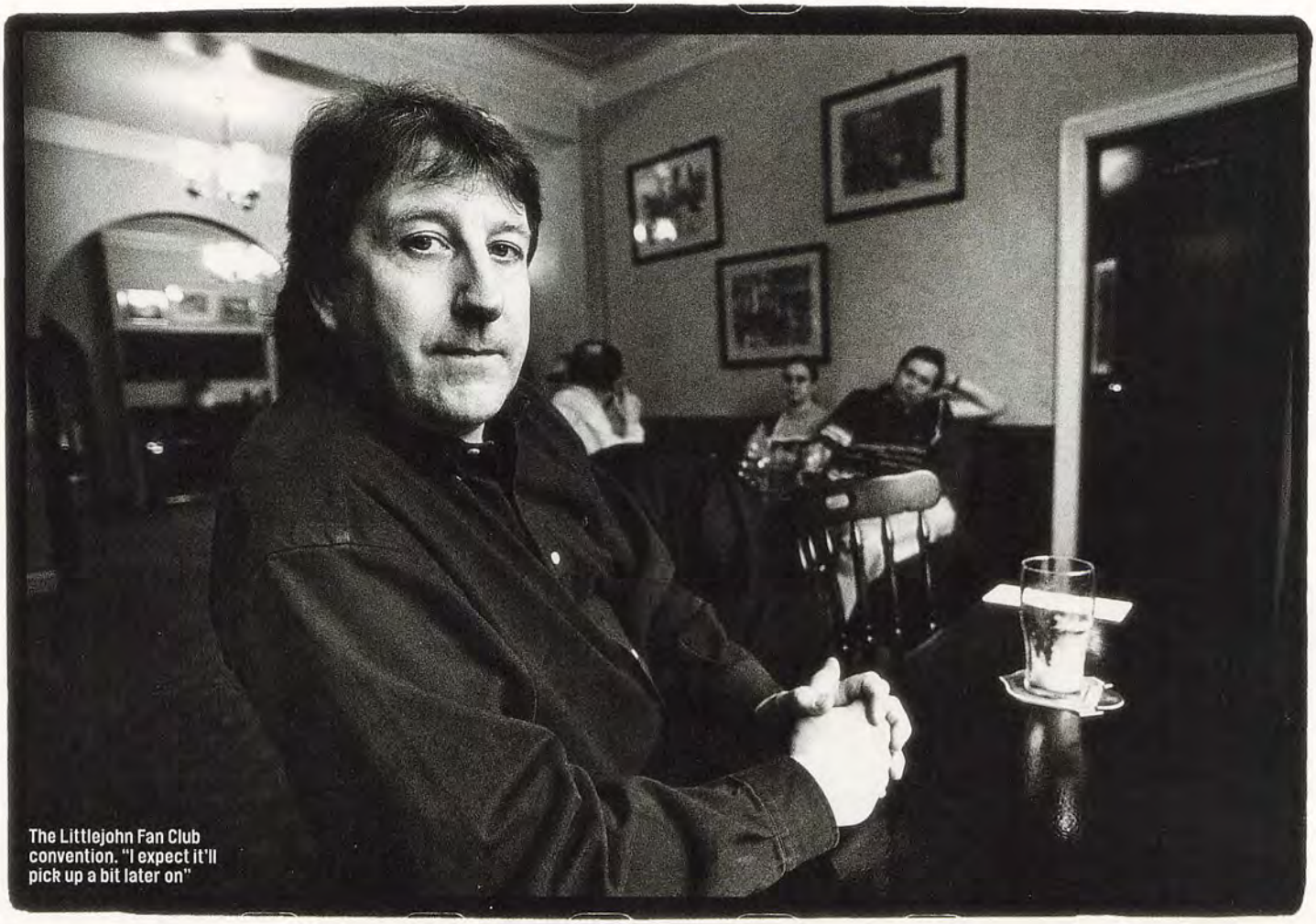
Richard Littlejohn just can't stop himself sounding off for the full 90 minutes

RICHARD LITTLEJOHN MAKES ME SICK. A lot of people say that. It's easy for them to dislike him. Simple to glance at his column in the *Sun*, or listen to his football phone-in show on Radio Five Live, or watch his Sky chat show, and disagree passionately with what he has to say about whatever's on his mind. Well, some might find his opinions offensive, or even believe he is harmful to their vision of society. But he really does make me sick. And, after a long, drunken day with him watching his beloved Spurs draw 3-3 with Liverpool at White Hart Lane and finishing off with a nasty incident in a minicab with a Government spin doctor and me falling down in the road busting my nose open, I've got the laundry bill to prove it.

"It is impossible to get work in the health service or with local authorities unless you are a non-smoking, disabled, ethnic lesbian." That's the sort of thing that tends not to win friends among the sandal-wearing public. Or even among evangelical non-smokers, the disabled, ethnic minorities, local authorities, the health service or indeed lesbians. But Richard Littlejohn doesn't give a monkey's. According to him, he calls it as he sees it, and if people don't like it they can fuck off. Lucky for him, then, that whether he's loved or hated, he makes an enormous amount of cash out of it and is now ✈

story by DEREK HARBINSON photos by DEREK RIDGERS

"It's adults entering into things of their own free will. need is every day to be Get Out Of Our F**king Heads



The Littlejohn Fan Club convention. "I expect it'll pick up a bit later on"

in control of a mini personal empire that includes writing, broadcasting and ownership of a TV production company with around 50 employees. "Besides," he says, "it keeps me from roaming the streets with an Uzi."

Luckily, today he's armed only with season tickets for Tottenham, a fat wallet and an appetite for talking and boozing.

AFTER TAKING ON A PAPER ROUND AT THE AGE of 11, the young Essex-born Littlejohn read all the papers every day and promptly decided journalism was the thing for him.

"The only things I was ever any good at were English and history. I left school at 16, applied to the local rag and got a job. The only alternative at that stage was sticking the wheels on Cortinas, and I didn't have the manual dexterity for that."

He ended up on the other side of the factory gates as an industrial correspondent, progressing eventually to the London *Evening Standard*.

After the '87 election, when Thatcher won again, Littlejohn thought there weren't going to be any more unions or industries to write about and asked if he could do a couple of features. *Standard* editor Richard Leese asked him to write a column, "and he never asked me to stop."

From there he went to the *Sun*, where he really got into his stride, ridiculing the 'loony left' councils, politicians of every hue, the Royal Family, the *Guardian* – anything or anyone in the news that got on his tits. The catchphrase for his column, 'You Couldn't Make It Up', became the title of a book of his collected works, he moved to the *Daily Mail* then came back to the *Sun* for a whopping great payday. The *Independent* said his writing was "the only serious competition P J O'Rourke has", and he counted fellow Spurs fan Peter Cook among his friends.

His cynical, libertarian view of the world led to radio and then TV – where, before his first ever show, he went up to who he thought was the warm-up man and said: "I can't tell you how much this means to me, old boy. Just one thing – we've got a roomful of dykes in tonight so go easy on the shirtlifter gags." Unfortunately, it was the deputy chairman of the Lambeth Campaign for Homosexual Equality. Not that he considers himself homophobic, just that people shouldn't be singled out for special treatment because of who they choose to sleep with. Like where we are now in north London...

"I mean, you're sitting at the heart of a borough which sends out condoms and lubricant by post, but not for heterosexual people. The thing that got me was that it was for 'gay men, bisexual men and other men who have sex with men'. What are they talking about? Cybermen? Mr Men?"

In fact, far from being anti-everything, he's pretty much pro most things – as long as you don't try to tell him what to do or how to feel. "I don't care how people behave as long as it doesn't interfere with anyone else. But what we've got is a government peopled by fascists.

"It's the stinking hypocrisy of it all. Blair thinks a 16-year-old boy is old enough to risk Aids from taking it up the arse – that's a human right – but I'm too stupid to decide whether to

There's all these No Smoking Days, but what we Day. Mind you, it already is as far as I'm concerned"

eat a T-bone steak or not. And guns. If you shoot clay targets you get treated like a criminal and have to hand over your gun, but if you're the IRA and shoot people you get to keep them and have your spokesmen invited round to Number 10 for tea. Like local government. When I started work in '71 there was a town clerk, about three other blokes and a load of dustmen. Now there's no dustmen and about 500 fucking outreach workers trying to stop you doing things."

Then the opinions start their unstoppable avalanche, not filled with anger or hatred, but instead all interspersed with the laughter and head-shaking of disbelief. Drinking, for example: "If the landlord here doesn't want to open till 3pm and then wants to stay open till 3am, why the hell shouldn't he be able to?"

And drugs: "It's adults entering into things of their own free will. There's all these No Smoking Days and the like, but what we need is every day to be Get Out Of Our Fucking Heads Day. Mind you, it already is as far as I'm concerned." And he's off...

"The other thing is that people are so ill-educated these days that they go along with things. That manifested itself with the deification of the Goddess Diana. We managed to get out the day of the funeral for a weekend in Majorca. It was like the last helicopter out of Hanoi, people hanging off the wheels," he laughs. "If people want to grieve like that, fine, but grief was imposed. If you didn't, you were told you were a freak. There were people beaten up for washing their cars! I just think that people must have really empty, vacuous lives to get upset about it. Noel Gallagher got it in one, talking about people weeping about Di but never putting flowers on their grandparents' graves. It's like the whole Louise Woodward thing. Jumping up and down like it's Euro 96, forgetting there's a dead baby involved. Get a life."

Euro 96 brings us to football, generally a much better topic of drinking conversation than dead babies. Littlejohn has been a fan all his life, he loves Tottenham and the game as a whole and has presented extremely popular chat shows on the subject on both TV and radio. He surprises me by quite liking, or at least not loathing, Alan Sugar, whom he describes as "blunt and honest, even when he's wrong", and not liking Terry Venables, who is, on the other hand, "a very bad man and a crap football coach". At White Hart Lane it's straight to the bar, where a constant stream of people wander up to say hello to the large and instantly recognisable figureand talk about the game. "That's the weirdest thing about the notion of celebrity. People buy a product I sell, so if they want to come up and talk to me they're allowed. I can't stand those who get all upset when they're spotted coming out of posh restaurants. That's why they go there. If they went to the Crouch End Tandoori there wouldn't be paparazzi sitting outside. But sometimes, especially here, when someone comes up to me I don't know if they're a punter or if I've known them for years."

During the match, you witness his undeniable passion for the game. He's not, unsurprisingly, the quietest fan in the ground. At half-time there's another stream of punters and friends as we manage to squeeze a few more pints in. After the match it's back to another pub, where he maintains his themes as he orders a succession of treble vodkas and downs them with alarming regularity (and seemingly little effect). His views are no different in here, talking to me and a friend of his who's a Government press officer, to those he expresses on radio, television or paper to an audience of millions. Whether you agree with him or not, it's a refreshing honesty not often seen in some parts of the media. But then again, to Littlejohn, like a lot of things in life, it's all pretty simple really.

"I'm doing what a lot of ordinary people would like to do. I get to monster politicians and they'd like to do it themselves, really. I speak for me. If it coincides with what other people think, all well and good, but there's no market research goes into it. When Richard Ingrams started *Private Eye* they did the magazine to amuse themselves; you lot do **loaded** and fill it with the things you want, that make you laugh or interest you, and I think that's what you should do. I subscribe to the *Field Of Dreams* view of the world: if you build it, people will come."

Finally, before I go outside to fall over, I ask the archetypal football-loving Essex man down the boozer about the World Cup and England's chances of success. "I think we should beware false euphoria. There has got around this view that we only need to turn up and collect it, and we haven't even seen half the teams who are going to be there. What this country suffers from is an excess of hyperbole, where everything is bollocks or everything is brilliant."

Much like people's opinions of Richard Littlejohn. And that's just fine with him. ■

Richard Littlejohn: Live And Unleashed *is on Sky One every Tuesday at 10pm.*

littlejohn's bigmouth

ON THE QUEEN MUM "The Queen Mother has always struck me as a complete waste of space. And the line about her being the nation's favourite grandmother is frankly insulting to everyone else's grandmother. Well, she did visit the East End during the Blitz, her fan club points out. So what? My grandmother lived in the East End during the Blitz, but I don't remember the Coldstream Guards turning up outside her window playing 'Happy Birthday'."

ON TEACHERS **"When I was at school the teachers all wore tweed sports jackets with leather patches on the sleeves, cavalry twill trousers, highly-polished hand-stitched brogues and smoked pipes. And that was just the women."**

ON LOCAL COUNCILS "Birmingham, once a model of municipal efficiency, owes a staggering £1,367 million, three times more than Albania owed after 40 years of communism. I suppose when you owe that kind of money, £100,000 for an annual festival to bring together disabled lesbians is a mere bagatelle."

ON FOOTBALL **"Professional football is a beautiful game played by thugs and cheats and run by spivs and weak incompetents."**

ON TV "I've just about given up on mainstream TV. These days I take refuge in the satellite channel UK Gold, wallowing in 1970s classics such as *The Sweeney* and the early episodes of *Minder*. It's just like harking back to a golden age before political correctness."

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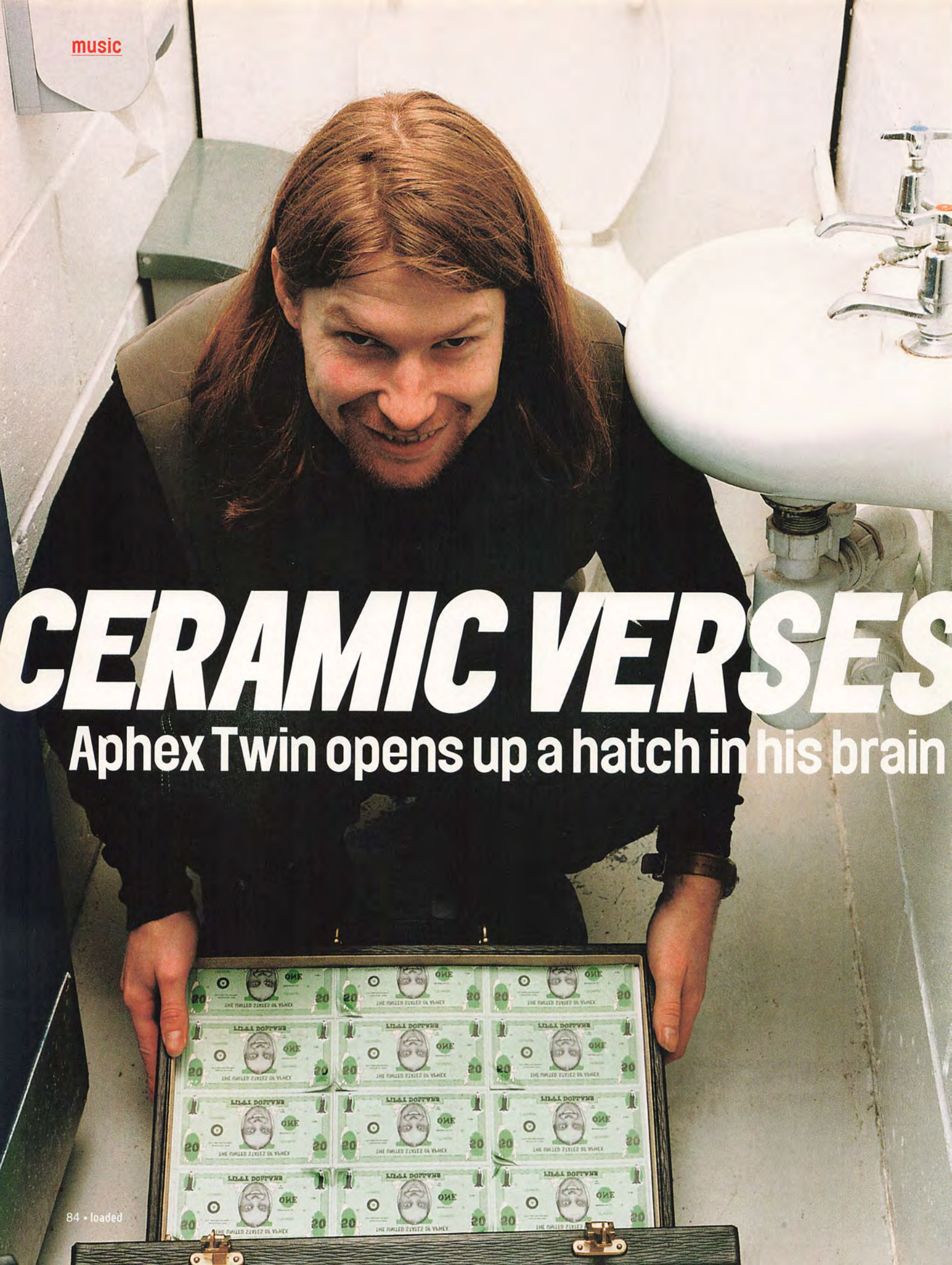


CERAMIC VERSES

Aphex Twin opens up a hatch in his brain

SATANIC VERSES

and lets the word music pour out

words by JOHN PERRY
photos by SAM PIYASENA

Aphex Quin: he can divide at will like some weird techno amoeba

THERE IS A VENTILATION GRILL IN the **loaded** interview room. The airshaft feeds back onto the stairs and when anyone clomps into the office, the sound echoes up and reverberates around the room. Richard D James, the man behind the mental dance sounds of Aphex Twin, is completely transfixed.

"That's wicked!" he coos. "It sounds *well* lush! Is it coming from the stairs? If I worked here, I'd have *this* office!"

Tapping his toes (hanging, wino-stylee out the end of his fucked trainers) to the ghostly stair-groove, Mr Aphex turns back to the ink blots spread on the desk in front of him. We are cruelly subjecting the techno madman to the Rorschach Test, a cunning psychological exam designed to reveal the mucky inner-workings of the mind.

"They all look like cunts and faces," mutters Richard. "And I don't reckon that's my weird brain at work, I reckon they must look like cunts and faces to everyone."

The second stage involves scaring old ladies

Erm, not *quite* everyone. To **loaded** staffer Phil, they all look like squashed animals, to editor Derek they look like the "dirty Papist conspiracy to break the will of Ulster" and to me they all look like my mother in the bath. Still, the brain of Richard D James *is* a weird one. His reputation as the maddest dance genius since St Vitus popularised the Measles Fling didn't come from nowhere. He lives in a bank vault, he drives down Tesco's in an armoured car, he's been known to play DJ sets with sandpaper discs instead of records and he makes some of the weirdest, most twisted noises ever to come from Planet Techno. Hang on, you live in a *bank vault*?

"Oh yeah!" he says as he absently scribbles 'mentally deranged bird' on a bat-shaped blot. "It's got fucking four-foot thick walls! It solves the noise and the burglary problems in one fell swoop. I also wanted the karma of living in a place where money comes in all the time. I've earned about three times more money since I've been there. It just pours in through the letterbox."

What, just by doing nothing?

"Exactly!" he chuckles. "I just have to do the minimum amount of effort and I get a *fortune*!"

Jammy bugger. Tales of Richard's inspired laziness are legion in the dance world. The classic Aphex Twin story is that when US grunge rockers The Lemonheads asked him to do a remix, he couldn't be arsed so he just grabbed the nearest tape and sold that to them instead.

"That's absolutely true!" he grins. "I didn't even bother listening to the song because I knew I'd hate it. Then I totally forgot all about it until the courier turned up to collect it. So I ran upstairs and gave him the first track I found. Strangely, they never released it. They should've been honoured, I reckon. It would have sounded better than any rubbish song they wrote."

Aphex Twin is the ultimate loafer, a man who'll only get out of bed if he thinks it'll really annoy people. In fact, another rumour has it that Richard actually composes tracks in his sleep.

"Yeah, I used to go to bed just to write songs," he explains. "But now I just sleep and occasionally wake up with a new one by mistake. At the moment I'm getting into inventing things in my sleep instead."

What sort of inventions? Orthopedic beds?

"No, really essential simple things like Tetra Pak drink cartons: fucking wicked, they are. That's my concept – come up with one fucking lushly simple idea that changes the world and then fucking retire!"

So what's next on the dream-invention list?

"I'm going to invent a computer program that makes music for me so I can spend more time shagging."

A picture pops into mind of the Twin bangin' about in the shed at the end of the garden like Rhubarb the green dog while cheeky cartoon birds take the piss.

"I've almost done it!" he insists. "It's fucking amazing! The most awesome program, incredible! You just give it some ideas and it does all the work for you. So I'm gonna stop making music soon."

Noting my sceptical purple Custard face, Richard quickly corrects himself.

"Well, I won't stop *making* music," he says. "I'll just stop releasing it. I only ever released music to earn a living anyway."

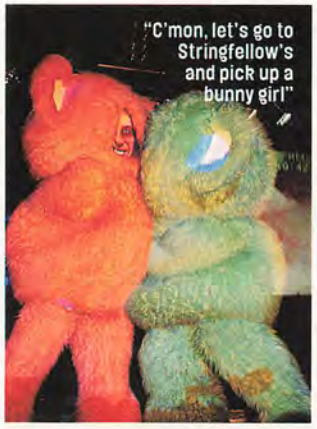
In fact, since he started making records in the early '90s in a number of guises (trainspotters should seek out GAK, Caustic Window or Soit: PP), Aphex Twin has always insisted that he has no interest in what happens to his music after he's finished with it.

"I really don't give a shit. I get loads of requests for films and adverts, and I'll let anyone have it. My mates go, 'How can you let them use your music to advertise Japanese lingerie?' I just find it mental they'd want it in the first place."

But by an almost inevitable leap of super-logic, the one thing t'Phex would really like to do is write a children's TV theme tune.

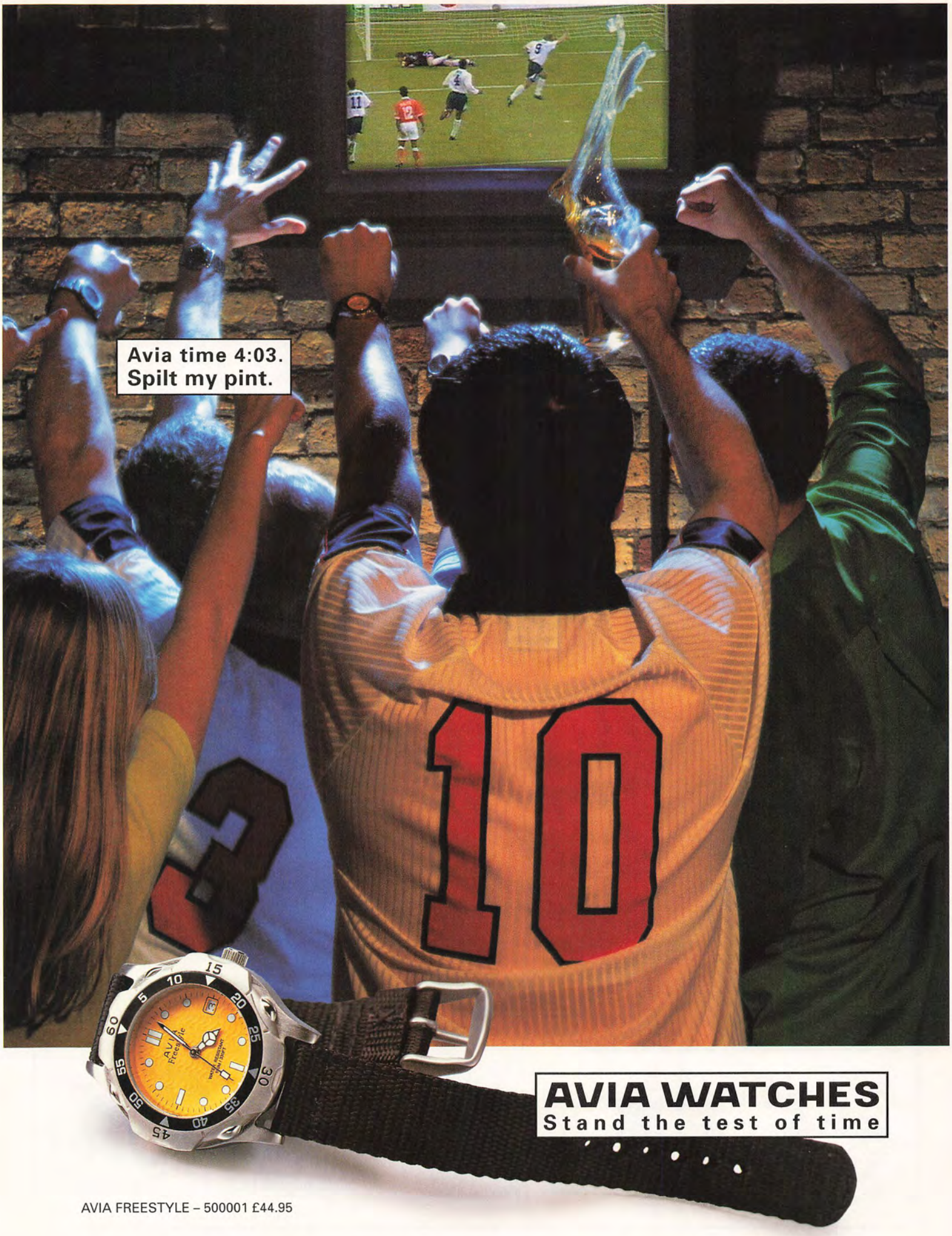
"It'd have to be a cool show, though. But *Teletubbies* apart, at the moment they're all boring, no imagination. They used to be fuckin' mental when we were kids: *Fingerbobs*, *The Clangers*, *Bagpuss*. Cartoons now are appalling, awful!"

For the first time, the Aphex Twin's eyes lose their natural stoned glaze and he starts to get wildly passionate: "Remember *Battle Of The Planets*?" he squawks. "Remember ✈



"C'mon, let's go to Stringfellow's and pick up a bunny girl"

"I USED TO GO TO BED JUST TO WRITE SONGS, BUT NOW I JUST SLEEP AND OCCASIONALLY WAKE UP WITH A NEW ONE BY MISTAKE"



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how 'Kee-op' had that really weird voice? I saw that the other day and they'd *changed* it! Kee-op just sounded normal. It was rubbish!"

Did they no longer 'transmute'?

"Oh, it was exactly the same, but the voices were fucking bent! I was really angry. I wanted to fucking smack someone for doing that!"

Just the sort of extreme reaction you'd expect from someone who makes such extreme sounds. While the rest of the world was making ambient epics called 'Credence Of Blue/AquatiK 3 (Enw'r Cyfrif)', Aphex Twin had buzz-saw attacks called 'Come On You Slags!' and 'Wax The Nip'. Aphex's last single 'Come To Daddy' had a demonic voice screaming, 'Come to DADDDEEE! I want your SOOUUUULL!"

"My music isn't extreme at all!" yelps Richard, clearly appalled at the very suggestion. "I just like filling in the gaps that everyone else leaves out, that's my motivation."

He gestures angrily towards the Rorschach blots on the desk: "And if that comes across as extreme to people, then *they're* the mental ones."

Most people would think playing a live set spinning sandpaper discs to the accompaniment of an overloaded blender is extreme, I insist.

"That was just a laugh, though!" he chuckles. "That's not music, that's just a good night out. I didn't release it or anything. Hang about… it might have been released, come to think of it. They pressed it up on sandpaper and sold it!"

So do you just enjoy annoying people, then?

"Oh yeah, it's fucking brilliant annoying people! But I didn't do the sandpaper thing to annoy people, it just happens. I just irritate them without trying. It's much more fun that way."

And it looks as though Aphex Twin is going to keep on annoying people if his last video, the award-winning promo for 'Come To Daddy', is anything to go by. It features a gang of children in disturbingly realistic Richard James masks, smashing up cars and attacking old ladies. Nice.

"I think *that* could have been loads more extreme," says Richard with a sly grin. "Much more intense. I mean, when you watch it, you do notice that you'll start to clench your fists and that's always a good sign. But the clench factor wasn't tight enough for me."

It looks like most of my dreams, I tell him.

"Yeah, mine too…" he agrees. Richard looks up, suddenly intrigued, as if he's just noticed that I'm in the room with him.

"**loaded**…" he muses. "Hmm… I never read magazines; my attention wanders and I'm off in another world. I only ever read technical manuals because there's no story. I try to keep up with every new bit of technology that comes out, but it's moving too fast. Like yesterday, I got this CD of new software, packed with these state-of-the-art, headfuck sounds. It was such a rush, my heart was racing. I had to have a wank and go to bed to calm myself down."

An unusual response there…

"It was the only thing I could think to do!" he giggles. "I was so excited I couldn't stop shaking. The only way to come down was to have a wank and a lie down."

Maybe you need stronger drugs, I suggest.

"I don't really do drugs any more. I have been getting well into coffee overdoses, it's well brutal. What you do is, you get freshly ground coffee, but you put 20 times too much in the cup. You get such a mental rush, almost as mental as coming up on acid. It's wicked, but you shit your load out straight away and then your heart goes mental, you get all sweaty and really irritable…"

Not a very social drug, then.

"It's good if you have to go and talk to your lawyer, but if you're out with your mates you'll probably just kill them."

Even if he has given up drugs, Aphex Twin still likes a social jar. On one memorable night just before Christmas, James was seen to down pint after pint of the Aphex cocktail, a vicious combination of Guinness, Gold Label barley wine and a triple Tia Maria.

"That was a fucking right laugh that night!" he enthuses, fixing me with a funny look. "Were you there?" he asks.

Er, no. We've never met before.

"I can't remember who was there. I can't remember too much about it at all. I actually thought I was going to die that night. I ran out into the middle of the road stopping traffic. See, my plan was to drink as fast as I could, then go into the toilets, throw it up and fool everyone about how much I could drink. But I got too pissed too quickly and just didn't give a shit what I was doing. I made a few of these Rorschach blots on the pavement that night."

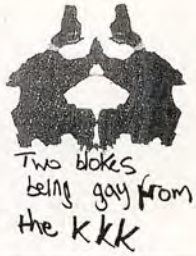
Aphex Twin, mad? He's as sane as the next man. Unfortunately, the next man is me. ■

"I LIKE THE KARMA OF LIVING IN A BANK VAULT – I'VE EARNED THREE TIMES MORE MONEY SINCE I'VE BEEN THERE. IT JUST POURS IN"

MR TWIN'S RORSCHACH TEST RESULT

This reliable personality test was created by a Swiss psychiatrist at the start of the century. Informed analysis of Twin's descriptions would seem to suggest that he is fucking bonkers.

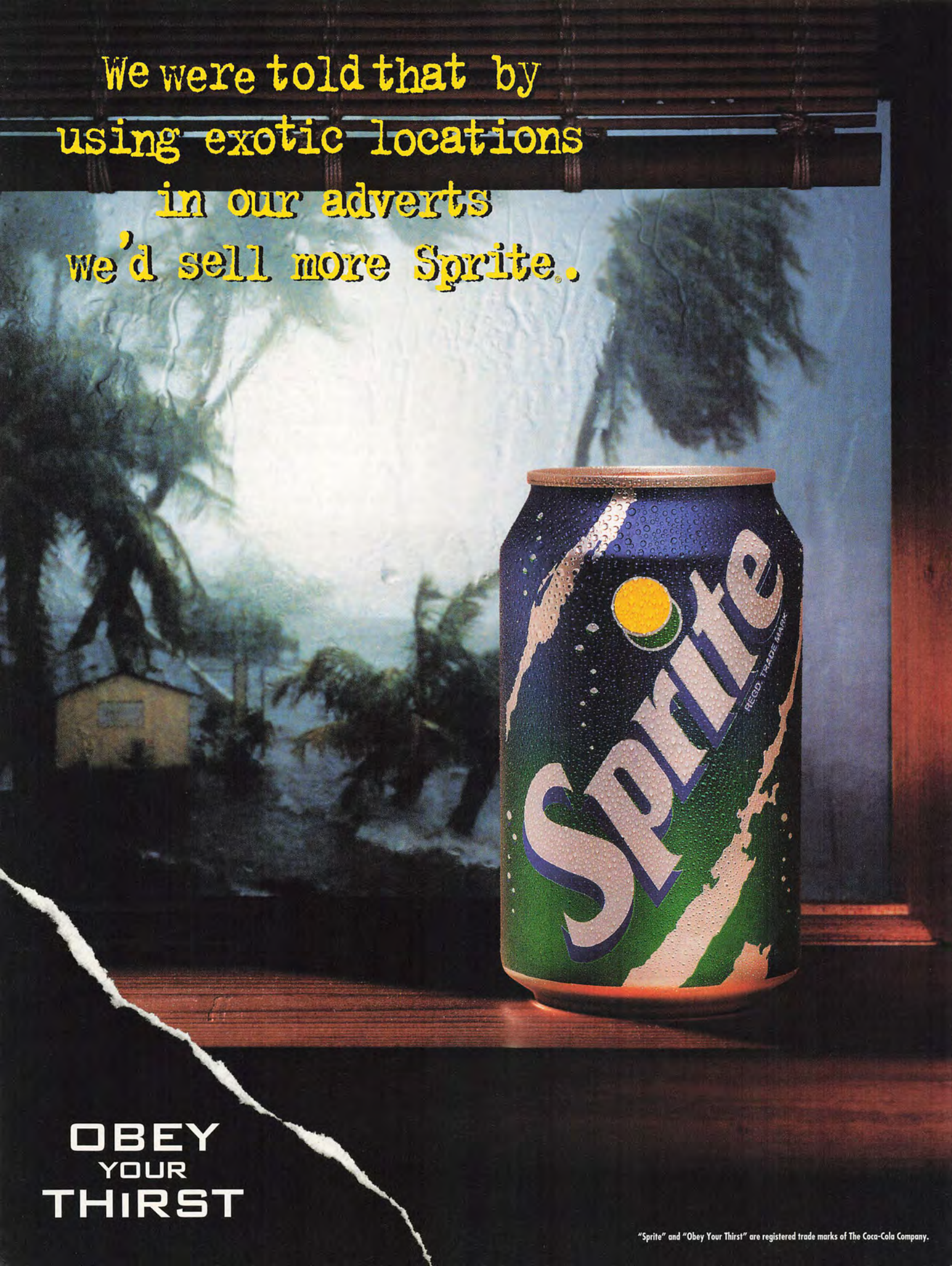
My Mate John


Two blokes being gay from the KKK

Mum-ra's head attached to a cunt.

A little man with begging dwarf hands

Mentally deranged bird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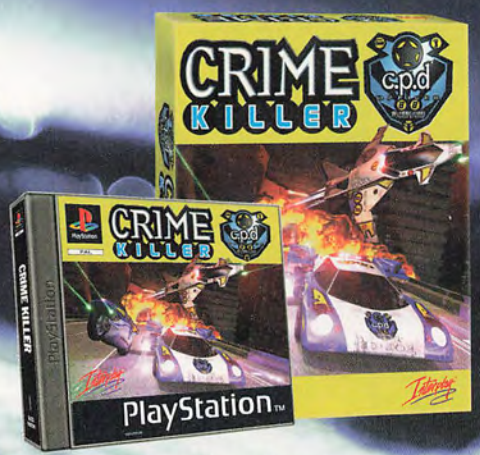

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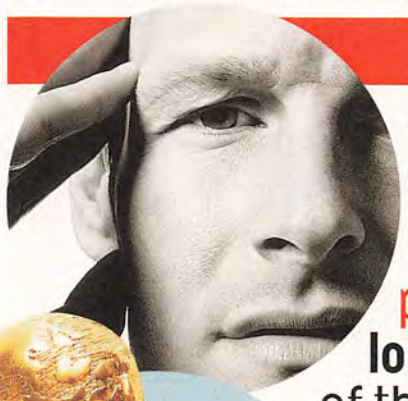

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p125 **Win the weekend of your life:** Go to the British Grand Prix, then fly to Paris and see the World Cup final on the same day. Phew!

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TEDDY SWEA

If he comes up with the goods today, they're sure of a major prize

AT MANCHESTER UNITED, LIFE GOES ON. IN A SEASON WHICH HAS FADED LIKE A CHEAP PAIR OF JEANS, Old Trafford on a blustery Friday two games before the end of the season is surprisingly busy. A groundsman gazes adoringly at his beloved turf. A party of excitable schoolkids unloads a barrage of questions on a tiring museum guide ("Where's Teddy?" "Where's Beckham?" "Have you met the Spice Girls?"). In the souvenir shop, hundreds of red pilgrims buy up all the Man United mugs, T-shirts, towels, home kits, crisps, away kits, clocks, pens, scarves, pencils, rubbers, underpants, stickers, wallpaper, hats, badges and put them in their Man United bags. Even dead people come to Old Trafford. Every other day, the groundsman assures us, a family comes along to scatter the ashes of a loved one onto the pitch. ("We get 'em to spread it over the penalty area. It's good for the turf.") It seems that when it's not match day at Manchester United, Old Trafford becomes the Disneyworld of the North. Except without the rides. Or the sun. ✈

words by PETE STANTON photos by MICHAEL BIRT

RSPICNIC

Back in January the football side of the Man United empire seemed pretty busy too. Extra space had already been made in the bottomless trophy cabinet for two more additions – the Premiership and the Champions' League. In the end, a penalty shoot-out win against Chelsea in the Charity Shield was all they got. For most Man United players, a Charity Shield winner's medal is a bit of loose change found in your laundry, but for Teddy Sheringham his winner's gong actually made up one third his career medals tally. After 15 years as a professional footballer, playing for Millwall, Nottingham Forest, Spurs and, of course, England, Teddy had only a Second Division winner's medal and a Zenith Data Cup winner's award to show for it all. Well… some people don't even get that, I suppose. At least he's got a load of endorsement contracts to keep him happy, including his latest with EA Sports' *World Cup 98* video game.

loaded meets Teddy Sheringham only a couple of days after England's 3-0 trouncing of Portugal at Wembley. And, alongside two goals from Shearer, came one from Teddy – even if it did come nicely off the ref into his path. It is, therefore, a beaming Mr Sheringham who is sitting opposite me in a hotel restaurant near Old Trafford enthusing about the game. "Yeah, I suppose I should have given the ref a pat on the back," he jokes. "Although he didn't do *all* the hard work. I still had to finish it."

If the pub where I watched the England game gave any impression at all about what's to come in France this month, then the old Euro 96 euphoria seems ready to explode again. There was singing, screaming, boozing and, of course, some old idiot with his belly hanging out singing 'Three Lions' with tears in his eyes. It's amazing what strong lager and a warm night can do.

"The game was a great confidence boost. It was the right result for us. It was a booster for everyone. For morale, for everything. It's a great feeling when you can beat top class sides, and beat them comfortably. And when you see the likes of Shearer and Adams coming back, and on form… well, it looks good, doesn't it?"

I nod. Do you think that will be the team to play in France?

"You could tell Glenn was thinking along the lines of this team being close to the finished article for France. I suppose it's inevitable that someone's going to make a late charge to get in the team; there's gonna be injuries, anything could happen, but I think the basics are there."

So if England don't win it, who will then?

Teddy gives me a dimple-cheeked smile. "Well first of all, I think we've got a great chance of winning it. The outstanding players we've got in our team, they're all world class. There's not a weak link in our team. Having said that, the one main team you've got to have a look at is Brazil. They look very formidable. Let's just say it'd be nice to see Norway knock them out for everyone concerned."

Our conversation ends up inevitably at the Nike advert currently doing the rounds. The John Woo classic with the Brazilian team playing dream football in the departure lounge of an airport. I note Teddy's unease and suggest that the whole advert probably took weeks to create and Ronaldo probably needed 30 takes to do his bits.

"I wouldn't have thought so." says Teddy smiling, "They're class. And they've got a certain way of carrying it off as well."

Would England have a chance against Brazil?

"Oh yeah."

Who do you fear out of their team?

"I don't fear any of them. But likewise, all of them have amazing individual skills. For instance, Roberto Carlos's free-kick last year at Le Tournoi is still the best goal I've ever seen. How he's done that is just amazing. To hit it with such pace and to bend it… If you see it again you notice the ball-boy behind the goal trying to duck behind the hoardings because he thinks it's gonna hit him, then the ball just swerves in the last 20 yards and flies into the top corner. Brilliant goal."

Have you ever tried one of those?

"When Bruce Rioch was the manager of Millwall, he taught me to do a lot of different free-kicks, one of which was that one. I remember practising after training a few times but I never got the sort of movement that Roberto Carlos got on it. It hurts your knees to be honest, trying to do that."

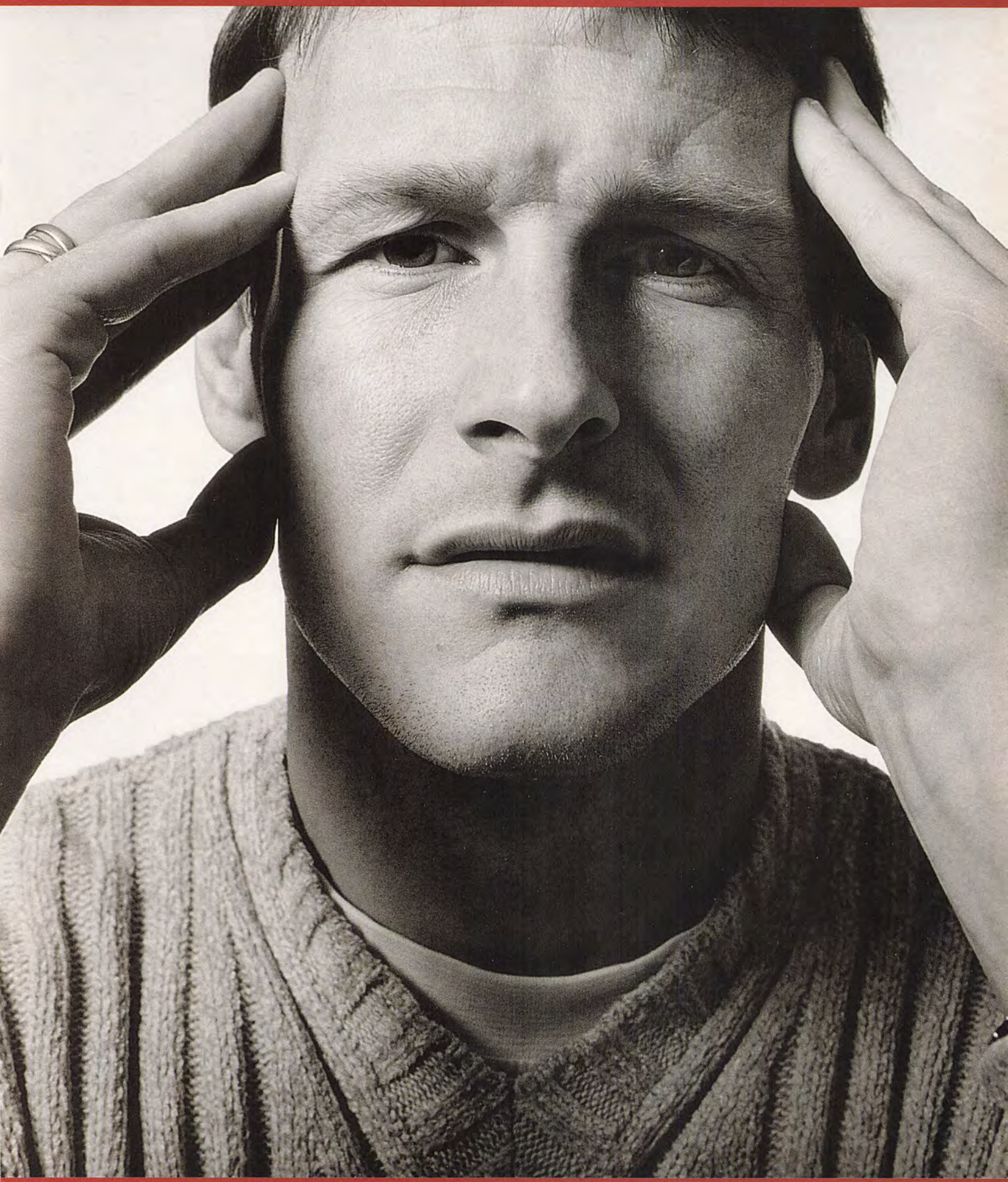
"I JUST HATE THE FACT THAT IT WAS ARSENAL THAT WON. THERE'S STILL SOME OF THAT TOTTENHAM/ARSENAL THING IN ME, YOU SEE"

IT'S AMAZING TO THINK THAT IN THE MID '80S, IF BRENTFORD FOOTBALL Club had forked out the £5,000 Millwall wanted for him, we might never have heard the name Teddy Sheringham. For this was the price on his head put there by the then-manager of Millwall, George Graham. Ironically, it was a former manager of Brentford, John Docherty, who took over at Millwall after Graham moved on to Arsenal. And that's when Teddy's career took a much-needed upswing.

He spent eight seasons at the Den, carving out a powerful partnership with Tony Cascarino that culminated in a tally of 33 goals in 46 games in his final year. Like many things, this didn't go unnoticed by Brian Clough. Cleverly, Cloughie wooed Teddy over to Forest by sending Teddy's son Charlie a football, a cricket bat and a tractor. Teddy wanted to move anyway, but unfortunately the magic from Millwall failed to rub off at the City Ground and early in the 1992/93 season he joined Tottenham, the team he'd supported as a kid. It was here that he became the finished article as a centre forward and began to establish himself in the England set-up. It was also here that his most famous of partnerships was born, alongside Jurgen Klinsmann.

Now, after a £3.5 million move to United last summer, it seems the veteran's form is still on the rise. An equalising goal against Juventus in the Champions' League marked Teddy's debut in Europe and showed he had the balls to do what was expected of him at the highest level.

The praise for Sheringham has come from the very best. Terry Venables has said of him, "Ted is genuinely two-footed, as good as anyone in the air, the best around at bringing others into play, and he ✈



Using the power of his mind, Sheringham attempts to sap the Germans' will and give Ronaldo an ingrowing toenail

The Colombian defence are sure to be rattled by Ted's use of smart but casual clothing

though. I just hate the fact that it was Arsenal that won. There's still some of that Tottenham/Arsenal thing in me, you see."

So what are United missing?

"Nothing. The team's there to win cups."

What's the difference between playing for Man U and Spurs?

"It's a big difference. I mean, I loved playing for Spurs because it was my club as a kid, but things didn't work out and I wanted to further my career and be somewhere I could expect to win things. And the expectancy level at Man U is just unbelievable. Week in, week out.

"I mean, if I'd played at Bolton with Tottenham and got a 0-0 draw and been camped in their half most of the game, there's no way the Bolton fans would have been cheering and singing at the end of the game. But when I went there with Man U the place went wild when they got a draw against us. They were singing and dancing after the game. And that takes a lot out of you each game. I didn't realise how much it would."

Teddy Sheringham is a canny footballer. He's the first to admit that he lacks the pace of most, but then his thought behind the game is immense. He can appear to do virtually nothing for 15 minutes and then from nowhere a 45-yard God-created, defence-splitting pass will depart from his boot and reach his partner, then end up in the net. And it's that sort of touch that makes him worth £3.5 million. It only needs flashes of that kind in France, alongside an on-form Alan Shearer, and

"I PRACTISED THAT ROBERTO CARLOS FREE-KICK BUT I COULDN'T GET THE MOVEMENT. IT HURTS YOUR KNEES, TRYING TO DO THAT"

scores goals. If he had a change of pace, he'd be right up there with the best in the world." Even Brian Clough, in unusually reflective mood on his last season in charge of a relegated Forest, admitted quite simply, "I should have kept Edward Sheringham."

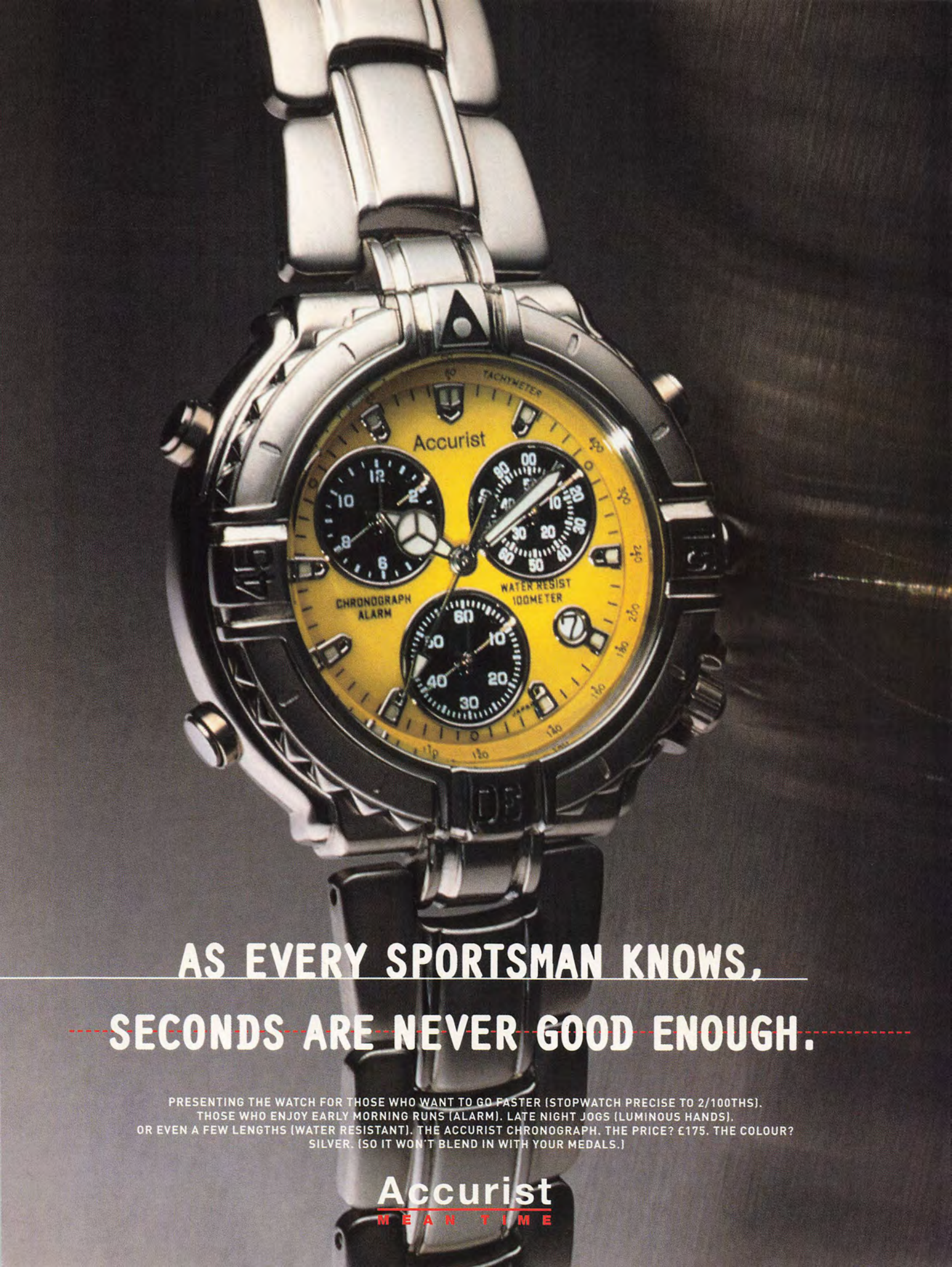
The only monkey on Teddy's back now is the Eric Cantona one. However hard he tries, in the eyes of the Man United supporter, Teddy was brought in to replace their saviour. And the record still states that Man United have never won the Premiership without Eric in the side. "I wasn't aiming to be Eric," defends Teddy. "I have my own style of play. I followed Lineker to Tottenham, and people were saying 'He's not Lineker'. But I think I did well there. Then when I got into the England side people were saying 'He's not Beardsley', but I think gradually I brought people around to my way of playing or thinking. I'm there to win games. I don't set out to do any particular thing but I try and adapt to a game, and that means helping the players around me. That's my way of playing."

What went wrong this season for Man U then?

"Well, things went a little pear-shaped for us. We had fixtures piling up, the manager tried to juggle things round, he was saving players for the big games and we didn't win the games we were juggling about in, like Barnsley in the Cup. And when we did have the big games coming up like Monaco, we had key players out injured. Giggs, Pallister, Schmeichel, and Keane of course. You can't lose players like that and expect to dominate a game. We were close, you can guarantee we'll all have our fat bellies out singing 'Three Lions'.

To cap it all, Teddy Sheringham is a smashing bloke. From the restaurant we go over to the ground and, while he allows all the time in the world for pictures, I get an opportunity to kick the ball about on the pitch and play the giddy goat for five minutes. For me life is good, but for Teddy life seems better. He always seems to have a beautiful woman on his arm, he has a doting son, a big red Ferrari sat on his drive, he plays for England and he's off to the World Cup. There's even a pixellated version of him ghosting around the pitch in true Sheringham style in the *World Cup '98* video game. But, at 32, Teddy knows this is the last throw of the dice for him. It's unlikely he'll take part in another World Cup and at Man United there's two years left of his contract. Two years to get some more medals. The Man United fan, like the England fan, is a very impatient one. And United's followers are used to success. All Teddy has to do is to prove that he's used to it too. Otherwise, it could be him being sprinkled over the penalty area by the groundsman. ■

"I'm made of little tiny squares," says Teddy (EA's *World Cup 98*)



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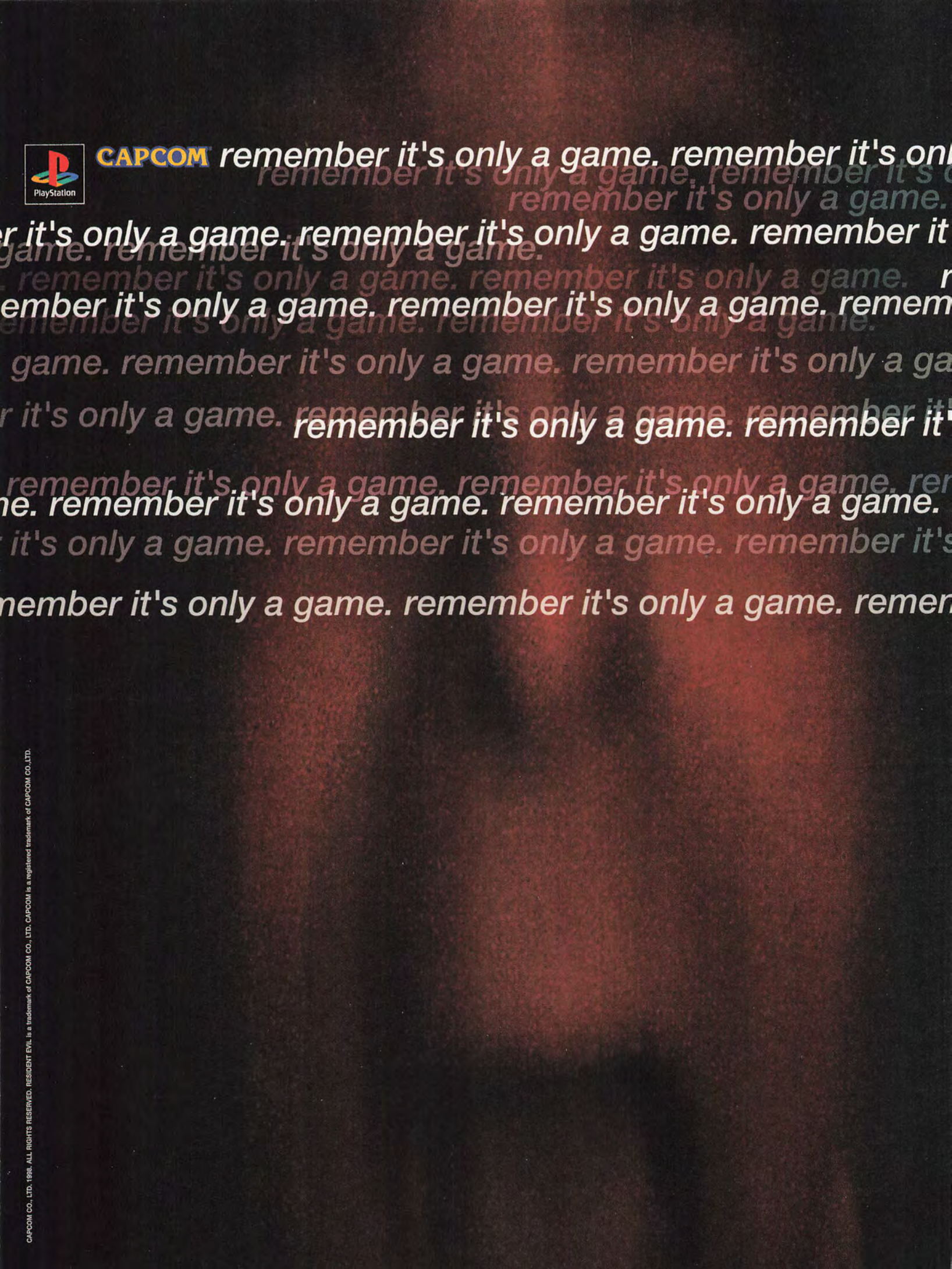
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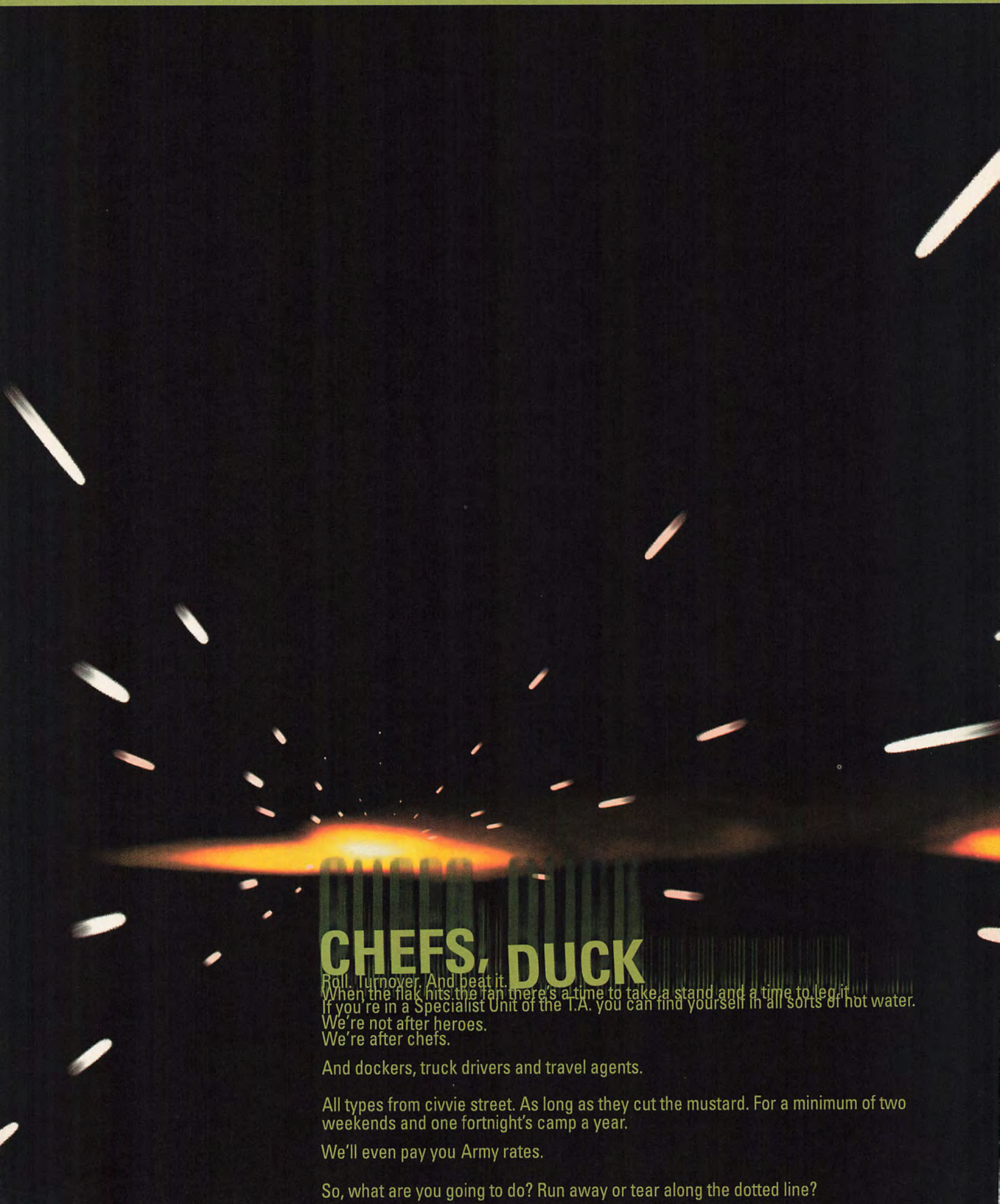

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BOOZE WORLD CUP

Don't feel the spirit, drink it

story by PHIL ROBINSON photos by ANTONY MEDLEY

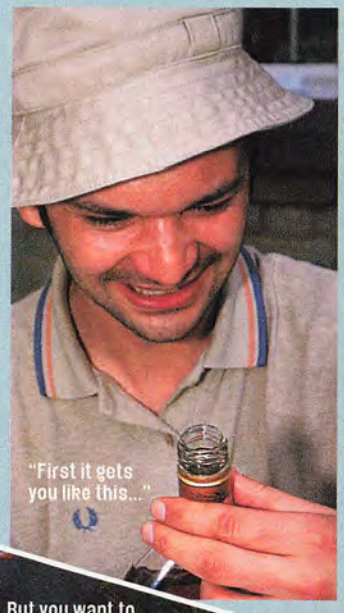
SPIRITS. THERE WAS A TIME, long before alcopops, the invention of bubbles and Harp lager, when spirits were just about the only type of booze you could get. Old-fashioned neat booze has a few advantages over its modern counterpart: 1) It can be drunk warm in poor living conditions; 2) Just one bottle is enough to hospitalize you for an indefinite period of time; 3) It's good when you're on your own, crying in front of the TV.

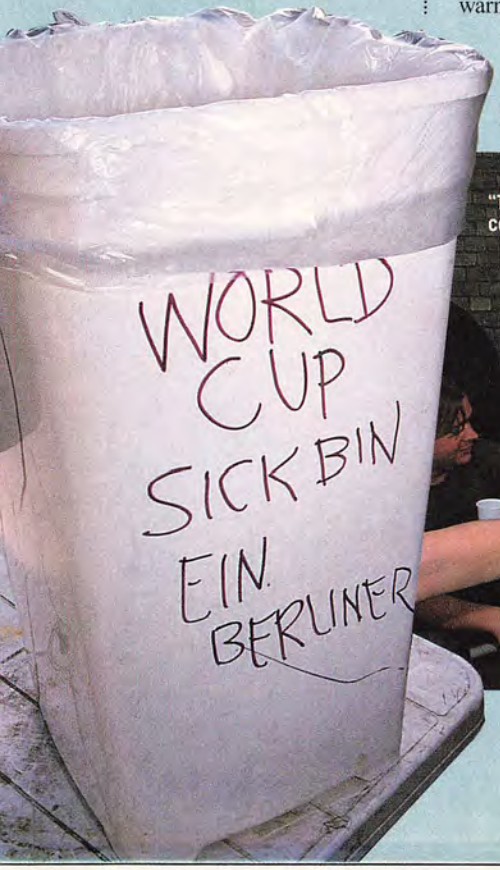
With France 98 in the ascendant, we thought we'd have our own little international decider using only the national spirit of each country appearing in the World Cup. Some nations that shy away from the sauce for religious reasons – Iran, Morocco, Tunisia and Saudi Arabia – all lost out in the first round. You can't win the Booze World Cup if you only drink Vimto. Other countries failed in the first round because their booze was impossible to find – the ultimate obstacle for any professional drunkard. Thus Cameroon, Paraguay and Nigeria also fell at the first post.

First Round: "You can't drink that much, you'll be sick"

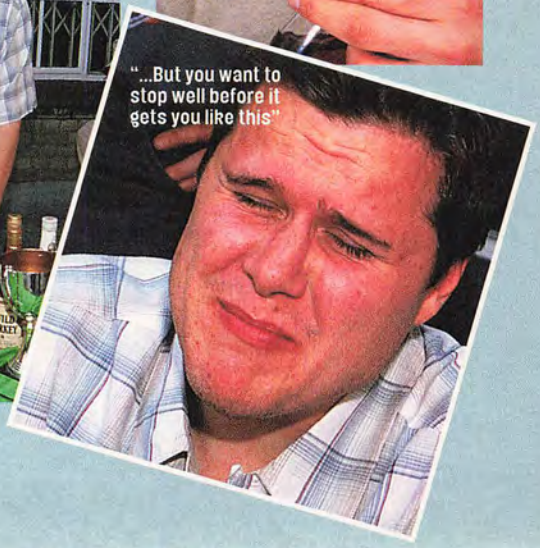
The occasion has the feel of a cheap package holiday. Sat out on the dilapidated roof, the booze is being dispensed in thin white plastic cups, and to kick off, each cup gets filled up to the middle with warm Brazilian Cachaça. It's not good. That's 'not good' as in cutting your head open or a losing a toenail. Danny, half-man, half-computer, insists that it should be drunk with lime and crushed ice, but we believe it's wrong that the poor and destitute of Rio should have to carry around a cocktail shaker, a small fruit tree and an ice machine just to have a decent drink. It's swiftly toppled by Scotch, which in comparison tastes like an extractor fan at the back of God's local. Most of the first round goes in similar fashion, the exotic falling, undrunk, by the wayside. Italy's Grappa gets knocked out for tasting like the waxy lid on a pot of Stilton, Chile's Pisco romps home as 'the new Tequila' and French brandy ("nice with crab sticks") takes a fall to South African Brandy, even ✈

Oooh! Plastic cup not good enough for you?


"First it gets you like this..."



"Try this facial contortion potion..."


"...But you want to stop well before it gets you like this"

though it looks a lot like a hot Sunday morning piss. Holland is up next, represented by Genever, which comes in a Victorian hot-water bottle, tastes like alcopops for long-dead monks and smells a bit like Tipp-ex. South Korean Soju makes Little Piers act like Sting, and refer to America as 'The States', and traditional Mexican liquor Mescal tastes like three minutes spent sucking the dust out the back of your grandad's death chair.

The drink-sodden table now reeks of poppers and makes your head thump. The big shock comes with authentic German Schnapps, which doesn't taste anything like Peach Archers. Disappointment and fear set in. Nothing tastes right, the mood's all wrong, the glamour of booze is missing. We want roaring gypsy campfires and a gentle breeze brushing through Jamaican palms. What we've got is old man's knuckle sauce and concrete stairs in Cumbernauld. We wanted David Niven in a bottle, what we got was David Icke. The same bottle of Plum Brandy takes yet another turn round the table as it's representing Yugoslavia, Croatia and Romania. The after-taste is like a mouthful of aerosol. At the end of the first round at least 70 per cent of the judges want to go home.

Second Round: "Let's get this finished" Aquavit, a refreshing caraway seed-scented spirit from Norway beats home favourite Scotch. It also makes you shout a bit when you take a good slug. Holland's Genever goes through, even though some of the judges refuse to taste it because it smells so unpleasant. At this point it's impossible to say what's good and what isn't since we didn't like any of it first time round. I feel like I'm suffocating in some fat barmaid's apron. America's Wild Turkey goes through in a breeze, and Colombia's atomic Pernod, Aguardiente, loses out to English Gin. Despite tasting like the most desperate moments of your life, it's always been the official office 'drink of champions'. Derek takes this moment to surprise everyone with a boring, rambling anecdote about gin. It involves a van. We're all too drunk to stop him, and he pushes it through. England's hopes are alive into the second round. The scene is starting to resemble lunchtime on the set of *Dallas*.

Quarter Finals: "Everything is horrible, nothing is nice" Conceptual, but on the money. I'd give anything for a scampi bap and a pint. Derek tells us he'd like to pour Spanish Liquor 43 over his sweet pudding. Ninety per cent of the judges want to go home.

Semi Finals: "I went to the toilet and I couldn't piss" No one can remember the last time they had enough fluids in them to urinate, but at least the final is in sight. Norway takes on Spain, while Holland takes on England. Cups are filled and a slow fear settles over the group. We've taken to pouring drinks out like factory teas and an aggressive argument about junipers between Bill Borrows and Derek is now entering its 20th minute. Apparently there are different types of juniper. Norway and England are in the final.

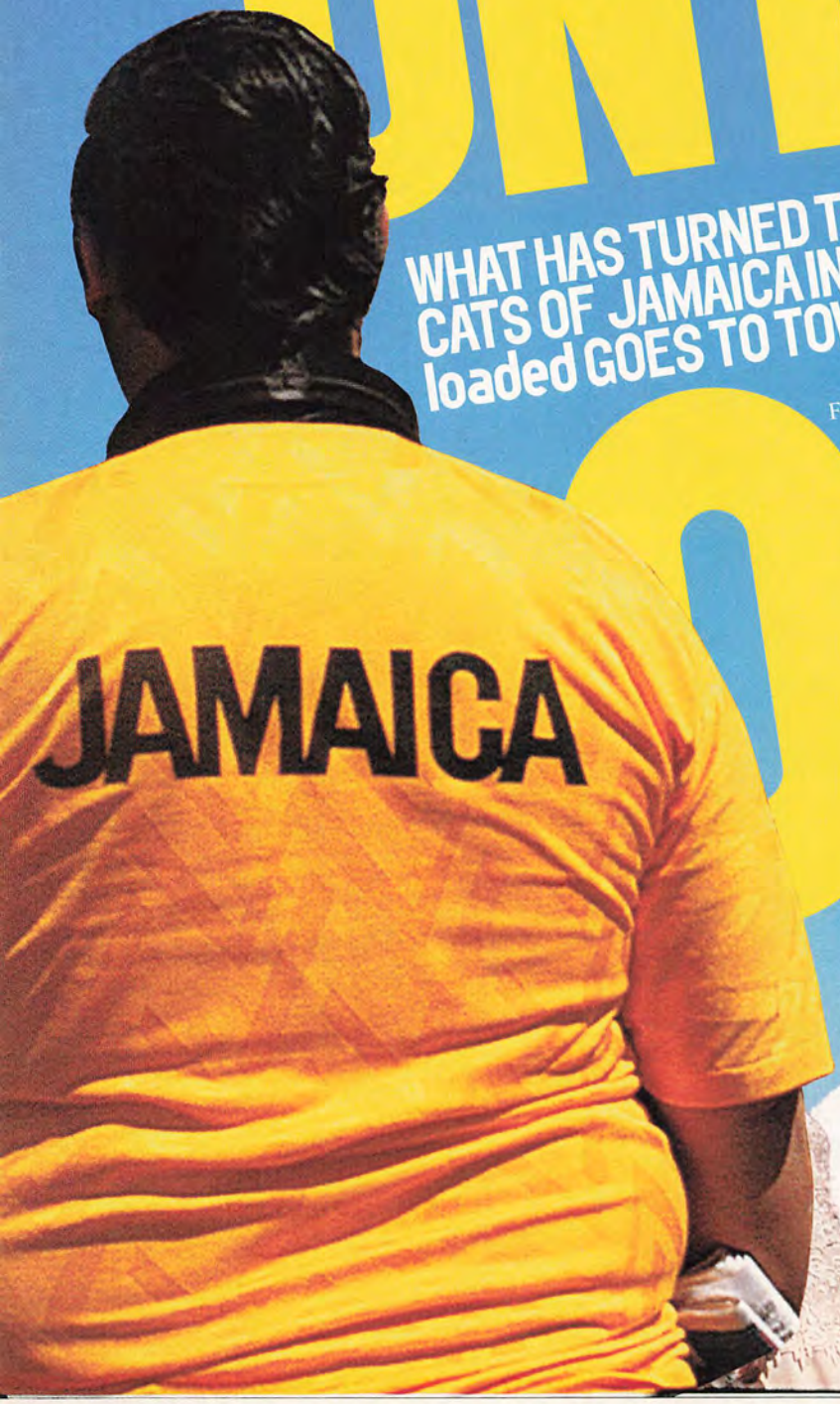
Final: "My teeth itch – I'm going home" Both Aquavit and Gin taste like muck. We can't decide what's better or worse. Both drinks should be drunk with mixers, and definitely not together – burning up your face like a fire in a battery factory. Gin has to win. It's English. We're all too happy to finish up, get down the pub and have a pint in a straight glass – safe in the knowledge that the rest of the world walks around in blind ignorance – drinking distilled musty piss garnished with lime. Cheers.

Chile v Norway
Norway v Spain
Denmark v Spain
England v Norway
Holland v USA
England v Holland
Croatia v England
WINNER:
ENGLAND

get live world cup updates on uploaded.com

FREEZION ON MY $H

WHAT HAS TURNED THE LAID-BACK, SPLIFFED-UP CATS OF JAMAICA INTO CRAZY FOOTBALL FIENDS? loaded GOES TO TOWN WITH THE REGGAE BOYZ



OFFICIALLY, JAMAICA IS SIX HOURS BEHIND GREENWICH Mean Time, but it could easily be six weeks. Ask someone in Jamaica the time and you get a "stttttttt.... ummmm... Thursday... maybe". In this Caribbean paradise, cabs are 15 minutes late, room service is 15 minutes late and football matches start 15 minutes late. The rule of thumb here is to pick a time to meet someone, add 15 minutes, throw your watch away and meet someone else. In Britain we complain about cold soup and find all climates uncomfortable. In Jamaica it's... yeah, whatever. Surprising, then, that Jamaica's a national football team is going to the World Cup for the first time in its history. Yeah, man... the coolest country in the world, the place with the sun, sea and spliffs is on its way to France. Just don't expect them to be on time. ✈

story by PETE STANTON photos by SIMON BUCKLEY

IRT
JAMAICA
REGGAE
BOYZ
THE NEW WORLD
ORDER!

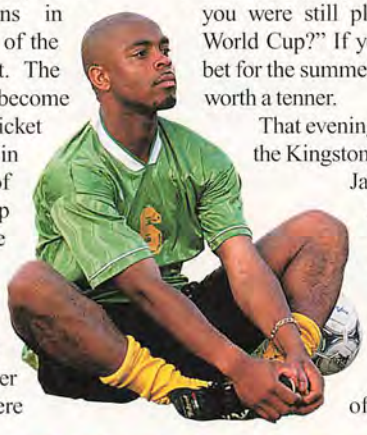
Watching the rain fall from the top row of the Empire State-sized Kippax Stand at Man City makes Jamaica, for the moment, seem a long way away. A friendly between City (three days after going down a division) and Jamaica has goalless draw written all over it before the teams even put their shorts on. The fanatical visiting supporters are the only highlight of a dire night; every one of them is gold-and-greened up, banging drums, blowing whistles and singing throughout the game, and that includes half-time. They even cheer for throw-ins and free-kicks.

Professor Rene Simoes, the Jamaican manager, seems happy too. He also looks like a waiter from a Spanish theme bar. He is, in fact, Brazilian,with over 20 years' coaching experience including leading Brazil's national Under-17, U-20 and U-23 squads for several years. Since taking charge of the Jamaican team in October 1994 he has revolutionised the side. He's taught the players not just how to play football but how to play international football. He is their Obi Wan Kenobi, if you will, and the players are his Luke Skywalkers. And their Death Star is in the shape of France. So isn't 0-0 with City a really crap result?

"Five years ago," he answers, "this game would have been five goals for Manchester City and no goals for Jamaica. So we have improved."

Good answer. Albeit slightly evasive. Rene is more comfortable speaking Portuguese, as his English often ends half-finished. For instance, "Jamaic, I think, is a beautiful cunt." It makes for interesting listening anyway. He saves his best comment about City's plight till the last, though. "I am surprise," he says, "by the infrastructure at Manchester City." That's one way of putting it.

JUST 24 HOURS LATER AND 25 DEGREES warmer, I find myself in the much more pleasurable surroundings of the Pegasus Hotel bar in Kingston. The Jamaican team are on the flight after mine and the airport is heaving. Two huge screens in Kingston display live pictures of the team arriving at the airport. The Jamaicans, it seems, have become football mad. It used to be cricket but now everywhere you look in Kingston there's a mention of the Reggae Boyz. Adverts, shop windows, car windows. The local TV channel beams a good luck message to the players every half-hour. On the day that Jamaica qualified for the World Cup (17 November – now an official holiday), there was apparently no reported crime in Kingston. The place has gone footie loopy.



And it's all thanks to Simoes. Since he took over he has brought discipline and organisation to a Jamaican side that had been going nowhere. He made himself unpopular at first with many locals when he introduced four English players (Deon Burton of Derby County, Paul Hall and Fitzroy Simpson of Portsmouth and Robbie Earle of Wimbledon) mid-way through the qualification stages, but their European experience soon proved vital. Burton especially, who scored some important goals to help Jamaica through (he is currently Jamaica's Sports Personality of the Year). After qualification, other English players like Chelsea's Frank Sinclair and Wimbledon's Marcus Gayle made themselves available to further strengthen the squad. Alongside some naturally gifted Jamaicans, you have a team that could potentially achieve anything. They haven't lost a game in Jamaica for 33 matches. Who's to say what will happen in France?

Outside the hotel, as the sun sets behind the hills and casts a purple glow across the land, a football game is taking place with some local kids. This, though, is called scrimmage. The difference here is the nets are smaller. About three feet high and three feet wide. The level of play, though, is amazing. Even barefoot, some of these kids are doing tricks you won't see down Maine Road. **loaded** photographer and Bolton fanatic Simon makes a poignant observation.

"If everyone in Jamaica grew up playing scrimmage," he says, "passing the ball and doing tricks, then probably no one's taught them to whack the ball from 20 yards. The net's too small." It's a fair point.

Suddenly there's a commotion. Pele, the star guest of the 'Reggae Boyz Week' celebrations, arrives in a stretch limo the size of Belgium. A press conference is hastily arranged and the King is bombarded with questions he must have heard now for the last 30 years: "Are Brazil better now than when you played for them?"; "Do you wish you were still playing?"; "Who will win the World Cup?" If you're interested, Pele's outside bet for the summer is Yugoslavia. That's got to be worth a tenner.

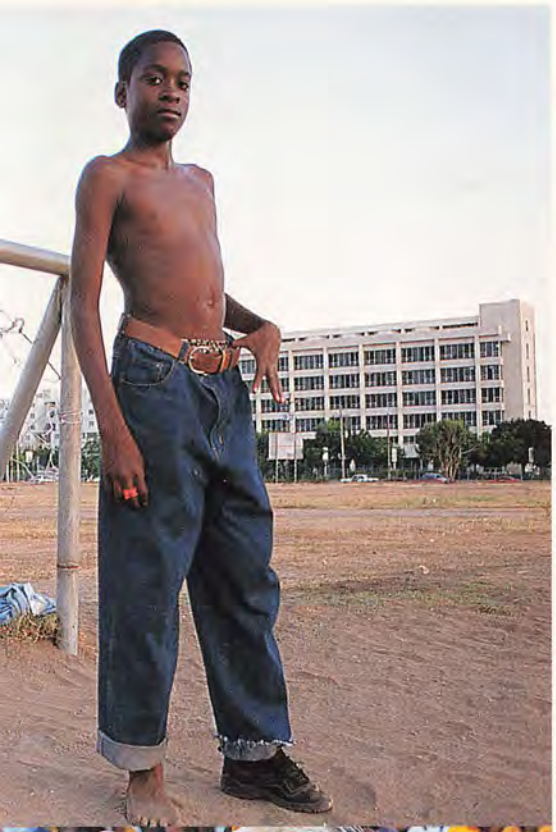
That evening we decide to soak up some of the Kingston life. At the hotel bar we meet a Jamaican bloke called Tex, a tubby chap in his early 40s with scars on his face, cauliflower ears, a huge boil on his arm and enough grass stashed in his shirt sleeve to put Amsterdam out of business. Tex talks in rap most of the time ("The bitches, they have you in stitches, suck out your riches,") and howls with laughter after every sentence. Even if what he's said wasn't funny. After a few Red Stripes he proclaims, "I show you Kingston, man… uooooggghhhh!" whooping like a crazed madman. Which, of course, he probably is. We squeeze into his souped-up Honda and head for a Go-Go club called Gemini's.

"Whatever you want there, man," he squeals.

There was no kit that could fit the giant keeper

"No, I said skin up you three"

GIRLS SCREAM, MEN CLAMBER ONTO THE WINDOWS. CAR HORNS WAIL. NO BAND'S



Greatest Living Jamaican Alan "Skill" Cole

Kingston, Jamaica, 1971. Two worlds prepare to collide. A year after inspiring the greatest World Cup team in history to victory in Mexico, Pele arrives in Jamaica to play in an exhibition match against a Cavalier Invitation XI. Decked in the all-white of Brazilian giants Santos, the King waves to his adoring public, unaware that a man with long dreads and a very wide smile is preparing to steal his thunder. Twenty minutes into the game and the ball breaks free. Pele finds himself in a 50-50 ball situation with a young Jamaican called Alan 'Skill' Cole. Cole pulls himself up to his full height, reaches the ball first by a split second then amazingly shuffles the waistband of his shorts from the left and then to the right. Pele looks bemused and sees only the ball and some dreadlocks fly past.

The stadium explodes. They've just seen the greatest Jamaican footballer ever making a fool of the greatest footballer ever.

Quite simply, 'Skill' had it all. Pele described him as the 'Boy Wonder' and Bob Marley was his best mate. He made his full international debut at 15. When Man United came to tour Jamaica in 1965, Sir Matt Busby attempted to take him back to Old Trafford. The deal didn't go through because, as Skill puts it, "I scared of Britain." He instead played in the States for a couple of seasons then came home and became the first Jamaican player to be offered a contract in Brazil. Big news in a country that always looked to Brazil for football inspiration.

Ask anyone in Kingston and they will tell you a different tall tale about 'Skill'. The story I liked best was that he was fired by Brazilian club Nautica because of his 'Rastafarian lifestyle habits'. Nothing to do with smoking the odd jazz cigarette then?

"De club got new coach and he want me to cut locks," says Cole of those days. Naturally Cole refused, and was on his way out of the country. "They say that if I born a Brazilian, dem mek a lotta money outta me," he now boasts. Back home, he helped to form Santos of Jamaica, named in tribute to the Brazilians. After an interlude winning titles at home, next stop for 'Skill' was Ethiopia, itself on the brink of bloody revolution at the time.

After nearly five years there, he headed for Paris and 'brother Bob'. Marley adored football almost as much as reggae. He therefore held Skill in high esteem. A newspaper cutting in the Bob Marley Museum in Kingston shows 'Skill' playing alongside Marley in a London match against the *Record Mirror* during the '70s. The touring Jamaicans set up house together in Hammersmith, spending the year partying, smoking and honing the bredrin's flair for flamboyance with a football. Bob and friends were often seen playing in London's parks.

Nearly 30 years on, 'Skill' Cole is still the top man in Jamaica. Having hung up his ancient Pumas at 40 ("I was killing dem, even at the age of 40, but one guy got vexed and jumped in me ankle"), the greatest natural talent the island has ever seen now does the odd bit of coaching in between appearing as a pundit on Jamaican TV and being mobbed whenever he takes to the streets of Kingston. And whenever Pele is in town you can bet the Brazilian's eyes are trained on the waistband of the shorts of one particular player. But the word is already out: Pele's nemesis is a Kingston rasta.

DAN DAVIES

"Big ones, t'in ones, the floppy tits, uoooggghhhh. Variety is the spice of life, yeah? Uoooooghhh!"

Gemini's turns out to be a open-air shed with a few Christmas tree lights. Inside, two stages each have five girls grinding up and down poles. They look like some kind of sex firemen. Simon and I stick out like a couple of chickens at a Colonel Sanders party. Over the next half an hour, a gathering of some of the ugliest women I will ever meet, wearing only string for pants, will grab my balls and tell me they want me. I ask one girl what she thinks of the Reggae Boyz as she's in mid grasp. "I want to fuck all of them," she hisses in my ear. I take that as a positive remark.

I turn my crotch towards the safety of the bar and spark up a conversation with a man in a Jamaican football shirt.

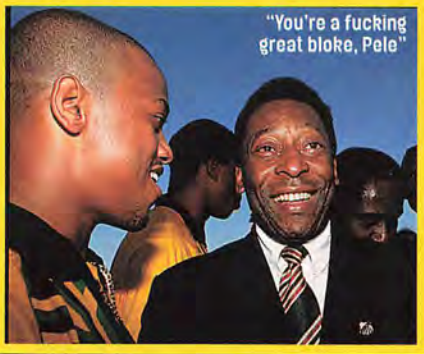
"We the Ireland of this World Cup, man," he proclaims. "Everybody gonna be behind Jamaica. Everyone loves us. Yeah, man." With that he turns around and shoves his face into a huge-arsed woman. "Uoooggghhh!" he cries.

The next day is Reggae Boyz market day, an open day for market sellers to offload all their footie merchandise. On a makeshift stage, a spokesman whips the crowd into a cult-like frenzy: "Which team do you love?" he cries. ✈

ROOF AND TRY TO GET THROUGH THE TOUR BUS COULD COMPARE TO THIS

Pele on Jamaica's Chances

"Jamaica, they play South American style. Jamaica is like Brazil. We live the same way. We love music, love the life, love the weather – this is what you have in both countries. We are all from the same school. If the team can combine discipline with skill and this love of the lifestyle then they will do well. This is only the start for Jamaica. Maybe I see a semi-final or final against Brazil. Who knows? Football is a box of surprises, no?"



THE DAY THEY QUALIFIED IS NOW A NATIONAL HOLIDAY

"JAMAICA!" screams the crowd.

"Which country do you love?" he cries.

"JAMAICA!" screams the crowd.

The Reggae Boyz, due to arrive at the market at 2pm, duly roll up in true Jamaican style at 4pm. Amazingly, the organisers try to get every player plus the manager onto the rickety stage. The crowd go into triple hysterics as the players arrive. Anarchy takes over. A surge onto the stage causes a panic and the players are swiftly taken back to their coach. But the fun doesn't end there. In no time, most of Kingston has the coach surrounded. Girls scream, men clamber onto the roof and try to get through the windows. Car horns wail. A hooker from last night is banging on the side of the coach (similar to the routine she did the night before). No band's tour bus could compare to this. The coach can't move for half an hour until finally the police force a route through and the team disappears into the night.

THAT EVENING I JOIN FITZROY SIMPSON AND Paul Hall for dinner. The pair are team-mates at Portsmouth, and the Eric and Ernie of the Jamaican team. They're good company. For them, the Jamaican story has been something of a fairytale. It's almost a year to the day since the pair of them flew out to the Caribbean for trials with the team and they're still lapping it up.

"We gambled £370 on a flight to Jamaica and it's paid off, hasn't it?" says Paul, smiling. "We haven't had a week off since that moment."

"Just think about it," says Fitzroy. "I've gone from being a domestic footballer to an international, I've played against the world champions and I've met the greatest player on earth. There was a moment when we played in front of 92,000 in Mexico; 48 hours later I went to Bashley Town to play for a Portsmouth eleven. There was one man and his dog there."

The pair of them collapse in laughter. I ask them what it was like when they first arrived.

"You ever been to Beirut with suntan cream?" laughs Fitzroy. "No one knew about us in this country. They'd heard of Robbie Earle and Marcus Gayle but me, Deon and Paul were in the lions' den. They'd not heard of us. I'd never been to Kingston before in my life either. It was like one of those things when your mum sent you to London with a placard. It was scary at first. Now of course I know the island, and you know what? Jamaica is fucking amazing."

How did you fit in with the Jamaican players?

"They're quite reserved people. I got a bit of advice from the cricketer Franklin Rose, who said, 'Listen, they'll try it on for a couple of days, cold shouldering you and giving you a dig, and then they'll ease off.' But in England that's all part of the game. So on my first day I gave one of them a good old-fashioned First Division challenge and they didn't come near me after that. Now I love playing in this team. It's great being able to give the ball to anyone and know they'll do something with it."

The following day is the highlight of Reggae Boyz Week: a friendly match against the Brazilian club side Santos. Prior to the game, the mothers of the Jamaican side are wheeled out and given a hamper each of tinned meats and chocolates. Pele pops up again to meet the mothers, and the press make a scrummage to get to him, taking out a couple of mothers in the rush. Finally, under a sea of noise, whistles, drums and reggae, the game begins. Ten minutes in and Fitzroy sends a sweet 40-yard pass to the feet of Ricardo Gardner on the edge of the Santos box; he traps the ball with the side of his foot and sends a half-volley into the top corner. The stadium goes ballistic.

"World class goal!" the man behind me screams. "World class goal!!!"

A DJ in the press area with a sound system that could be heard in Florida spins a phat reggae tune and the woman in front of me starts to bogle. As do 20,000 others. Then, almost as if it's been staged, an Air Jamaica jet flies barely 100ft overhead. I've never seen a more exciting 20 minutes of football, ever. The next 70 weren't bad either, with Jamaica eventually winning 3-2. The celebrations go late into the night. The whole island feels as if it's moving to the reggae beat. The flowers, the animals, the buildings all sway as one to the riddim. For a fleeting moment I feel swept up by the emotion of it all. Maybe it's the Red Stripes or the pool cue-sized spliff I had before the match, but I get the strongest image in my head that Jamaica will win the World Cup. Then it goes away again. ■

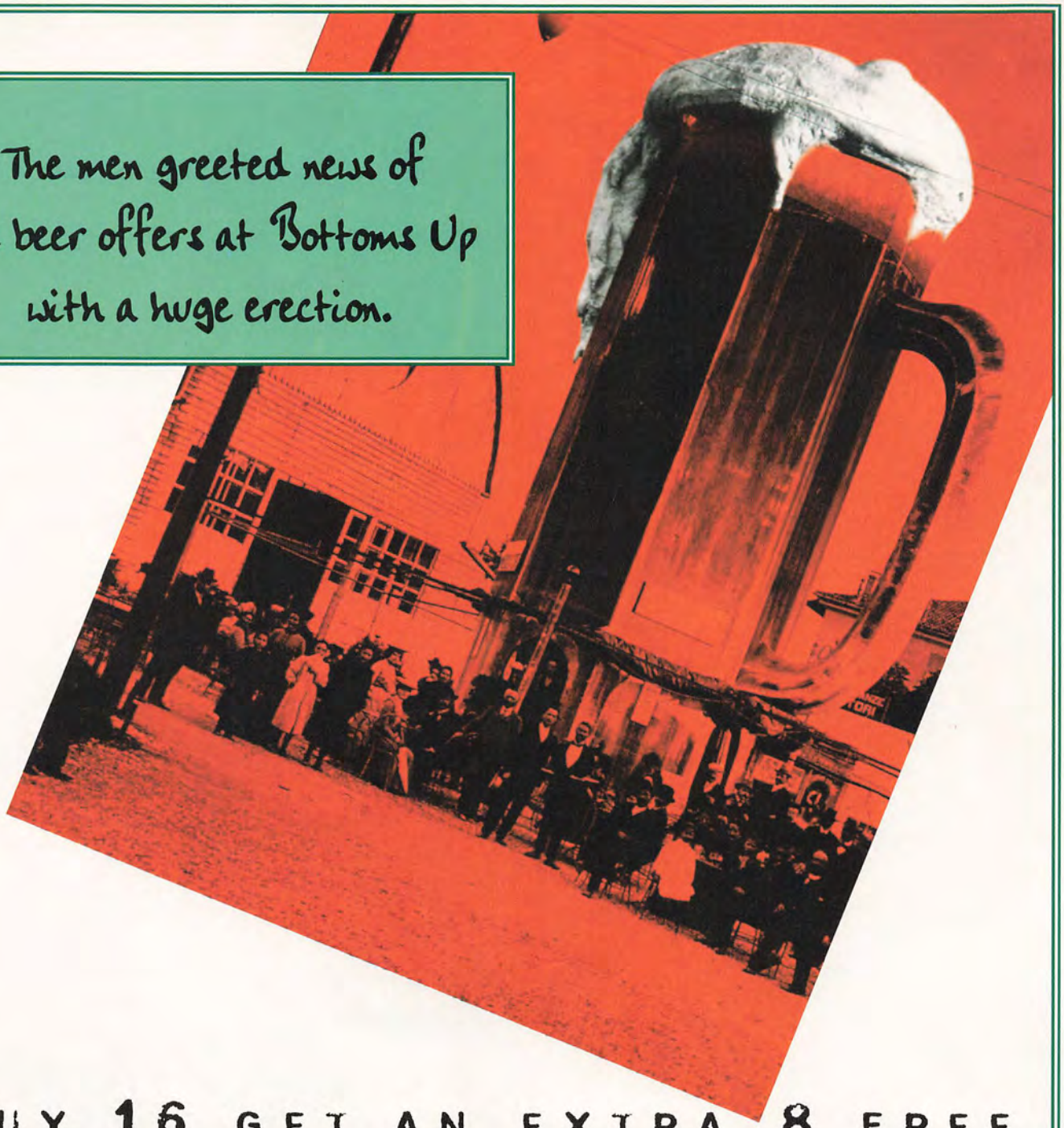
Jamaica v Croatia, 14 June on ITV at 7pm. Jamaica v Argentina, 21 June at 3.30pm on ITV. Jamaica v Japan, 26 June at 2pm on ITV.

Thanks to the following

- Kappa for Man City Tickets
- Lonely Planet for their very useful Jamaica guide book
- Parris Bonaparte and the Jamaican Football Federation for all their help
- Dan Davies for all his help in Kingston. The book *One Love – The Jamaican World Cup Story* by Dan Davies and Robbie Earle is out in October.
- Rupert, Todd, Mike and Steve, whose behind-the-scenes documentary on the Jamaican team, *Reggae Boyz*, can be seen on 13 June at 9pm on Channel 4.

New
MAGNUM
MAGNUM
Wall's

The men greeted news of the beer offers at Bottoms Up with a huge erection.



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WE ARE FAILING

Scotland were quite good for a few weeks in 1978. So why did they bugger it up again?

story by MIKE WILSON

IT HAS BEEN THE STANDARD ANTIDOTE TO WORLD CUP FEVER FOR THE last two decades, and every member of the Tartan Army in France for this year's World Cup is advised to have instructions burned onto whatever they are wearing under their kilt: 'In the event of over-confidence, please administer history lesson.'

It feels like yesterday, but it was 20 years ago when one of the best football squads ever to wear the dark blue of Scotland arrived at a small Argentinian village called Alta Gracia. They were greeted excitedly by the local people. "Why?" asked a young journalist called Trevor McDonald. "Because," replied the manager, Ally MacLeod, "they know Scotland are going to win the World Cup."

Argentina 1978 was the World Cup when, symbolising a country gone crazy, over 20,000 fans piled into Hampden Park for what most assumed to be a pre-victory parade; it was the World Cup when Don Masson missed a crucial penalty against Peru to turn almost certain victory into morale-sapping defeat; and it was the World Cup where Willie Johnston was sent home in disgrace for stimulant misuse.

It was also the World Cup when Archie Gemmill weaved his way through the Dutch defence to score the goal of the tournament and ignite a flicker of hope that Scotland might yet win through on goal difference. This was the World Cup also of Kenny Dalglish, Asa Hartford, Gordon McQueen (though McQueen travelled, he failed in his battle to recover in time from injury), Bruce Rioch and Graeme Souness.

1978 was also the year of goalkeeper Alan Rough's perm. The decade that style forgot saw Scotland involved in two of three World Cup tournaments. They just missed out in qualifying for 1970, returned undefeated but out on goal difference in 1974 and then limped home, again out on goal difference, four years after that. For the record, Scotland inexplicably lost 3-1 to Peru, bizarrely drew 1-1 with Iran (robbed by an own goal) and incredibly defeated Holland 3-2.

Oh what a picture, oh what a show. The first game of the first round in Argentina was meant to be a formality. And for most of the first half, with Scotland opening the scoring through Joe Jordan, everything went to plan. Until Peru – inspired by a player called Teofilo Cubillas, a man of uncertain age and legs that were supposedly shot – began to show they could play a bit. But at 1-1, glory still beckoned. Just after the interval, Rioch had been brought down in the penalty box. Don Masson stepped up to the spot. A nation expected. He had, after all, scored the opening goal in the showdown qualifier between Wales and Scotland at Anfield.

"It was the only penalty kick I missed for Scotland. I never missed many throughout my career," says Masson now. "The Peru one has to be the most important, of course, and I missed. It wasn't the best kick in the world, though I have never actually seen it. I avoid watching myself on television. The best game of my career was against Czechoslovakia at Hampden during the qualifiers. We absolutely murdered them. And I've never seen that, either. I am hyper-critical.

"I would feint a little before taking the kick and go for the corner. A wee stop and then shoot. Aiming for the side-netting, between the stanchion and the post, and about a foot off the ground. No way the keeper can ✈

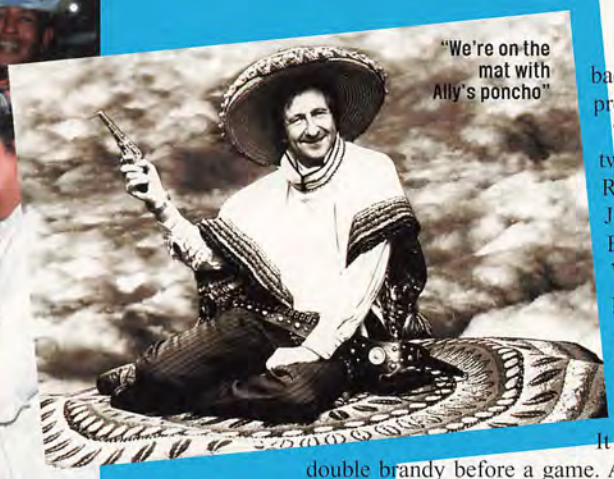
Dalglish before he became a miserable git

Fergie on holiday with Magnum PI

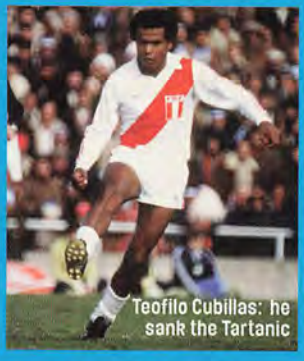
Archie Gemmill scored a good goal once

PHOTOS: MSI

"Look at the head on that Irn Bru"



"We're on the mat with Ally's poncho"



Teofilo Cubillas: he sank the Tartanic

get those, even if they've moved a bit. Run, stop, pass the ball into the corner. It worked most times. It's a skill, using the instep of the foot. That was a gift I had been given from God. Put me on a golf tee in front of a dozen people and I am like jelly, but give me a penalty kick in front of 100,000 people and I know I can perform. I was in control. But against Peru, the kick was not well-enough aimed and the keeper moved. Good luck to him.

"The first thing that went through my mind after missing was how I had let everybody down. I stood there and just thought of my wife, my parents, my wife's parents, people back home in Scotland. I knew the significance of it. I knew immediately the impact it would have on the confidence of the team. Coming back from Argentina and going back to Derby County [*his club at the time*] was the worst time in my career. I was so low, I wanted to pack up. The missed penalty affected me so badly. I felt terrible. For six months. You can put a brave face on it; it still affects me now. There's not a day goes past when I don't think of it in some way or other."

Masson would never play again for Scotland, thanks to a loss of form and an article in the *News Of The World* in which he criticised the organisation of the Scotland trip. Willie Johnston was another who would never play again for the national team. Nor would Lou Macari, like Masson found guilty of telling tales to the tabloids.

THOUGH THE DEFEAT BY PERU WAS A BLOW, THE SITUATION WASN'T beyond repair. But by the time the Iran game came around, the camp was in disarray. Johnston's urine sample after the Peru game contained traces of fencamfamin, a banned stimulant. He was bundled home, despite his immediate admission that he had taken a pill called Reactivan and his protest that it was to combat hay fever.

The demise of Johnston was only part of the collapse. News leaked that some players, including Macari, were angered by what they considered to be paltry bonuses. What had been small, natural tensions soon began to widen into massive cracks. The media started sniffing for stories of bevvying and shagging. It was the year that marked a turning point in World Cup history: for the first time, news crews turned up as well as sports reporters. And since England hadn't qualified, Scotland had become a focus for UK-wide prurience. It was proving a savage backlash to MacLeod's pre-tournament hype.

"I admit I took two tablets called Reactivan," says Johnston now. "In England in 1976, '77 and '78, most players were taking something – with some of them administered by their club doctors. It was like taking a double brandy before a game. As far as I saw it, it wasn't a drug. Ask the others. Ask them to take a look at their own conscience. Ask them: 'Did you or did you not?'

"I wanted an appeal and they wouldn't appeal. I asked Ally MacLeod. The SFA [*Scottish Football Association*] wouldn't appeal. I was the bad boy of Scottish football, and I was wanted rid of. The Scotland team could not refuse to take me to Argentina. They couldn't leave their best player at home, could they?"

Johnston recalls the frightening way his expulsion was handled. "I wasn't terrified until the boy came on with the machine-gun. By that time I was on the connecting bus on the airport tarmac. I was the only one on it, except for this boy with a gun who's jabbing it in my ribs. I had earlier been in the VIP lounge on my own; now I was on this bus on my own and I'm thinking, 'This is it, they're going to shoot me.'

"So anyway, we get to the aircraft and they put me on it and I'm sitting in there, again on my own. There's nobody else on the plane and I'm thinking, 'What the hell is going on here?' The aircraft eventually fills up and we head back to Heathrow, via Rio and Paris. Get into London and big Ron [*Atkinson, then West Brom manager*] is there to meet me, and he says, 'I've got you a contract with Boots the chemist'."

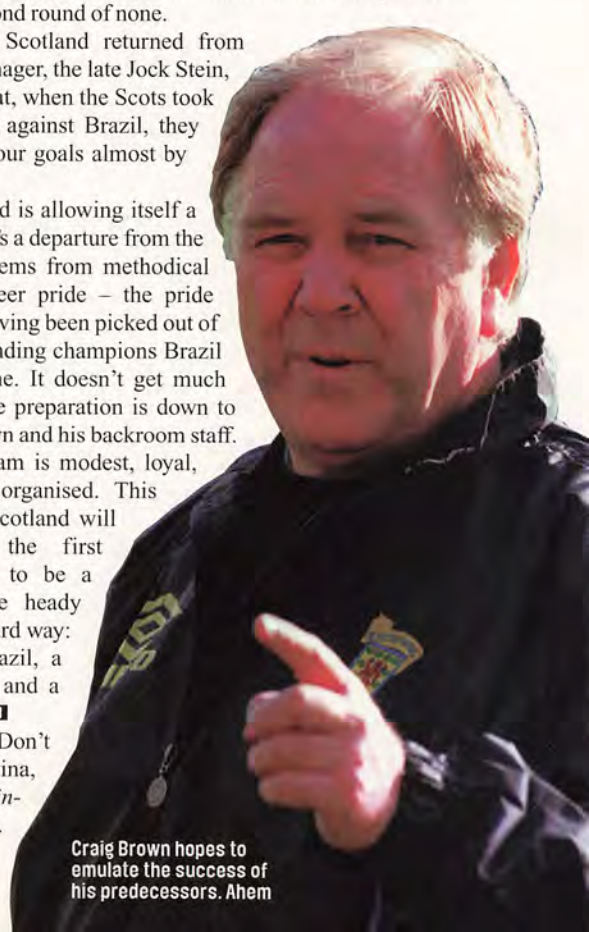
Scotland learned its lesson: never again.

The trauma of '78 has haunted every Scotland campaign since, during which time the country has qualified for all the finals except USA 94 and reached the second round of none.

Four years after Scotland returned from Argentina, their manager, the late Jock Stein, was so downbeat that, when the Scots took the lead in a game against Brazil, they proceeded to lose four goals almost by way of an apology.

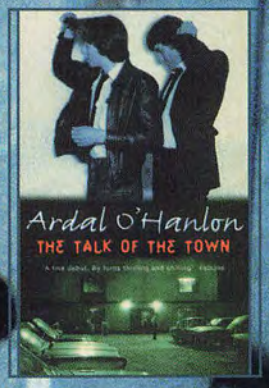
This year, Scotland is allowing itself a dash of optimism. It's a departure from the recent norm and stems from methodical preparation and sheer pride – the pride overflowing from having been picked out of the hat to play defending champions Brazil in the opening game. It doesn't get much better than that. The preparation is down to manager Craig Brown and his backroom staff. Like Brown, the team is modest, loyal, hard-working and organised. This time, just maybe, Scotland will progress beyond the first round. If there is to be a throwback to those heady days it will be the hard way: via a win over Brazil, a draw with Norway and a defeat by Morocco. ◼

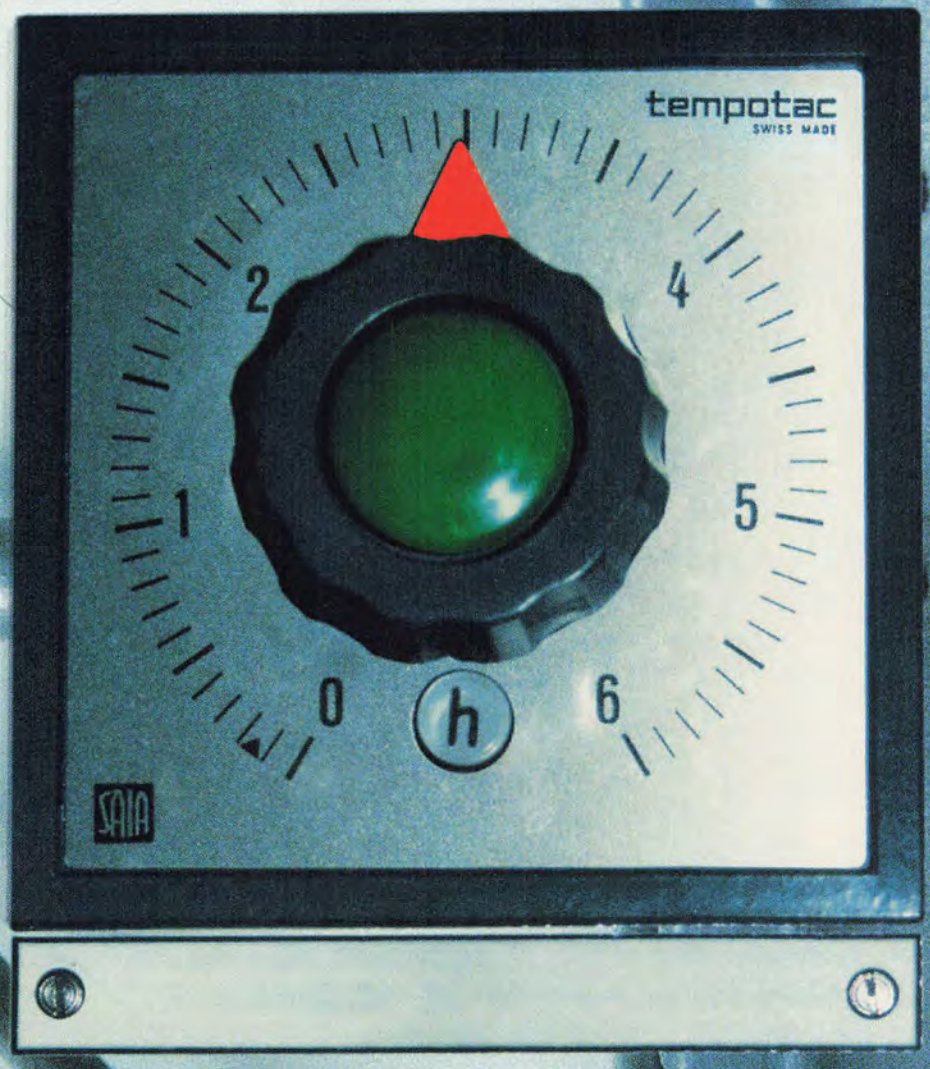
Mike Wilson's book, Don't Cry For Me Argentina, *is published by Mainstream, priced £9.99.*



Craig Brown hopes to emulate the success of his predecessors. Ahem

control your environment





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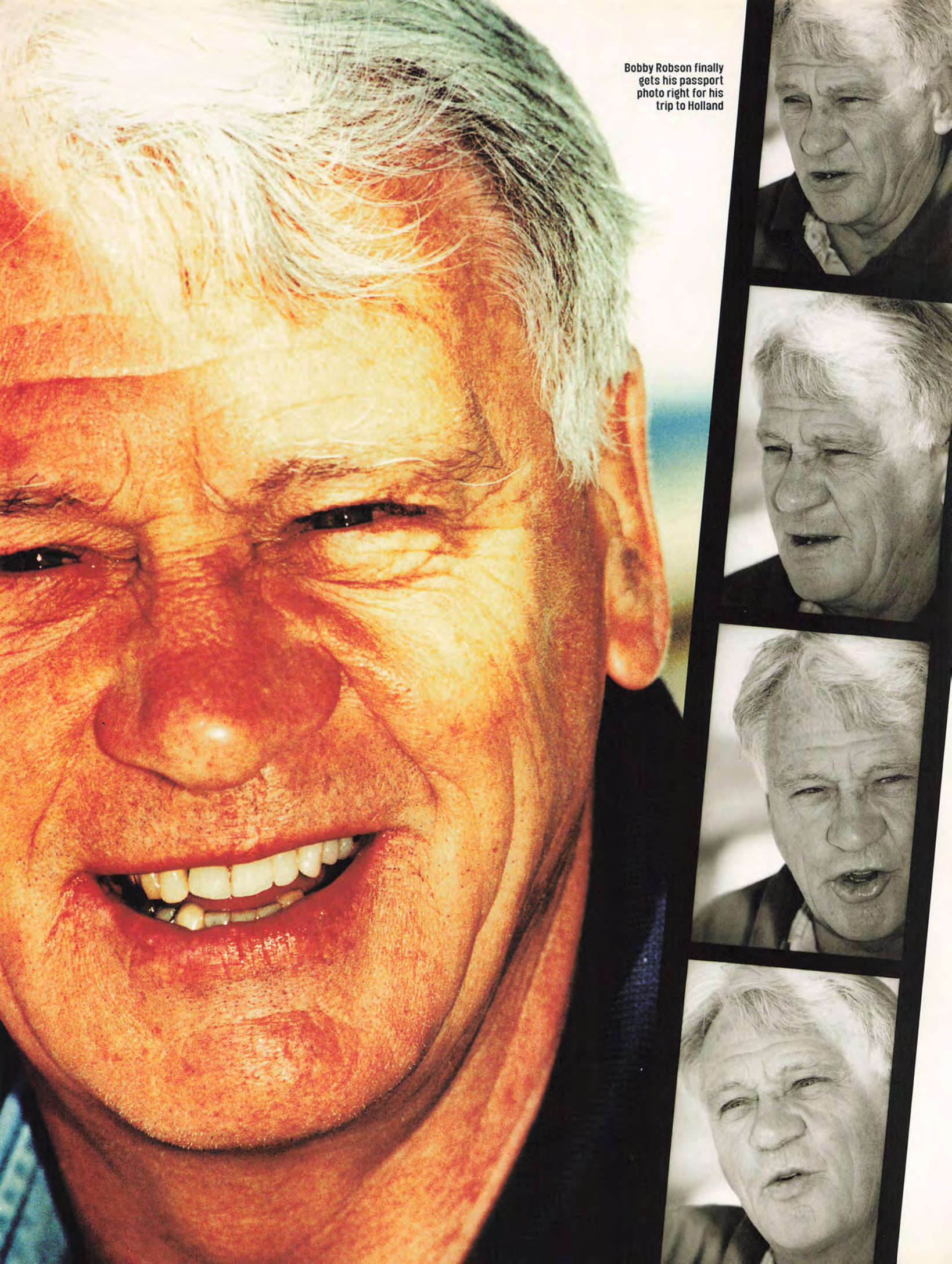
king of clubs

He guided Ipswich to glory in the '70s, took England to the World Cup semis, then won umpteen trophies with European clubs. So why is Bobby Robson so underrated over here?

story by ADAM PORTER
photos by ANTONY MEDLEY

ENGLISH FOOTBALL TENDS TO HAVE A TERRIBLE PROBLEM WITH arrogance. England have only ever won one major footballing trophy, the 1966 World Cup, played in England. Our football journalists and their legions of blinded followers obviously missed the times when we had our arses wetted by Hungary in 1953 and then by the USA (twice), the Germans (1970, '72, '73, '90, '96), Ireland, Poland, Norway (twice) and a few other people along the way. The list goes on.

The next piece of silverware England were to pick up after '66 would come 31 years later in France, when they stumbled across Le Tournoi de Meaninglessness – that is unless you count the Fair Play trophies in Italia 90 and Euro 96. Oooh, big time. If Germany had hosted Euro 96 and bowed out at home in the semis, with the opposition missing their two main strikers and having a perfectly good 'golden goal' disallowed, Bertie Vogts would have been Colditzed-up quicker than you can say "achtung Clacton". Instead we more or less canonised the then incumbent. And as for the one before him... ✈



Bobby Robson finally gets his passport photo right for his trip to Holland

Still, there is one man who can rightly lay claim to being England's greatest ever manager at international and club level. A man who managed England for eight years – "not just two or three years, but eight years, count them, eight." Who, in that time, lost only one game in two World Cup and two European Championship qualifying tournaments. A man who steered England to only their second and then third World Cup qualifications in 28 years. A man who led England to their two best World Cup finishes outside of British shores despite having his personal life attacked, his players ridiculed, his tactics laughed at and his contractual movements 'leaked' to the press.

BOBBY ROBSON HAS FOUND THE GOOD LIFE NOW, despite the fact that he's about to jack it all in and go back to Eindhoven for another crack at nailing Ajax. He is sitting on the terrace of The Picnic, a restaurant on the shore of the beautiful resort of Sitges, 30 miles from his club until the end of the season, Barcelona. Respected enough now to have been snapped up by Budweiser as their worldwide spokesman for France 98, it's eight years since Robson steered Gazza and co through the minefield of Italia 90. Eight years since those penalties, since that deflection off Paul Parker robbed England in one of their finest ever matches, and stole from them a final place against the weak and disgraceful Argentinians. We would have kicked them up and down St Peter's Square. We were really that close.

It is also eight years since the build-up to Italia 90 was nearly wrecked by journalists intent on making themselves the biggest name in the press box for a day, and of course coincidentally eight years since Robson left these shores.

"Before Italia 90 I went to see Bert Millichip, my boss, the head of the FA. I had been approached by a big club, PSV Eindhoven, who had asked me if I would be available after the World Cup. I went to see Bert and he told me it was 'alright to go and talk to them'."

Robson stares at the table. He is being diplomatic but there is passion running through the veins of this 65-year-old man. Millichip's ease at allowing Robson to meet PSV meant the game was up as far as England was concerned.

"We had a poor European Championship in 1988 and they [*the FA*] obviously felt that after Italia 90 I would leave with one year left on my contract, and would be kept happy by their paying me off that year's money. But I understood that. The decision was theirs to make. That was fine."

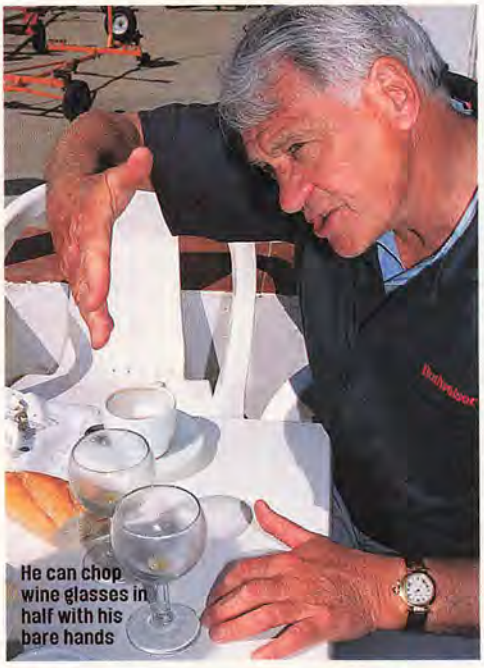
A few days later the press had the news. But how? Robson's voice is flecked with indignation.

"There were three people in England who knew of the PSV thing: myself, Mr Millichip and Mr [*Graham*] Kelly. The players didn't know about it. My best friend in the game, Don Howe… my best friend, even he didn't know about it! I didn't even tell my family! So what happens? They all find out about it through the papers. What must they have thought? I always do things face to face, always. The papers go to town. One even called me a "traitor". A traitor! Can you believe that?"

His voice is boiling with hardly suppressed anger. "For eight years they had been trying to get me to go, and when I decide to go they call me a traitor. There had been so many campaigns for me to go, especially after the European Championship, I thought they would have been pleased. When I was forced to tell the players, do you think they minded? Of course not. They understand how the game works. Eventually everyone has to move on. They couldn't have cared less; they were pleased for me. If you had read the papers you would have thought… I don't know… that they were all suicidal or something."

And once dogs smell meat, they start frothing at the mouth. Next came the stuff about his private life. An alleged affair from six years beforehand was brought up and made into the week's most important news as the players flew out to Italy.

"You can't even imagine the mistakes they made in that. Imagine those people dissecting your private life in public. The inaccuracies in it were frightening… frightening. The people they hurt… then they carried on. They said that seven players had been involved in a gang bang in the hotel or something. It was embarrassing even investigating it. But by then we were out in Italy. There was no truth in it of course, nothing happened at all. Someone had told a tale and everyone had decided to run with it. But it was damaging. We had players' wives ringing up asking about it. This meant that people became worried, it was such an attack on the players."



He can chop wine glasses in half with his bare hands

"You can't even imagine the mistakes the press made. Frightening"

As Bobby is insisting on giving myself, photographer Tony Medley and the chap from Budweiser a lift back into town from his home, he remembers a real cracker from the Mexico World Cup.

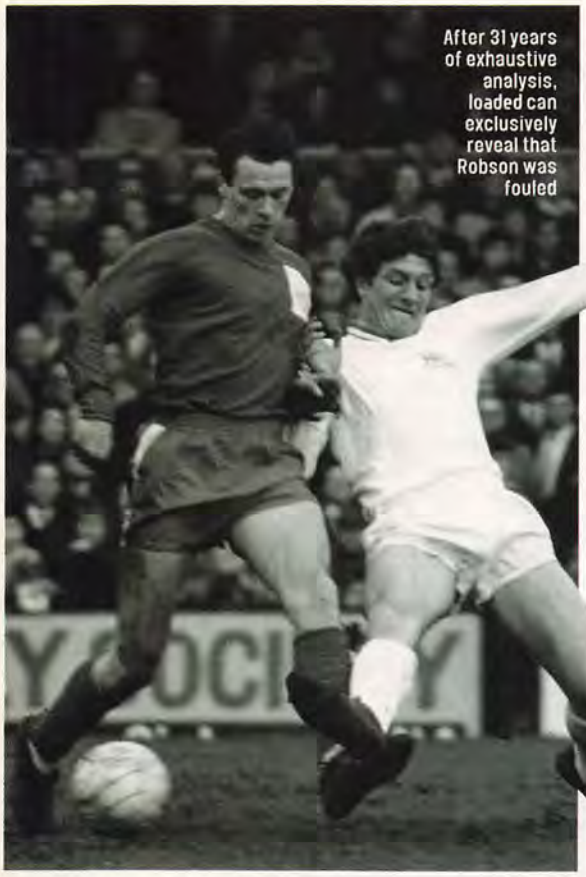
"Oh yes, I must tell you this. Do you know *Desert Island Discs*? It's a great show, isn't it? Lovely. I was asked on it just before the World Cup in 1986. Michael Parkinson interviewed me. It was quite an honour to be asked on. They were going to play it when the World Cup was on, so I was going to miss it. So I asked my son to record it for me and to post it out on a tape. Anyway, I received it a day or so after we had played our opening game. We had lost against Portugal – they made two chances, we made eight and lost 1-0. I was in the hotel and I borrowed one of those little tape players, you know, that people listen to while they jog. I was standing on the balcony of my room listening to the tape and I was pressing the little earphones into my ears because I couldn't hear. You see what I was doing? Anyway, someone has taken a picture of me from somewhere and a couple of days later they have a photo in the papers back home with me on my balcony apparently with my head in my hands, and the title of the picture is 'Robson In Despair', like I was sobbing from the defeat. Can you believe it? I was listening to bloody *Desert Island Discs*! They couldn't have been more wrong."

He waves his hands dismissively. "But can you believe I can give all this up?" he says, looking across Sitges. We can't of course. Sitges is a beautiful, small, comfy resort in the warmth of Spain; Eindhoven is a big grey port, the only place in Holland more minging than Rotterdam, and that takes some doing.

"It's so lovely here. I don't get any hassle – people come and speak to me but it is all different. It is quite a young town, there are a lot of… what do you call them… gays. There is a street up the other end of town where they all congregate, and no one cares. Good for them. It's live and let live here. The sports papers run 15, 20, 30 pages of football every day but they don't care about players' private lives. Football, fine, you have to deal with 50 journalists every day at training. But when I announced I was going back to Eindhoven, no one called me a traitor."

BUT EVEN BOBBY DOESN'T ALWAYS KNOW HIS own future. "I thought I would be coming back to England. I've been approached by several clubs. Celtic, Newcastle and Everton were all enquiring after me last season. Before [*Bruce*] Rioch went to Arsenal I had agreed to go to Highbury, but it never happened. I always thought I would come back.

"Before I went away I remember being very apprehensive. I had played and managed in ✈



After 31 years of exhaustive analysis, loaded can exclusively reveal that Robson was fouled

"I always thought I'd be coming back to England but it never happened"

England. Twenty caps, two World Cups as a player, manager of Fulham and Ipswich, then England. I had never worked abroad. I was worried – I felt it was a big gamble."

But the man who made lowly Ipswich a major force in England for 14 years with the FA Cup and the UEFA Cup, who brought over the first high-profile foreign imports in Thijssen and Muhren, who had a back four who could all play football (Burley, Mills, Hunter, Beattie), was light years ahead of the game in England. He won the Dutch championship with PSV, then moved to Portugal with Sporting Lisbon.

"We were top of the table for the first time in 12 years, we had good players and were in Europe. We went to Casino Salzburg in the first leg away from home and lost 2-0, and they sacked me. Unbelievable. A month later I was at Oporto. We won the championship. Guess where we won it? Lisbon, of course."

Did you give the Sporting chairman a wave?

"Did I need to?"

From there, the man now out of English football for six years was poached by the biggest club side in the world: Barcelona.

"They had come in for me twice before, once when I was with Ipswich and once in 1984, but I was with England and couldn't go. But I had always wanted to be here, to manage this great club…"

As if by prior arrangement, an old man strolls past waving and extolling in Spanish. "What did he say?" we ask Bobby.

"Oh, nothing." We ask him again, insistently.

"Er… he said I was the best manager… er… Barça have ever had."

But in the none-too-consistent world of football management, opinions mean nothing and sometimes winning means even less. In the '88 European Championship, England lost three on the spin. Against the Irish they were unlucky. Against Holland "we were ripped apart by Gullit and Van Basten – I swore never to play two against two at the back against Holland again", and against the Soviet Union they were just "very poor". But he kept his job. In Barça he won the Copa Del Rey (Spain's FA Cup), the European Cup-Winners' Cup and the Super Cup in one season, and wasn't so much sacked as moved aside for the arrival of Louis Van Gaal.

"People say I've got the greatest job in football, scouting for Barça. Well paid, living in a beautiful country with my beautiful Els [*his wife*], with great people and flying all over the world. But I've just got the drug, it's inside of me. I need more. I need to work with the players, to get back to the training ground. To plan, to create teams."

And to win?

"Of course, that is everything. The feeling after you have won a game is everything. To win."

For the umpteenth time he bangs the table for emphasis with a stubby index finger. But this time, as he says "to win", I think he's going to punch a hole right through it. The guvnor.

BOBBY ON THE SPOT

Bobby on Gazza:
"In 1990 he was great to have around, very funny, daft. But he was down at Ipswich aged 14 and I sent him home. He was about eight feet wide, four feet tall and cheeky with it."

Bobby on Ronaldo:
"He has won so much already that he can go on to be the best ever. He has such strength, such a beautiful physique, he has all the technique of the great Brazilians and the power to go with it. He is such a hard worker and a great listener, I used to have to tell him to save it. I would say, 'Look, you are fit, keep it inside for Saturday.' Wonderful, a great kid. But you have to compare him to Puskas, Di Stefano, Finney, Pele, Gullit, Cruyff, Maradona. And he hasn't achieved what they did. Yet."

Bobby on money:
"My dad was a socialist. A miner, a face worker who missed one shift in 51 years' working. I campaigned hard for the end to the maximum wage in the 1960s – it was obviously unfair and exploiting the players. When I was a player the best wage I ever had was £4 for a win and £2 for a draw. Now I think it's gone too far in some cases. For ordinary players, fine, but for the top ones... I don't know. But what can you do about it?"

Bobby on retiring:
"I want to travel. I want to take Els on a big trip. I've been all over this fantastic world and seen so many places, and she's just seen the back garden."

Bobby on his brothers:
"There were five of us: Tom, Phil, Ron, Bobby and Keith. We could have been a Continental back four with a sweeper."

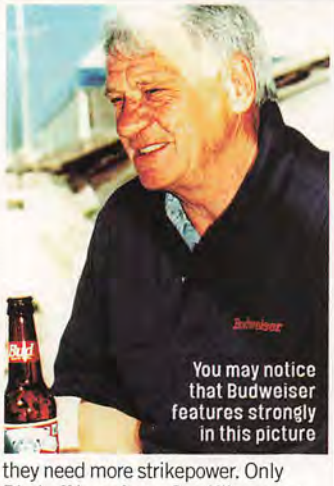
Bobby on alcohol:
"I've never drunk a pint of beer in my life. Honestly. How's that for a Geordie?"

Bobby on the World Cup:
"Who can stop Brazil? Themselves. OK, you might stop Ronaldo but can you stop Romario as well? And Edmundo? And Bebeto? What about Denhilson? Roberto Carlos's free-kicks? But they can lose. They lost in America recently, and in Argentina. They can lose a match and in the World Cup you only need one slip.

"England can do well. Gazza can unlock a defence, beat a couple of players and score. If Shearer is fresh and Sheringham or Owen get their scoring boots on then who can tell? English football needs defenders who are better on the ball. When you lose the ball that is when it hurts, and poor passing from the back can be very damaging. In Serie A or the Primera Liga, every defender can play. [*Mark*] Wrighty gave us that in 1990 but Des Walker, who was a great defender, just wanted to give it to [*Terry*] Butcher as fast as possible. If they have a team, playing off the strengths of each other and with good spirit, they can do well.

"The Germans aren't the team they were. They will be hard to beat but they need more strikepower. Only Bierhoff is on form. Can Klinsmann do it one last time? I'm not sure.

"The French should do well. Zidane and Deschamps are great players. They are solid at the back and they are at home, which is a big advantage. But again, can they round it off with goals? They need someone to come up trumps. It's asking a lot."



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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Steve Heighway 70-81
The pudding basin haircut may have gone, but "Big Bamber" hasn't. He's still at Liverpool, as the Director of Youth.

Emlyn Hughes 66-79
Crazy Horse captained Liverpool and England. But his ultimate triumph was leading his side on "A Question of Sport." He now runs a corporate entertainment company.

Ian Callaghan 59-78
Went on to pick up an MBE. Still showing skill and precision, as a member of Littlewoods' "Spot the Ball" panel.

Ian St John 61-71
The Saint teamed up with that funny bald bloke on TV. But now he's a pundit for ITV and Radio City.

Alf Arrowsmith 61-68
"The Arrow" now keeps a tight defence, as a part-time security guard in Manchester.

Peter Cormack 72-76
Provided the side with a bit of gloss. Now runs a painting and decorating firm in Edinburgh.

John Toshack 70-78
In his day, Toshy was one of Liverpool's young turks. Now he's gone to join them, as manager of Besiktas FC, Istanbul.

Peter Thompson 63-72
Pancho is in a different "game of two halves" now, as owner of the Hare & Hounds pub, Windermere.

Roger Hunt 59-70
"Sir Roger" went on to a career in the haulage business. Now an after dinner speaker.

Roy Evans 69-74
The hair has turned a shade of grey since his days as a skillful left-back. Being the boss probably had something to do with it.

Bobby Graham 64-72
Often dogged by injury, the young Scot wore the red shirt 123 times. Now living in Motherwell.

Chris Lawler 62-76
He helped the Reds climb the ladder. Now he climbs one himself, working for a roofing & building company.

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Ron Yeats 61-71
Nicknamed "Rowdy" after Clint Eastwood's TV cowboy. He now tracks down sharpshooters as chief scout for Liverpool FC.

Tony Hateley 67-69
The "H-Bomber" has hung up his boots and is now retired living in Preston.

Willie Stevenson 62-68
Always capable of a polished performance. Especially now he runs a contract cleaning service in Macclesfield.

Phil Boersma 69-76
An early proponent of the "Afro-Perm" look. Boey can now be found coaching Benfica FC, alongside that other fan of the curly hairstyle, Graeme Souness.

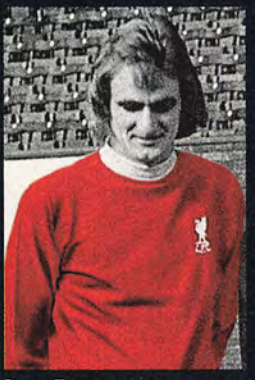
Geoff Strong 64-70
A great all-rounder, Strongy is now in the hotel fitting & furnishing business in Liverpool.

Bill Shankly 59-74
Although Shanks is now gone, his spirit will always live on at Anfield.

Tommy Smith 62-78
The "Iron Man" still makes the pages of the Liverpool Echo in his weekly column.

Doug Livermore 67-71
A useful midfielder, he now sits in the Anfield dugout as assistant manager.

Ronnie Moran 52-65
Both Ronnie and the Reds have seen promotion since their Division Two days. He is now the club's chief coach.



Phil Thompson 71-83
Tommo is still showing he can "do-it-all" as a partner in a Kirkby DIY store. He is also a pundit for Sky TV.

Gerry Byrne 57-69
Gerry was a craftsman on the pitch, and off. He became a self-employed joiner, before retiring to Prestatyn.

Brian Hall 68-76
"Little Bamber" (like "Big Bamber" a degree holder) is back at Anfield putting his brains to good use as PR manager and Community officer.

Alec Lindsay 69-77
After serving his team as a brilliant left-back, "Linds" is now serving pints at The Foundry Arms at Leigh Lancashire.

The classic Liverpool shirt
Had a distinguished career in the Shankly days. Now making a comeback at sports stores around the country.

Reebok

international

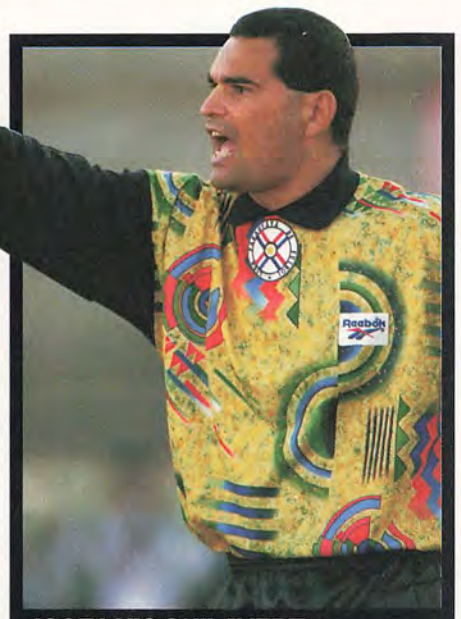
The World Cup of bad behaviour: meet some of the hotheads, coke fiends and dodgy playboys who may or may not be allowed into France this month. Some of them aren't even Colombian

story by ADAM PORTER

MARIO BASLER
Germany

Mario Basler is the new hellspawn of German football. The talented former Werder Bremen midfielder now resides at Bayern Munich, Germany's foremost club side. Fortunately for him, Bayern look set to clinch every domestic honour going, which could propel him into the national team. There's no doubt Basler has had his problems. Bertie Vogts, Germany's manager, once hired a private detective to follow him and make sure he wasn't out womanising, drinking or – the footballer's worst crime – smoking fags.

Basler, regarded by many as the most gifted midfielder in Germany, has long had disciplinary problems with managers, coaches… in fact anyone who tells him what to do. He is happy to be pictured puffing away at a ciggy, and has had a stream of women seen on his arm. He also suggested that Vogts needed a psychiatrist for not playing him during Euro 96.



JOSE LUIS CHILAVERT
Paraguay

Jose Luis Chilavert is the Paraguayan keeper who plays for Velez Sarsfield in Argentina. This 6ft 5in monster of a man sparked an international incident when he head-butted Tino Asprilla of Colombia in a qualifier. The resulting pitch fracas involved coaches, fans, police and a few wild dogs.

Chilavert is loved by the fans for the way he stands up for the ordinary people of his country. For example, he was recently approached for a photo opportunity with a well known – and famously corrupt – politician. When our hero refused to pose with the said minister, the politician's goons tried to jump him. After knocking two of them out, he unsurprisingly became even more popular with the fans. A hungover **loaded** photographer Grant Fleming bumped into Chilavert at breakfast during the Copa America '97 tournament and spent the rest of the meal hiding under the table.

football pests

ANTHONY DE AVILLA
Colombia

Thirty-six-year-old Anthony de Avilla is one of the most notorious people in Colombia at the moment. When the national side looked set to depart from the qualifying tournament with a scoreless draw at home to Ecuador, de Avilla came off the bench to notch a superb 88th-minute winner that sent the Colombians to France. But even the notoriously violent fans at the Baranquilla Stadium were shocked when they heard de Avilla's interview after the game: "I dedicate this goal, with respect and love, to two men who have been deprived of their liberty, Gilberto and Miguel." Gilberto and Miguel Orejuella, aka The Brothers, are the imprisoned leaders of the infamously violent Cali drugs cartel. America Cali was de Avilla's first club, to whom he was sold, aged 14, by his father. Of course he was then under the complete control of the owners of America Cali: Gilberto and Miguel Orejuella. (Their sister now runs the club after a pathetic clean-up effort by the Colombian government.) De Avilla's contract with the New York Metrostars was terminated after the revelation, and he now plays, ironically, in Ecuador.

WILSON PEREZ
Colombia

Wilson Perez's World Cup has been thrown into doubt. The Colombian defender has been a mainstay of the national team for many years. But in late 1995 he was caught with 171 grammes of cocaine in his baggage in the town of Baranquilla when attempting to board a flight for the USA. Due to the appalling delays in the Colombian legal system, Perez has still not been tried on the charge. Despite all this, he has been a regular member of the Colombian squad in the build-up to France 98.

As a result of his powdery difficulties, the Americans may not allow him to fly over their airspace to travel to France, and the French authorities are as yet undecided as to whether or not to let him into France at all. Perez's club? America Cali (see left). The President of Colombia, Ernesto Samper, is trying to make sure Perez makes it to France. The fact that the Orejuellas reportedly paid Samper £4 million to run his last campaign is obviously irrelevant.

ALBIERO USURIAGA
Colombia

Two players who almost certainly will not be going to France are the (once again) Colombian Albiero Usuriaga – who has been banned for two years – and the Argentinian striker Claudio Arenzo. Both of them play for the Argentinian club side Independiente, and both came up positive for cocaine under new drug-testing rules. However, their plight has been taken up by a group of ex-players who have condemned the new tests. Not surprisingly, Diego Maradona is one of them, but he is joined by former Argentinian internationals Jorge Burruchaga and Oscar Ruggeri as well as long-time Uruguayan star Enzo Francescoli. They claim the rules are too harsh. "Why not just give the player a gun to go and shoot himself with?" said Maradona.

CLAUDIO ARENZO
Argentina

"If it carries on like this, we will have to stop playing football," added Diego Latorre, Maradona's team-mate at Boca Juniors, and another player who won't be going to France with the Argentina squad.

loaded PROMOTION

Tim's big breakdown

PART 2

Tim's having very little luck in the world of international fashion modelling, despite landing this job advertising EMBASSY LIGHTS. He failed at cooking burgers last month, so this week he's selling roses to couples having romantic dinners. Only Tim's so shy he just sits there at the table saying nothing and looking weird. After a few minutes he starts putting customers off their food, and the waiters have to chuck him out. He hasn't sold a rose in weeks. In some ways it's probably a blessing that he had to retire from the business after his supplier promised to bury him in a rose garden.

SMOKING CAUSES HEART DISEASE

Chief Medical Officers' Warning
5mg Tar 0.5mg Nicotine

get live world cup updates on uploaded.com

Here's one they did earlier

Ever fancied going to the World Cup Final? The British Grand Prix maybe? Swanking about with drivers and models and all that sort of thing? Oh, alright then. Tell you what, why not go to both on the same day, with helicopters, private jets, loads of Champagne and top hotels? I mean, unless you've got something better todo.

Win! The ultimate weekend

Go to the British Grand Prix, then jet off to Paris to see the World Cup final

Isn't that just the pits?

We and our lovely friends at the Benson & Hedges Jordan Formula One team have four places to give away for the weekend of your life, including:

- **Friday 10 July – the Stowe Ball**. Biggest thing in the F1 social calendar, an enormous posh knees-up attended by drivers, teams, models, the whole works.
- **Saturday 11 July – Qualifying at Silverstone**, as close to the action and frankly very loud noise as you're likely to get.
- **Sunday 12 July – Watch the British Grand Prix** from the luxury of the grandstand, a short stroll from the Paddock Club where you'll have been guzzling free food and stuff. Then jump into your helicopter for a transfer to a private jet (Champers, all that) to Paris, where you'll be taken to the Stade de France to watch England* and Scotland* play in the World Cup final!

Two winners get to bring a mate each on what will be the best weekend of your life. We'll provide all transport, hotels, even a flash dinner suit for the ball if you need it – all you have to do is eat, drink and be merry. So don't say we never do anything for you.

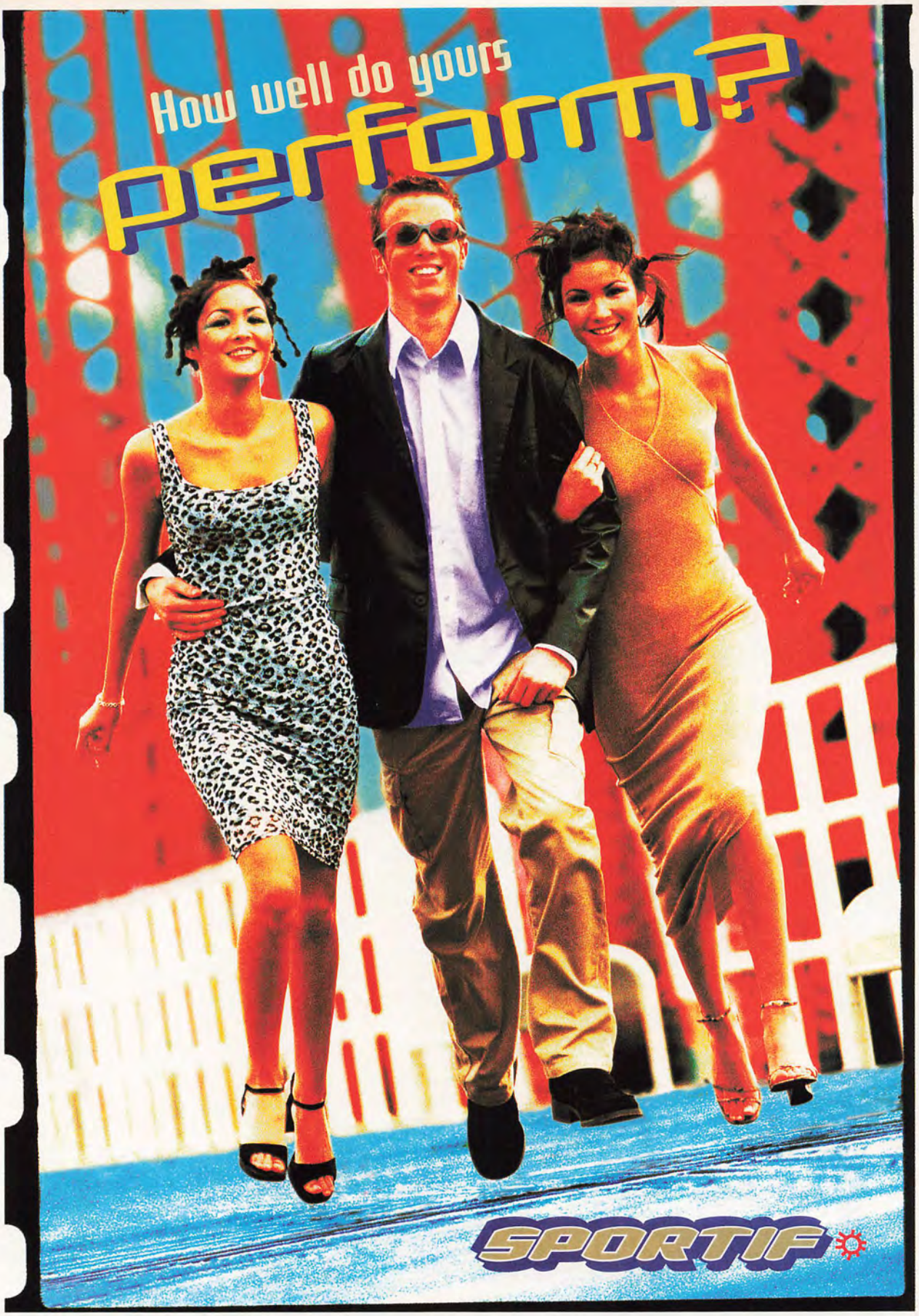
Just phone up the number below and answer a piss-easy question. Winners will then be selected at random from correct entries. We also have 50 runners up prizes of Benson & Hedges Jordan merchandise.

0930 102 566

*Possibly. No responsibility accepted for either team being crap and getting duffed out in the first round.

Rules
1. You must be over 18 to enter
2. Employees of IPC Magazines and their families may not enter.
3. Phone lines open from 10 June to 24 June.

BENSON & HEDGES Jordan



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The Right Chemistry

http://www.boots.co.uk

loaded fashion

edited by BETH SUMMERS

contents

p128-135 **Frisky business:** Look nice for the World Cup coppers while they probe your cavities

p138-139 **Cream slices:** Gleaming white trainers for people who are scared of bright colours

p140-143 **Goi division:** The boys from Gio Goi come out of the slammer and back into the limelight

p144-148 **Clobber tropicana:** Dress yourself up before you go-go. But please don't mention public toilets

p152 **Stockists:** How to rid your wallet of all that unsightly cash

Dark olive hat with cord lining £15 by Maharishi **navy fitted shirt with sleeve pocket** £80 by Dirk Bikkembergs **grey 'V' trousers** £90 by YMC **white and fluoro-yellow trainers** £49.99 Nike Air Perseus

FRISKY business

GROUND CONTROL FOR MAJOR GAMES

photos by JAKE WALTERS styling by TOM STUBBS

'Blondes Brunettes Redheads' address book £23.50 by Smythson

Brown check hat £45 by Paul Smith **tortoise-shell plastic sunglasses** £50 by CK Calvin Klein **khaki hooded jacket** £122 by Stone Island **white leather trainers** £49.99 by Lacoste **chain** photographer's own

Pale blue cotton 'Rockfalls' zip jacket £185 by Napapijri **chambre short sleeve overshirt** £68 by Stone Island **'Club Check' shorts** £65 by Aquascutum **trainers** £49.99 by New Balance 574s **Millwall brick** model's own

Dark red plastic wraparound sunglasses £119 by Cutler & Gross **cream blouson** £125 by Timberland

dark grey 'snow pants' £90 by Maharishi **blue stripe short sleeve top** £55 by PS by Paul Smith **'House Check' socks** £6.50 by Pantharella for Burberrys **crepe soled suede boots** £59.99 by Provider by WJ Brookes

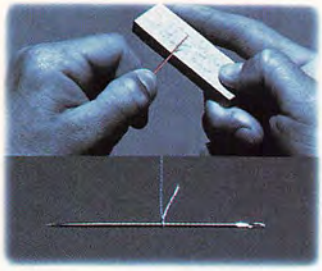
Timberland
Andrex

MODEL: DANIEL FENN. PHOTOGRAPHY ASSISTANT: ABI DILLON. SHOT EXTREMELY ON LOCATION AT BARNET FC'S UNDERHILL STADIUM

Hexagonal silver framed spectacles £136 by Calvin Klein **'house check' cotton shirt** £85 by Burberrys **navy shorts with mesh pockets** £39.99 by Stussy **chrome watch** £239 by G-Shock **mobile phone bag** £35 by Maharishi **white, blue and yellow running trainers** £69.99 'Magic Gel Racer' by Asics

Ochre linen short sleeve shirt £71.50 by Lacoste **For stockists see page 152**

GET LOST in the Texas desert and while your Wrangler will survive, you probably won't. The Jeep Wrangler has been evolving since the 1940s. And they haven't just been getting tougher. They've been getting safer, more comfortable and more refined.



A NEEDLE OR FERROUS METAL WIRE, STROKED REPEATEDLY IN ONE DIRECTION WITH EITHER SILK OR A MAGNET WILL BECOME MAGNETISED AND POINT NORTH.

You didn't get twin airbags, quadra coil suspension or performance of 0-60 in

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 0800 616159.

THE JEEP WRANGLER RANGE: 2.5 LITRE SPORT £14,220, 4.0 LITRE SPORT £15,720, 4.0 LITRE SAHARA £17,875, 4.0 LITRE SAHARA AUTO £18,520. HALF DOORS AVAILABLE AS AN ACCESSORY. ALL PRICES ARE ON THE ROAD AND INCLUDE 12 MONTHS ROAD FUND LICENCE (£150) AND £25 REGISTRATION FEE. PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS ARE CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS. SEND COUPON TO JEEP INFORMATION SERVICE, FREEPOST 1048, SANDWICH, KENT CT13 9BR.

IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE, POINT THE HOUR HAND AT THE SUN, HOLDING THE WATCH FLAT. BISECT THE ANGLE BETWEEN THE HOUR HAND AND 12 FOR THE NORTH-SOUTH LINE.

8.8 seconds fifty years ago. The Jeep Wrangler range includes the 2.5 litre Sport, the 4.0 litre Sport and the 4.0 litre Sahara (available as both manual or automatic). The Sport has a soft top as standard and the Sahara, a hard top with soft top option. Finally, if you don't have a Wrangler or a needle and thread, here's some advice. Stay home. THE NEW JEEP WRANGLER.

THE PLOUGH(A) CASSIOPEIA (B) AND ORION (C) ALL SURROUND THE POLE STAR(D) WHICH IS LOCATED ABOVE POLAR NORTH.

TO SURVIVE out here
you'll need a needle,
thread and a Jeep Wrangler.

MR/MRS/MISS/MS (initials)..... SURNAME ..... ADDRESS .....

..... POSTCODE ..... PHONE HOME..... PHONE BUSINESS..... WDLO07-98

Leather 'Insignia snowflake' trainer
£49.99 by Reebok

White elasticated trainer
£65 by Royal Elastics

White leather '574s' trainer
£49.99 by New Balance

White 'Air streak light' trainer
£70 by Nike

Spanking white trainers that look like Jane Asher could have made them. Shoe pastry anyone?

photos by DAVE BURTON
story by TOM STUBBS

AM
CES

White 'Basket' trainer
£29.99 by Puma

White 'Country 2' trainer
£49.99 by Adidas

Cream leather trainer
£75 by L Kitzmantel

White 'Green Flash' trainers
£17 by Dunlop

For stockists see page 152

gioi

story by BILL BORROWS photos by GRANT FEAR

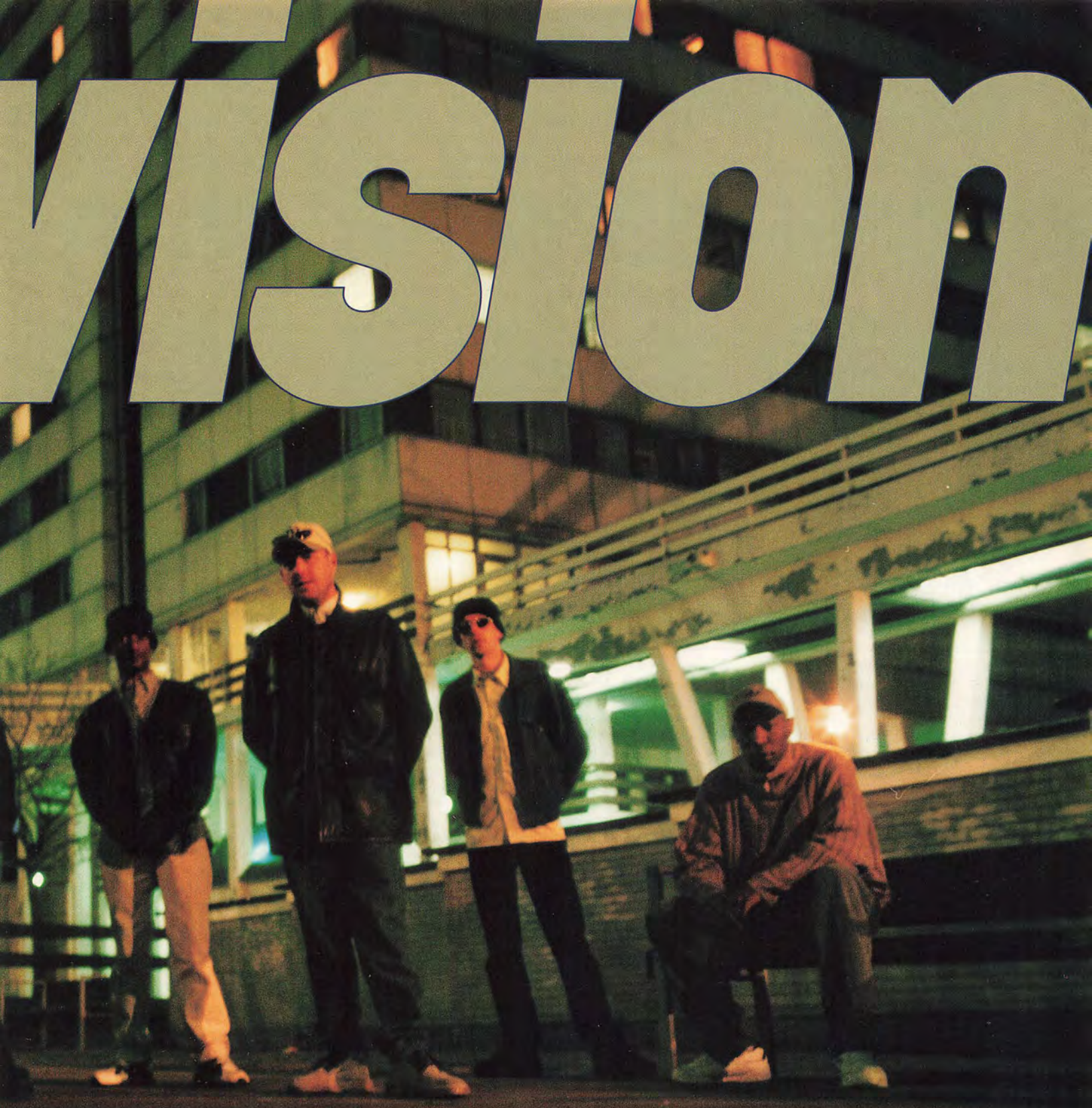
Gio Goi was the label of the '90s until drugs, murder and

Let's just suppose for one minute that your old man was not one of the Beatles. While we're doing that, let's also take it for granted that you did not study art at St Martin's College. We'll also assume, for good measure, that you do not live in or near London and are not prone to air-kiss people you would rather stab when meeting them at over-rated restaurants. Your mission, then, should you choose to accept it, is to break into the fashion world in a capacity other than cloth-cutter, establish your own brand of cool-as-fuck clothing and take the piss.

"I'm not saying it was easy," smiles Anthony Donnelly, one of the two brothers behind Gio Goi, "but we did it. We were turning over a six-figure sum within a matter of months, d'ya know what I mean? And we did it all ourselves." That was six years ago. Since then there has been a period as a Category A prisoner on remand, a drugs bust, a murder, harassment from the authorities, the kind of restructuring you wouldn't find in a Harvard Business Manual, disappearing trees and, now, a relaunch of the label that was as much a part of the early '90s as the Stone Roses' first album. "First impressions are that everyone is pleased to see us back," says Anthony. "The customers never stopped asking for it. We look forward to doing a couple of shows next year and meeting all our friends in the industry, and a few of the ones who tried to disrespect us when we were not able to answer back." This is the story of the rise and fall and rise again of Gio Goi.

Anthony and Christopher Donnelly are the sons of a scrap metal merchant from Wythenshawe, a part of Manchester nicknamed 'the reservation' even by

vision

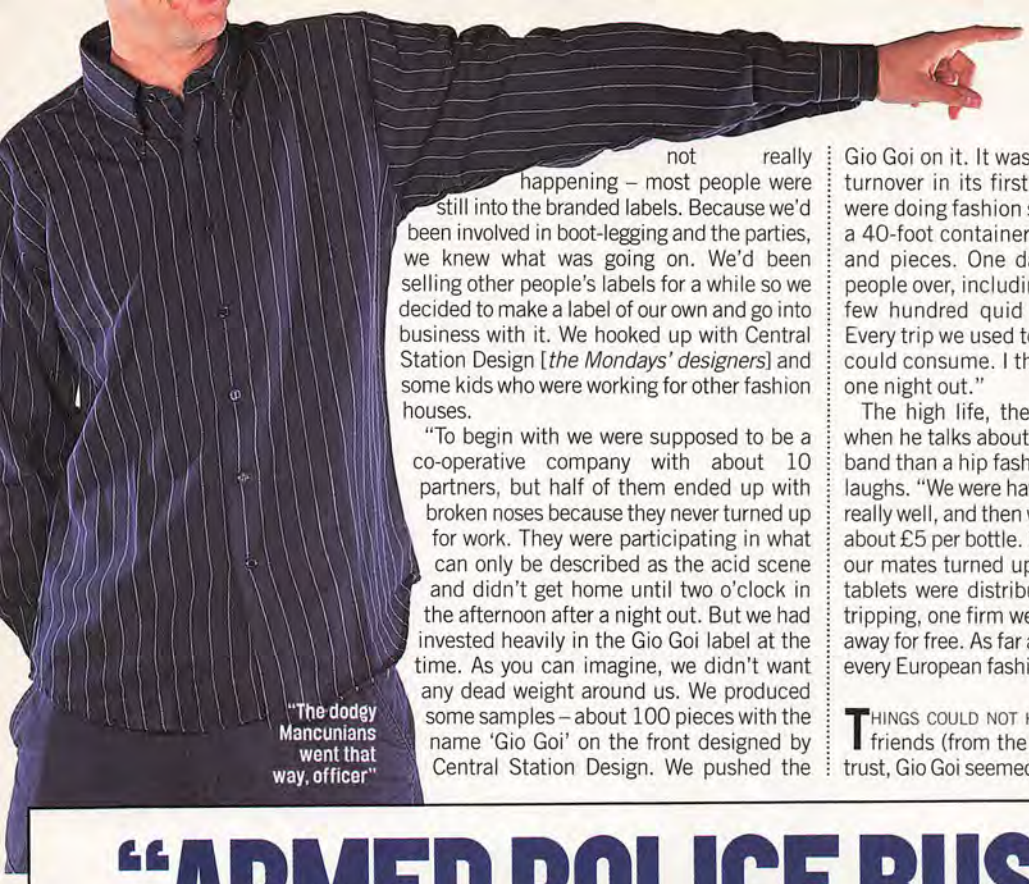


prison intervened. Now the Donnelly brothers are back

the people who live there. They left when they were 21 and 18 respectively because, as elder bro Anthony puts it, "We were travelling around Europe and getting up to all sorts. I used to be a pickpocket but Chris also used to get into some sticky situations, like when armed police arrived at the house, bust the door down and arrested my family and myself. Apparently Chris had held someone up with a firearm, which he was never convicted of, but it was all too much for our mum. We were bootlegging band T-shirts and had a bit of money saved and so decided to go to Manchester and look for offices.

"We weren't actually sure what we were going to do but we needed some office space. As it happens, our sister worked for Factory Records, the record label which the Happy Mondays were signed to, and they asked if we would print their T-shirts legitimately. We decided to give it a go but soon got bored as they weren't really kicking at the time, and we were doing other things which earned us better money. We were organising massive acid house parties and distributing a pirate video of the Mondays at the Free Trade Hall through a large chain of record stores." This was during the late '80s, just as the Madchester scene was sparking into life. As Manchester made the cover of Newsweek magazine, the Donnellys found themselves in the right place at the right time with enough hard currency to exploit the opportunities.

"We weren't mugs," says Anthony. "We could see what everyone was wearing. There was a lot of hype in the newspapers about the Manchester fashion scene being all about flares. We knew the reality of it was that only Stone Roses fans were wearing that type of merchandise. Anyone who was actively involved in party organisation or whatever knew that flares were ✈


"The dodgy Mancunians went that way, officer"

"ARMED POLICE BUST THE DOOR

not really happening – most people were still into the branded labels. Because we'd been involved in boot-legging and the parties, we knew what was going on. We'd been selling other people's labels for a while so we decided to make a label of our own and go into business with it. We hooked up with Central Station Design [*the Mondays' designers*] and some kids who were working for other fashion houses.

"To begin with we were supposed to be a co-operative company with about 10 partners, but half of them ended up with broken noses because they never turned up for work. They were participating in what can only be described as the acid scene and didn't get home until two o'clock in the afternoon after a night out. But we had invested heavily in the Gio Goi label at the time. As you can imagine, we didn't want any dead weight around us. We produced some samples – about 100 pieces with the name 'Gio Goi' on the front designed by Central Station Design. We pushed the label and the first person to appear in a magazine in our gear was Peter Hook. He was on the front page of the *NME*, but soon after the New Fast Automatic Daffodils and then the Charlatans wore it on television. This created an interest. Everyone wanted to know what the label was and what it meant."

There are several rumours as to the derivation of the name. The official one is that it means "What is the call?" in Vietnamese. What happened next is a case study in the art of the blag. "There was a six-month period of hype with all the PR appearing in magazines and bands wearing Gio Goi... we even did a story for the *Sun*, so before we had a product to sell, when all we had were samples, we had 200 accounts. We went to the menswear exhibition in London and booked a live set for the stand. All you could hear was booming bass around the exhibition, and the straight companies couldn't get any work done because we were creating such a noise." Months after the music business, the media and the paying public, the fashion industry sat up and took notice. "We went back to Manchester with £150,000 worth of orders, although it came out in the press that the figure was nearer £1.5 million.

"So, obviously, Gio Goi looked like a multi-million pound company when it only really had two bob. However, we still had to fulfil the orders which we'd taken at the exhibition. It was a bit hectic at first and we had all sorts of complications, but most people were happy just to have a garment with Gio Goi on it. It was a huge success and took a couple of million pounds' turnover in its first year, and steadily progressed from there. When we were doing fashion shows such as Sem in Paris, we built a stand and took a 40-foot container over with cacti and flashing lights and different bits and pieces. One day we took £250,000 worth of orders. We flew 23 people over, including some of our best buyers and sales reps, gave them a few hundred quid each and went to the exhibition. We smashed it. Every trip we used to have a competition to see how much Champagne we could consume. I think on this particular trip we drank 88 bottles just on one night out."

The high life, then. Donnelly's face cracks into a malevolent half-grin when he talks about Gio Goi on tour. It was more like an out-of-control rock band than a hip fashion label. "I remember doing a party with Komodo," he laughs. "We were having a really good chuckle because everything was going really well, and then we arrived at one show and the beer was really expensive, about £5 per bottle. Everyone complained it was too pricy. Fortunately, one of our mates turned up with a load of drugs. Anyway, I think about 250 acid tablets were distributed and by six o'clock in the morning everyone was tripping, one firm were eating chair legs and the bar staff were giving drinks away for free. As far as I'm aware that company have since been barred from every European fashion exhibition by the British Consulate."

THINGS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN SWEETER. SURROUNDING THEMSELVES WITH THEIR friends (from the warehouse man to the models) and people they could trust, Gio Goi seemed to be embarked upon an inexorable path to mainstream label credibility alongside Lacoste, Helly Hansen and Red Or Dead. There were, however, clouds on the horizon. "We knew there were a few bits and pieces going on outside the company which we did not agree with fully, but we can't say too much about that particular time except that it culminated in one of our friends [*Steven Yates*] being shot dead. He was walking out of his flat one night and he got hit five times by a shotgun. He was very close to Chris and myself. In fact he was a best friend who we considered to be a brother.

"We left a couple of silent partners in charge of the business while we tried to get over Steven's death. We went away for about three months, but when we arrived home we found out we owned a Bentley Turbo that we didn't know about and there were a few other things which were not right. As I mentioned before, we originally started out as 10 partners: the two kids from Central Station Design left of their own accord but the other six ended up in tears. The two silent partners made an affidavit that Chris and myself put guns to their heads and took their shares off them. Anyway, this went to litigation. Between that and Steven's death we were under a lot of stress. There was a lot of tit for tat going on and the shit had hit the fan in every department you can possibly imagine. Then, to cap it all, the police arrested my dad after an undercover drugs operation. He was set up and has served three-and-a-half years to date. He's out early next year.

"Well, you can imagine what the police thought when they found Chris and myself with a lot of money and a load of people wrapped around us – also with Steven's death and the trouble with the silent partners. It must have looked like one big hornets' nest and they started making enquiries about us too... the undercover police told my dad they had a shop in Newquay and that they would like to stock Gio Goi, so he brought them over to our warehouse. They offered us £20,000 in cash for an order but also wanted to know if we could introduce them to someone with drugs. All this time there were funny-looking postmen coming to the house, strange sets of roadworks and trees going

MODELS: PETER, GRIMMY, MEDWIN, ANTHONY DONNELLY, CHRIS DONNELLY, OMAR, PHIL, JASON, MAX, MAX'S BROTHER

"We've got enough for five-a-side. Now all we need is a Scouser's head for a ball"

DOWN AND ARRESTED MY FAMILY"

Gio Goi shirts from £65. For stockists, tel: 01534 481311

missing around us." These unusual occurrences, it transpired, were all to facilitate the police operation.

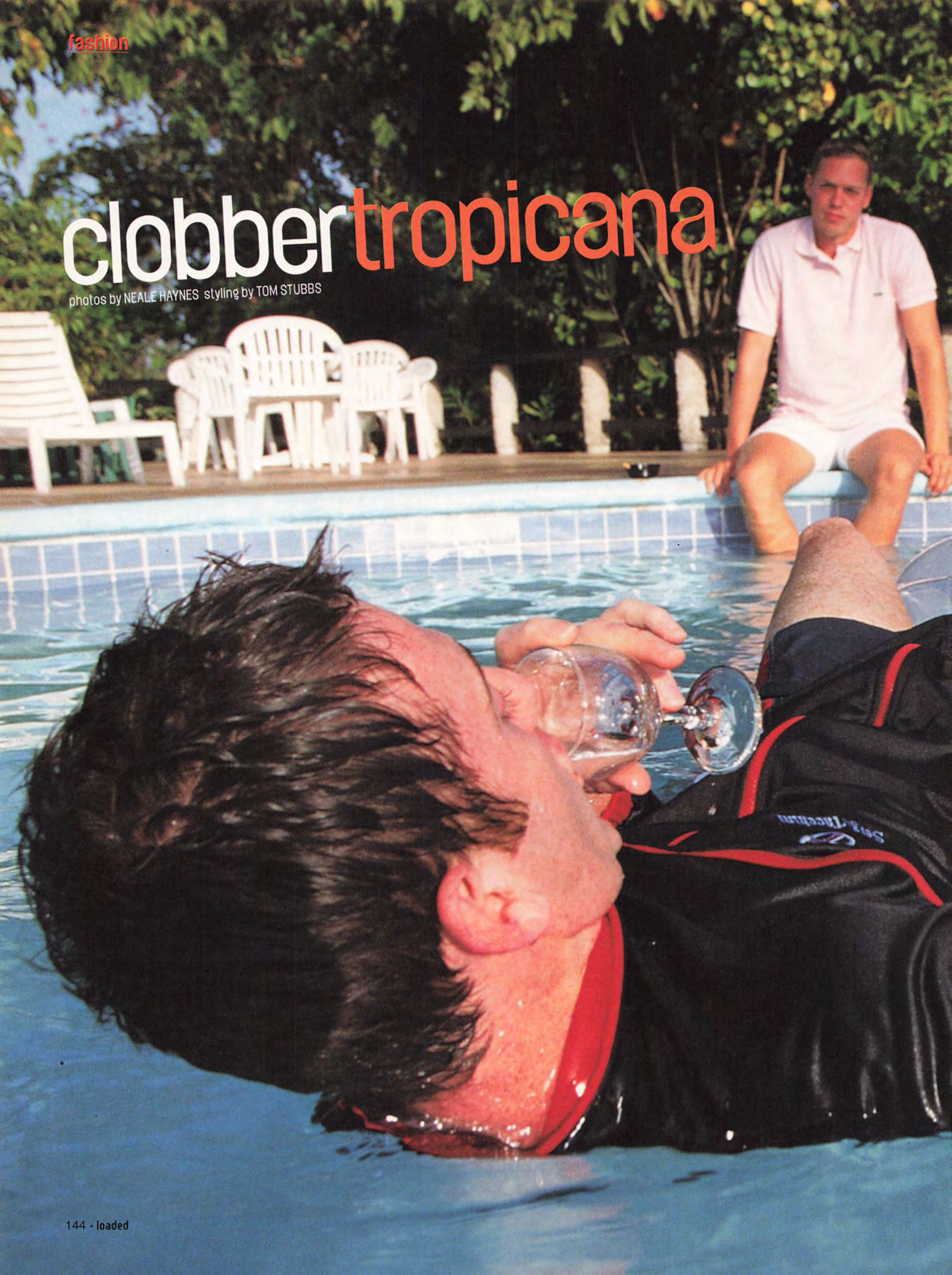
Anthony was eventually arrested and placed on remand as a Category A prisoner while Christopher, then living in Knightsbridge, was obliged to sign on at Chelsea police station every day. As Anthony remembers it now, "the money stopped coming in as we stopped concentrating on the business." There was also the little matter of the shop in Covent Garden, opened by Chris, which went down at a cost of £200,000 after the owners of the property decided to wind up the lease after 12 months because they wanted to sell it. The Gio Goi 'F*cked Up' line was looking less like a comment on a state of mind and more like a 12-month business forecast. "We got through it all because we consider ourselves to be strong people. I cannot think of anyone who could come through all this shit, stay sane and still come back for more." The job in hand is now to get Gio Goi back into the marketplace.

"A couple of people have formed labels trying to reproduce Gio Goi's image and style while we have been away, and it just has not worked for them because everybody knows who Gio Goi really are. It's a label that is completely independent; it should be viewed as a credible label because of its history and the suffering we've had to go through. When we were on our arses and looking for a plc to take over the label, I sent Wayne Hemmingway [*of Red Or Dead*] a fax. He said we should not rush into anything because the label was very strong, and should hold out for a better deal. We've learned the fashion industry as we've gone along, and there are some good people like Hemmingway involved. I thank him to this day for that advice."

This is the label you *will* be wearing next summer. "We've put a small range together of fitted and loose-fitted shirts in stripes, checks and plains for this summer," says Anthony. "For the winter we will probably introduce a line of knitwear, and a full range of Gio Goi will be available for summer 1999. We will continue to dress certain bands and celebrities, but they will be very few and far between. There were people and bands who took thousands of pounds' worth of stock and never picked up the phone up to ask how we were or give us two poxy fucking tickets for a pop concert. We now have to go through their managers to speak to them. They know who they are." He pauses. "We are just trying to produce decent clothes for people to feel good. That's what we do." Definitely Category A clothing. As the car sticker used to put it, "Gio Goi: dedicated to dodging the rain and the bullets." ■

clobber tropicana

photos by NEALE HAYNES styling by TOM STUBBS



Drinks are free but clothes aren't. You may have to flash your packet if you want to sample the great taste of Pepsi (or Shirley)

Red and navy tracksuit £55 (for bottoms as well) by Sergio Tacchini **red, white and blue shorts** £39 by Tommy Hilfiger

Pink polo shirt £59 by Lacoste **white cotton shorts** £52 by Iceberg Jeans

Cream and navy stripe cotton knit £82 by Scapa **faded second-hand jeans** £40 by Levis
Denim dungarees £62 by Aviatic **beach print T-shirt** £13 by Marks & Spencer

White vest £10 by Marks & Spencer **faded ripped jeans** £170 by Gucci **gold sunglasses** £145 by Katharine Hamnett **straw hat** $13 (Jamaican) from Jamaica

White vest, faded ripped jeans, gold sunglasses and **straw hat** as before **brown leather loafers** £195 by Salvatore Ferragamo
Buff cotton knit £109 **denim jeans with draw-string bottoms** £119 and **brown leather sandals** £149 all by Nicole Farhi **cream sunglasses** stylist's own

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UMBRO
ENGLAND
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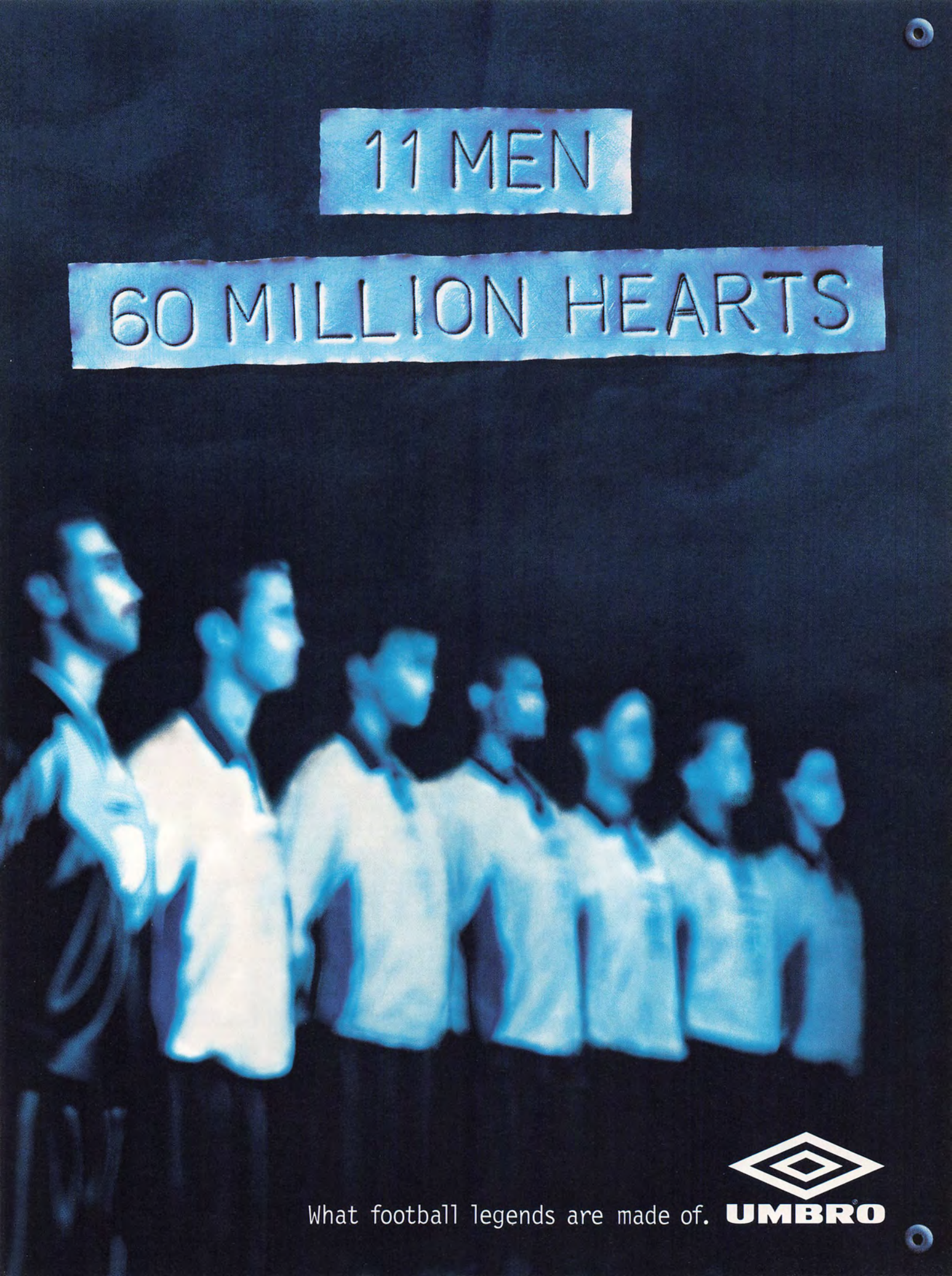
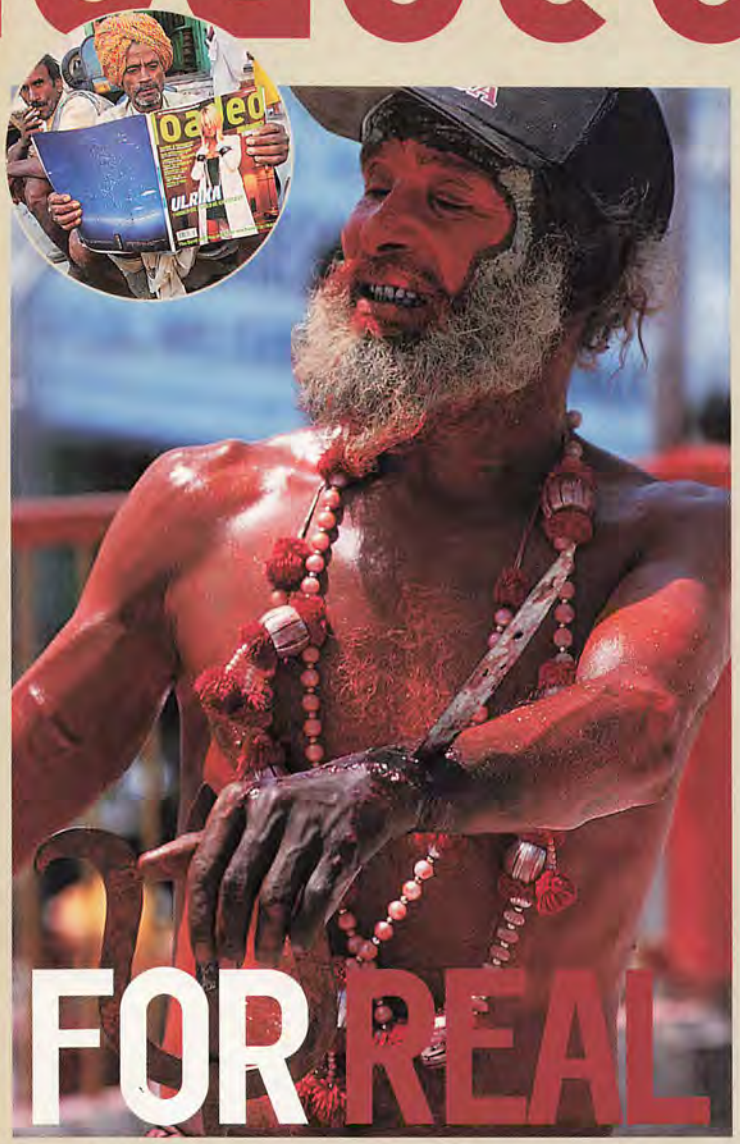
10


11 MEN
60 MILLION HEARTS
What football legends are made of.
UMBRO

next month in

loaded



loaded joins seven million punters at India's biggest and maddest festival

PLUS

The chick from Species 2, Natasha Henstridge, New York with the Fun Loving Criminals, 24 hours of fun at Le Mans, round the corner with Ash and on set with porno fur burger king Ben Dover and loads of stuff about dancing

On sale Wednesday 8 July

STOCKISTS

FRISKY BUSINESS (from page 128)
Aquascutum shops at 100 Regent St, London W1 and 24 St Anne's Square Manchester, and from Rackhams, Corporation St, Birmingham and Frasers, 21/31 Buchanan St, Glasgow. Stock enq 0800 282922. **Asics** from The Sweater Shop, Cannons Health Club, Cousins Lane, London EC4, On The Run, West Field Rd, Wakefield, Greaves, Garden St, Glasgow, Runners World, Rayners Lane, Pinner. Stock enq 01925 241041. **Burberry's** shop 165 Regent St, London W1 and 39-41 Princes St, Edinburgh, also from Wade Smith, 2 Matthew St, Liverpool, Shirt Line, 19 Great Western Arcade, Birmingham. Stock enq 0171 734 5929. **Calvin Klein** and **CK** both from opticians nationwide. Stock enq 0800 722020.**Cutler & Gross** shop 16 Knightsbridge Green, London SW3, and from Philip Brown, 2 Guildhall, Norwich, Wade Smith, 2 Matthew St, Liverpool and Ines Coal, 5 Eld Lane, Colchester. Stock enq 0171 581 2250.**Dirk Bikkembergs** from Jones, Floral St, Covent Garden, London WC2, the Library, Brompton Road, London SW3, Kit, 14 Silver Walk, Leicester, Limeys 26-27 Sadler Gate, Derby, and Hatters, 11-13 White Lion St, Norwich. Stock enq 0033 2024760. **G-Shock** from Time For Life, 55 Neal St, Covent Garden, London WC2, Legends Surf Ltd, Upper Ground, 9 City Plaza, Birmingham, Diffusion Ltd, 10-12 Princes St, Wolverhampton and McQueen Clothing, 33 East St, Chichester. Stock enq 0800 387146. **Lacoste** from Boutique Lacoste, 20 Brompton Rd, London SW3 and 34 Princes Square, Glasgow. Also from Hurleys, 83 Piccadilly, Manchester and Wade Smith, 2 Matthew St, Liverpool. Stock enq 0171 439 2213.**Lacoste Trainers** from JD Sports, 267 Oxford St, London W1, and branches nationwide. Stock enq 01706 626400. **Maharishi** from Way In, Harrods, Knightsbridge, London SW3, Dr Jives, 113 Candleriggs, Glasgow, Street Threads, 49 The Green, Aberdeen, Geese, 26 Deansgate, Manchester, Scaramanga, 23 Pelham St, Nottingham. Stock enq 0171 490 0316. **Napapijri** from Woodhouse, Oxford St, London W1, Capolita Roma, City Plaza, Birmingham, Super Shoe, The Bute Centre, 34 Glaisnock St, Cumock and Blacks Active, Metro Centre, Gateshead. Stock enq 01785 819787. **New Balance** from Run And Become, 42 Palmers St, London SW1, Up And Running, 148-150 Market St, Hyde, The Running Shop, 11 St Leonard's Rd, Far Cotton, Northampton and Alexandra Sports, 141 Gladys Ave, Portsmouth. Stock enq 01925 82162. **Nike** from JD Sports branches nationwide. Stock enq 0800 056 1640. **Paul Smith Jeans** shop at 9/11 Langley Court, Covent Garden, London WC2, and from Wade Smith, 2 Matthew St, Liverpool, Scotts, 4 The Gate, Chester, and The Bureau, 2 Wellington St, Belfast. Stock enq 0171 379 7133. **Provider** by WJ Brookes, The Carnaby Centre, 16-20 Carnaby St, London W1, Clogs of Oasis, Priory Square, Birmingham, Void Clothing and Footwear, 30-40 Carlton St, Hockley, Nottingham and Jump The Gun, 36 Gardener St, Brighton. Stock enq 01522 576670. **Smythson** from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW3. Stock enq 0171 629 8558. **Stone Island** from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1, Aspecto, Dale St, Manchester, Limeys, 26-27 Sadler Gate, Derby, Giulio, 46 King St, Cambridge. Stock enq 0171 287 6767. **Stussy** from Bond International, 10 Newburgh St, London W1, Richmond Classics, 9-1 Richmond Hill, Bournemouth, One 40 Five Store, 27 Sydney St, Brighton, and Seven Ages, 5-7 Pottingers Entry, Belfast. Stock enq 0171 224 2656. **Timberland shop** 125 Long Acre, Covent Garden, London WC2, and from House of Fraser on Corporation St, Birmingham and Deansgate, Manchester. Stock enq 0345 669988. **YMC** from The Library, Brompton Rd, London SW3, Ratio, 3-4 Market St, The Lanes, Brighton, Aspecto, Bridge St, Manchester, Dr Jives, 113 Candleriggs, Glasgow. Stock enq 0171 251 8861.

CREAM SLICES (from page 138)
Adidas Stock enq 01706 626400. Available from JD Sports nationwide. **Dunlop** John Lewis, Oxford Street, London W1. Cole Brothers, Barkers Pool, Sheffield S1. Bainbridges, Eldon Square, Newcastle, GH Lee, Basnett Street, Liverpool. Stock enq 01606 592041. **L Kitzmantel** Jones, 13 Floral Street, London WC2. Autograph, 9 Ethel Street, Birmingham. Strand, 22 Queen Victoria Street, Leeds. John Anthony, Unit 4, Omega Centre, Upper Bristol Road, Bath. Stock enq 0171 734 9222. **New Balance** Run and Become, 42 Palmers Street, London SW1. Up and Running, 148-150 Market Street, Hyde, The Running Shop, 2 St Leonard's Rd, Far Cotton, Northampton, Alexandra Sports, 141 Gladys Avenue, Plymouth. Stock enq 01925 82162. **Nike** Stock enq 0800 056 1640. Available from select sports shops nationwide, including Sports Division. **Reebok** Stock enq 01524 580100. Available from all good sports shops nationwide. **Royal Elastics** JD Sports, North Street, Brighton. Office, St Anne's Square, Manchester. Offspring, Neal Street, Covent Garden, London WC2, Raw, Westgate Street, Gloucester. Stock enq 0181 838 4447. **Puma** Lillywhites, Regent St, London W1. Cobra Sports, 4/6 High St, Brentford, Sports Soccer, Unit D, Chiltern Industrial Park, Boscombe Rd, Dunstable, Schuh, 1 Neilson Square, Deans Industrial Estate, Livingston. Stock enq 01924 425500.

CLOBBER TROPICANA (from page 144)
Armand Basi shop 12 Floral St, Covent Garden, London WC2, and from GQ, 3 Charter Square, Sheffield, Motto, 12 Duke St, Brighton, Massimo, 9 Creation Avenue, Lemon St, Dublin. Stock enq 0171 278 4843. **Aviatic** from American Classics, 398-400 New Kings Rd, London SW1, Autograph, 15 Ethel St, Birmingham, The End, 1 Malcolm Arcade, Leicester and Dr.Jives, 113 Candleriggs, Glasgow. Stock enq 0141 552 5451. **Burro** shop at 19a Floral St, Covent Garden, London WC2, and from Browns Focus, 38-39 South Molton St, London W1, Autograph, 15 Ethel St, Birmingham, An-x, 11 Upper Millergate, Bradford, and C2, 2 Westgate Arcade, Peterborough. Stock enq 0171 379 6866. **Gucci** shops at 18 Sloane St, London SW1 and 33 Old Bond St, London W1. Stock enq 0171 235 6707 **Iceberg Jeans** from Selfridges, 400 Oxford St, London W1, Originals, 368 Blackburn Rd, West End, Lancs, Cruise 39-45 Renfield St, Glasgow and Authentique, 16 Queen Victoria Street, Leeds. Stock enq 0171 6291234. **Katherine Hamnett Sunglasses** from Inspecs, 106 Draycott Ave, London SW3, SE King Opticians, Corner of Church and Parker Street, Liverpool, Lloyd Robert Opticians, 60a Church Street, Weybridge. Stock enq 0171 978 1888. **Lambretta Shop** 22a Fouberts Place, London W1, Apache, 60 Wellington Place, Belfast, Schuh, 43-45 Union St, Glasgow and Thomas Traddlers, 33 Market Row, Great Yarmouth. Stock enq 01604 587077. **Levis** (second-hand) from American Classics, 398-400 King's Rd, London SW10, and second-hand clothes shops nationwide. **Marks & Spencer** branches nationwide. Stock enq 0171 935 4422. **Nicole Farhi** shop 158 New Bond St, London W1, and from Harvey Nichols, 107-111 Briggate, Victoria Quarter, Leeds, Rileys, 11 Northbar, Within Beverly, Yorkshire and Giulio, 46-48 King St, Cambridge. Stock enq 0171 499 8368. **Patrick Cox** shop 129 Sloane St, London SW3, and from Wade Smith, 2 Matthew St, Liverpool, McDuff, 22 Castle St, Kingston-Upon-Thames. Stock enq 0171 730 8886. **Salvatore Ferragano** shop 24 Old Bond St, London W1, and from Kendals, Deansgate, Manchester, Browns Thomas, Grafton St, Dublin and Frasers, Buchanan St, Glasgow. Stock enq 0171 629 5007. **Scapa** from Palmer, 771 Fulham Rd, London SW6, The Men's Room, 834 Green Lanes, Palmers Green and Cadogan, 30-31 The Square, Winchester. Stock enq 0171 637 1450.**Sergio Tacchini** from Harrods, Brompton Road, London SW3, JD Sports stores nationwide (enq 01706 628000). General stock enq 0121 352 0991 **Tommy Hilfiger** shop 6 Sloane St, London SW1, also from House Of Fraser shops nationwide and Sefridges, Oxford Street, London W1. Stock enq 0171 201 8686.

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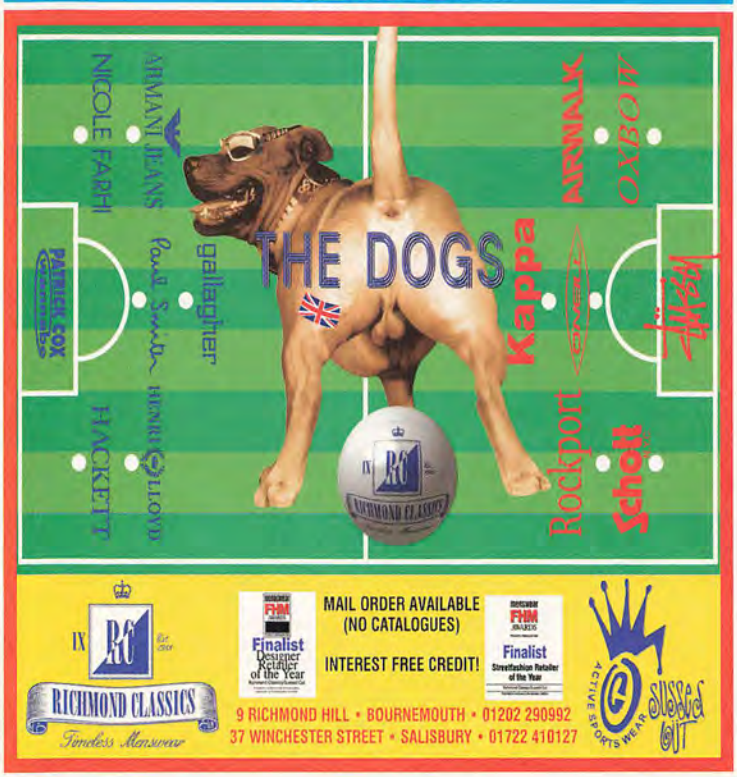

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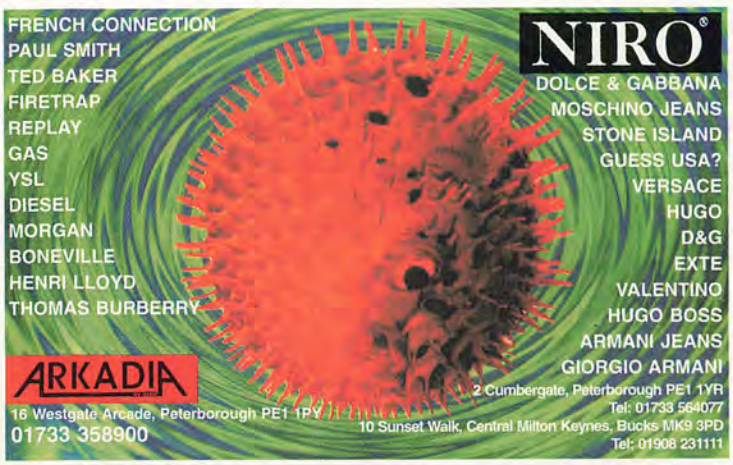

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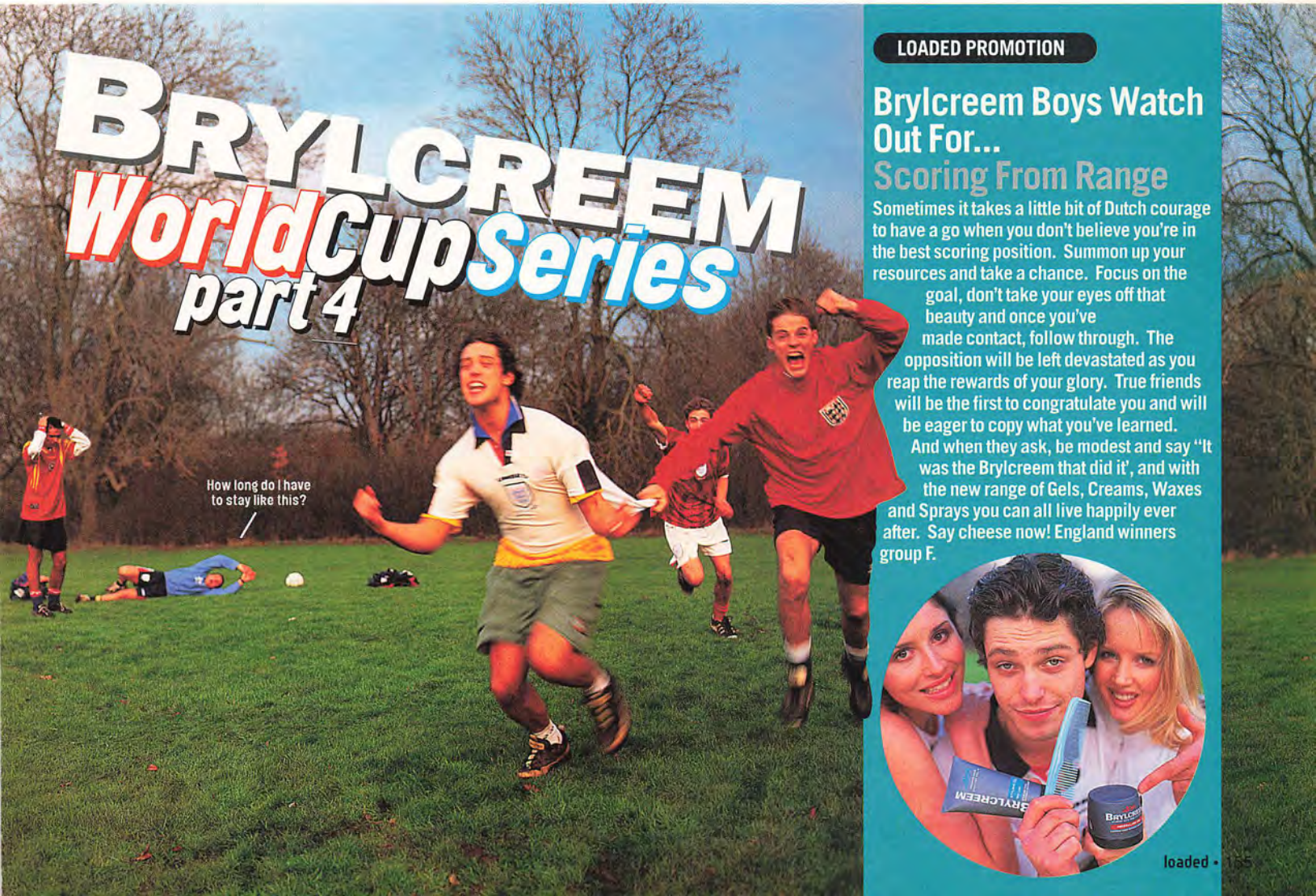

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Mark Williams

TV ad director

The man behind the ads for Castlemaine XXXX, Oasis, Littlewoods Pools, Rolos and the Sugar Puffs ones with Schmeichel and Emma Harrison

What was your first job?
I was a shop assistant in a local off-licence. It was a good introduction to the nicer things in life at the age of 14. It didn't pay too well, but a hip bottle of Lamb's Navy Rum in your parka and a couple of packets of Player's No 6 helped the week go by.

How much did you earn?
£5 for a Saturday.

Was that the worst job you've ever done?
No, I had a go at bingo calling when I was 16 or 17. People have this romantic idea of it that you can tell all these jokes and crack witticisms, but instead you've got all these women howling at you, "Stop fucking about and give us the numbers!" It's hell on earth.

What do you do to excess?
I can't do all the high living any more. I just do it to excess every now and again rather than all the time. These days the binges don't last that long any more. The record was 15 years.

What are your creative strengths?
Making things funny and profound at the same time, I suppose, plus looking at things in a different way and trying to find a gag. Humour with power, that's what I like.

What's the biggest gamble you've ever taken?
Quitting a fat, well-paid job in ad copywriting to become a director. I was earning a fortune, had a fast car and a flat and I jacked it all in and said, "That's not what I want to be in 10 years' time." But I rapidly became skint, got my flat repossessed and was on the street for a while. I picked myself up from that and clawed my way into directing without going back to the comfort of advertising. It wasn't easy.

Do you have a personal philosophy?
No, just a set of beliefs, like a will to continue, not taking the soft option, never going down the easier route, an easy life is a crap life and so on. I'm very single-minded and stubborn, which is a virtue. If it's not going to be outstanding, then it's not worth doing. Nice is no good.

Is that the secret of your success?
Yeah, never settle for mediocrity. There's answers and there's great answers. Making it work isn't enough. It's got to work brilliantly.

Do you ever get angry?
Of course not, I'm a model of cool efficiency, ha ha. No, I often lose it and yell at somebody during shoots. It makes people realise how seriously I'm taking things.

Any memorable times when you've done that?
We were shooting an ad for Littlewoods Pools with Alan Hansen on a cold December night in Dingle, Liverpool. It was raining and all these Scousers were selling contraband and trying to nick things from the crew. Hansen was being filmed walking along kicking a stone. I had two coats on, I was soaked and it was taking ages to do. "Right, this is the last take," said Hansen, his chauffeur waiting. So I said, "Fucking get it right this time then," and the crew pissed themselves laughing. Eventually he started to smile. He shook my hand at the end.

What would you think of yourself if you met yourself at a party?
How other people perceive you is one of the hardest things to work out in life. But who cares? You can't spend your whole life trying to make other people like you. Lovable rascal would be nice, if not too cheesy. Better to be known as a cunt than a wanker, because a wanker means that people have got something over you. If you're a cunt, then it means you've got something over them.

Does your position attract the opposite sex?
Yes, there's a fair amount of groupies in this game. I suppose girls love the idea of being photographed.

Which of your adverts is your favourite?
It's always the most recent one that I'm buzzing on. There's only one or two that haven't been a joy, but it's up to me to make sure that they are. I don't know... the Club 18-30 one where the mosquito bites the bloke's bum, the Rolo one with the Lone Ranger and Tonto, the Castlemaine XXXX ads – there's 17 of those. Oh, and the Oasis one with Terry Venables which we shot in Australia. That was funny because the Aussie actors just couldn't play football, so I got Terry to coach them. He ended up being co-director on that, which I'm sure he's very pleased to know. On the flight back, we shared a bottle of Champagne and talked solidly for a good three hours about everything other than football and had a good old crack. He's a top man.

Do you rate the Tango 'Ray Gardener' ad, where he strips off and offers the French out?
Aah, of course. It just blows everything away. It hurt because I thought, "Fuck, I should have done that!"

Do you ever think of giving it all up and doing something else?
No, because there's no ceiling to any of this. The sky's the limit and the journey there can be as exciting as I want to make it. I don't know if it's possible to do the whole Hollywood thing and all that, but it'd be great to go that way. I'd love to make films – you can't just be a successful commercials director.

Do you ever wear tailor-made clothes?
No. My perfect physique means that off-the-peg tailoring seems to fit my mannequin-style body admirably, hah hah.

Do you have an office drinks cabinet?
It's not something I'm big on, drinking in the office. I've never liked the idea of in-house bars, because the whole idea of going out for a drink is to go and meet the rest of the world as well as your own small clique of people.

Whose job would you most like to have?
James Bond. He's got all the toys, all the travel, all the birds, all the one-liners. His gun can kill but other people's guns can't kill him.

How much do you earn?
All of it, ha ha. It's somewhere in six figures.

How much money have you got on you at the moment?
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The Hedonists' Handbook

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Money for old dope

The Beastie Boys give us a new album, a trip to Lisbon and some very strange things to think about

Standing in a Gothic discotheque in Lisbon listening to the Beastie Boys' new LP, some of the journalists present look like they want to dance. Others twiddle pens, take notes and check each other out, almost to the point of sniffing each other's bums like dogs. All to the sound of *Hello Nasty*. If you were to use the Beasties' last LP, *Ill Communication*, as a measuring stick, then this is its older, wiser big brother.

Now it's interview time. A room creamed full of international journalists sitting, King Arthur, style at a round table. Mike D, Ad Rock and MCA, with a collective age of 96, are looking healthier than rest of us and driving their own Royal train of consciousness over our heads – picking up the odd mail sack along the way and throwing a few letters at us to decipher... it would seem we are here for their entertainment.

loaded: Why did you fly us all to Lisbon?

Ad Rock: "Well, in 1704 they were bringing some cattle over, oxen, for the president of Lisbon and they stuffed it and gave it to the Pope."

Mike D: "But it was intended for the president."

Ad Rock: "But what I find intriguing about this story is that we understand the president was handing the bison back to him."

Sometimes you don't know what to ask in case you get your arse publicly beaten like a gong. But these international journos know no fear...

France: "What are you talking about? Ha? Cities? What was your reason for moving back to New York."

PHOTOS: MARTYN GOODACRE

Mike D: "The reason? There comes a point in a man's life when there's only one answer. That answer is... I love hotpants."

Long silence from the rest of the world...

loaded: Have you noticed the amount of big burrito moustaches people are growing in Lisbon? Is this a revival, a new trend or even a national tragedy?

Ad Rock: "I think they've probably been sticking with it for a while."

Mike D: "Maybe we should try to get into it and see what we can farm on the hair front."

Ad Rock: "Maybe we can ship some over."

MCA: "Maybe we can just have one for the group that kind of connects."

Mike D: "A three-way moustache?"

MCA: "No one has really busted that out too much. Maybe we could have real hair that grows from both ends and we could all be connected."

France: "What is the difference between this LP and your previous ones?"

Ad Rock: "We used panty-hoes, and I mean that with all due respect, panty-hoes on the microphones. On the last couple of albums we used special mikes that had a distorted sound. This time we went back to using high-quality German microphones with the panty-hoes in front of them to avoid pops and things of that nature."

Spain: "You know Spanish music? Flamenco, for example?

Ad Rock: "Did you notice that on the 'Song Of Dedication' there's a part where 'España' is said with a great deal of enthusiasm?"

loaded: What was it like working with Lee Scratch Perry?

MCA: "He was cool... he'd listen to a little bit of the track and would say, 'Rewind it,' and just sang in one whole take. Then he'd sing another take and half the lyrics would be different. Then he did a whole load of ad-libs... he just goes off. Making crazy sounds like 'HOOOOWA...'"

New Zealand: "Did he set fire to anything?"

MCA: "Not that I know of."

Ad Rock: "He was covered in mirrors, on his boots, his hat... everything. But then, because it was Halloween, he didn't look any weirder than anybody else."

"The president was handing the bison back"

loaded: Are you going to continue making LPs when you're as old as Jimmy Page and Robert Plant?

Mike D: "Right to the very end. Right in the hospital... sampling the heartbeat machine."

Ad Rock: "Nurse, nurse... bring me the microphone."

This is beyond ill.

ROWAN CHERNIN

The Beastie Boys' single 'Intergalactic' is out on 22 June and the LP Hello Nasty *is out on 6 July on Grand Royal.*

"Please Miss. That flamingo's looking at my private parts"

Voice of the A-hive

A: they'll always be right at the start of the rack in record shops

"How ace are hot tubs?" Jason Perry is as excited as a little kid at Yuletide. He races around the garden, his face turning bright purple as he feverishly arranges robots, plastic ducks, *Star Wars* memorabilia, and Simpsons figures around the edge of the steaming pool.

"Look at *this*!" he yelps, waving a decorative rubber chicken. "How ace is this chicken?"

If this were a Disney film, this would be the scene where the doting uncle lets his cute nephews loose in the toy shop as a reward for foiling the international jewel thieves. Sadly, this isn't a Disney film. Jason is 27, the lead singer in top pop-punk combo A, and this is his flat. The kitchen is choc-full of Choco Flakes, silly putty and fridge magnets, and the garden is bristling with palm trees, cacti, plastic flamingoes and a giant hot tub with – naturally – a black and white cowhide finish. Not that all this clutter of robot hands and moose heads is much of a surprise. One listen to A's blinding debut album *How Ace Are Buildings* finds the Leeds/Chelmsford fivesome name-checking *Hong Kong Phooey*, Van Halen, dinosaurs, the Bee Gees and our very own Cheeky Monkey like cranked-up Brit Beastie Boys.

Everything is ace to A. Not even the marrow-freezing temperatures in London's East End can dampen their spirits as they wantonly strip and plunge into the tub for the interview.

"This is *so* gay," observes drummer Adam – Jason's twin and the older brother of keyboard player Giles.

"Can't we get some beer, porn and betting slips in here to make us look a bit more masculine?"

"Urgh, it's like a bloody butcher's shop window!" adds guitarist Mark Chapman (not the same nutter who offed John Lennon, obviously), peering suspiciously into the bubbling water.

For a highly excitable band, A are even more excited than usual with the imminent release of

"We wrote off four Fiats and smashed this stuntman's legs in"

the 'full-on prog-rock gatefold-sleeve' version of *How Ace Are Buildings* and the 'Number One' video which features the band 'playing at' *The Dukes Of Hazzard*. Only in Fiat 126s.

"£25,000 pissed up the wall in two days!" enthuses Dan Carter, bassist and 'full-on goat-eating Satanist', as he playfully tries to drown Jason. "A massive car chase, false moustaches and two crippled stuntmen! Wicked!"

"We wrote off four Fiats and smashed this stuntman's legs in!" adds Giles (keyboard player, brother to Jason, brother to Adam... oh, forget it).

A are now dying to take their Jane's-Addiction-meets-Green-Day squeak-rock back on t'road, despite a long history of tour injuries.

"I smashed me back!" cries Jason, groping for the fictional soap. "Some stage-diver landed on my neck! The whole crowd was going totally nuts, fully punk-rock. I was concussed – I couldn't even walk. Wicked! How ace is being crippled? Injections in me arse for the rest of the tour!"

"That was nothing to do with his back though, that was fully recreational!" says Dan. And all good clean fun, obviously.

JOHN PERRY

How Ace Are Buildings *is out now on Tycoon on vinyl and cassette. It was once out on CD too. I've had it for ages, and I was into them way before anyone else etc. A tour the UK throughout June.*

NOW THAT'S WHAT / CALL MUSIC

a monthly catalogue of filth from the world of rock'n'roll

GEORGE JONES

It was planned that Johnny Cash would guest on country star George Jones's latest album. Alas, ill-health meant the Man in Black was unable to make the date. So Jones used a soundalike going by the name of Johnny Counterfeit.

It was Cash, along with other friends, who paid for George's pychiatric treatment in 1979 after he'd tried to kill his best pal, Peanut Montgomery. Upset because Peanut had turned to God rather than the bottle, George fired a .38 at his friend when the latter stuck his head out of a car to greet him. He yelled, "See if your God can save you now!" Luckily, Jones's accuracy was impaired by his usual diet of coke and booze, with the result that the bullet lodged in the car door frame just a fraction below Peanut's neck.

Bad enough. But the real clincher came that same year, when George took to the stage at Nashville's Exit Club and announced: "My friend Donald Duck is going to take over this show." And sure enough, he promptly sang all his hits in a Donald Duck voice. He was duly whisked away, reportedly in a straitjacket.

SHAUN RYDER

The book *Shaun Ryder – In His Own Words* bears a mock sticker warning of its 'explicit text'. Not surprising in view of such quotes as, "I'm not a boring cunt, I still like the odd night out", and the info that, "For my next film role, I'm going to play the part of a little fucking big nosed twat." Mild stuff really, from a geezer who admits he spent part of his early years attaching mice to gas pipes in order to blow them up.

MOTLEY CRUE

Long before Crüe drümmer Tommy Lee signed Pam Anderson as star of his blue movies and off-screen sparring partner, the band enjoyed a slab of notoriety bigger than the Titanic's iceberg. The Crüe's Vince Neil went into the slammer for crashing the car that killed Hanoi Rocks drummer Nicholas Dingly while boozed up to his eyebrows, and Nikki Sixx called the female president of his record label a "cünt", then ruined the US's relationship with Japan by daubing a bullet train with cürry. One-time manager Doc McGhee was even tried for drug running. During a Canadian tour the band offered to sign fans' T-shirts, but instead were offered an array of naked boobs and shapely bümms to inscribe as the local rock chicks peeled off so the Crüe could show their calligraphy talents on surfaces more becoming to the band's image. Sixx says the band have affected fans more than a little. "A lot of kids had their first sexüal experiences to Motley Crüe songs," he claims. A father of four, he knows about such things.

FRED DELLAR

PHOTOS: ANTONY MEDLEY, MSI

albums reviewed by cheeky

Grace Jones: Anthology (Island)
Insane she-bitch who eats Satan's bollocks for breakfast and spits out the spunk of hell. That's her weekends taken up anyway. Back in the early '80s she was a club groove-making machine. All hail the grandmother of disco.

Boyzone: Where We Belong (Polydor)
Where they belong is sat in a goats' piss puddle being whipped.

Sugarcubes: The Great Crossover Potential (One Little Indian)
The Icelandic equivalent of Gerry & The Pacemakers. The 'Cubes, along with Bjork Squarkloginlinger, offered the world their quirky style of dance indie pop. The world was happy with their lot, and then the world did find that bloke who shouts some old shit behind all their songs a right idiot. Bjork went onto become a qualified surveyor while the rest of them now own shares in a drill-hire company. Enjoy.

Jimi Hendrix: The BBC Sessions (MCA)
If Jimi Hendrix is in heaven I wonder what he's doing. Do you write new songs when you're dead, or do you just play your old stuff? And if you have to be dead to be up there, how did his guitar and amp end up with him? And do your clothes stay in the same fashion as when you die, or do you follow the current trends back on earth? I wonder if Jimi Hendrix thinks Lenny Kravitz is a twat as well. So much to ask, so little time.

Various: Garage... This Is Paradise (Skratch/Network)
Paradise for me is long beaches, coconuts, ganja, chips, animals that look funny and Woolworth's on half- price day. Paradise is not listening to banged-up ponce beats from DJ Pink Creamy. Crap.

REVIEWS CONTINUE P167

Office Pest best album of last month

Monkey Mafia: Shoot The Boss (Heavenly)
Forgot to do this one in the last issue. Shame really, because this album is more fantastic than anything the Beatles ever did. And the Stones. Jon Carter's troupe of ragamuffins have churned out a reggae-tinged fat beat monster. This, pal, is the future of rock'n'roll. Also, I know a funny story about Jon Carter: Little Graham from the office met him recently at some top club night. The pair got on well and Graham ended up being invited to Carter's house for a house party. It was only as the little man said his goodbyes at 3am that he announced to Jon, who he'd been calling "Jon" all night, "Oh, I thought you were Richard Fearless."

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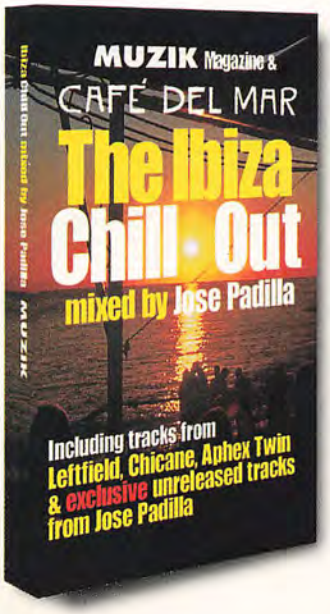

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The loaded Imani Coppola Buffalo Daughter page

Gingham-clad, goat-loving gal Imani Coppola

It's hard to equate the mass of make-up, gingham, wig and manic energy that is Imani Coppola (no relation) bouncing across the stage, fiddle in hand and grinning like the Cheshire Cat, with the morose, miserable sod of four hours earlier.

"Today just happens to be the worst day of my life. Because I feel like shit, there's no other explanation. You know those days."

Yeees...

"I mean I've been doodling, look at these." She passes a scrap of notepaper with the cartoon head and shoulders of a girl toting a hand cannon with the word 'Boom!' in spider scrawl. What happened to the cheery, flowered-up songstress warbling "I'm a tree" and sporting a Bonsai haircut on her debut album *Chupacabra*?

"It's my fourth time in London. The way I feel today I wish it would fucking blow up." Good start to an interview this. Having tapped a foot along with the tongue-in-cheek weirdness of *Chupacabra*, the last thing designed to warm anyone's cockles is facing the reality of a depressed sociopath. The album's doing well, Imani, audiences love you, you're young, talented, pretty...

"Shut up!"

OK.

"Are you bored?"

No, I was under the impression that you might be.

"Naw, I'm sorry. It's just one of those fucking days. I mean look at this," she says, pointing to the rock'n'roll scrawls of spurting dicks on the dressing room walls, the case of warm beer on the floor and the only flowers she's had in weeks. From her record company.

So what else gets your goat, as it were?

"Rude fucking people. And Hanson. They're fucking everywhere in the States. I mean, you know, good luck to them, but it's going to fucking ruin them. Everywhere you go, Hanson! Aaargh!"

Any techniques for working through this aggression?

"Oh, the usual, you know, throw myself into my music, go to the gym, watch porno movies." Any particular gems? "No, just whatever's around."

In between long pauses, Imani will come up with these choice comments, little pieces of her mind, twisted and particular to herself. The conversation's like verbal Russian Roulette. Are you courting?

"I've thought about going to a male hooker but I've never done it"

"No, I'm not looking for a fella at the moment. I've thought about going to a male hooker but I've never done it." It'd probably ruin your day.

The music is as unpredictable as the performer. A mixture of country, soul, psychedelia and strange stories from inside her head. The future for this talented, attractive starlet will be nothing if not strange.

"I'm sorry I'm pissed off. These days just happen to me and you're just the lucky one who has to talk to me right now!"

Don't apologise, the experience has been... challenging.

PIERS TOWNLEY

Ms Coppola's album Chupacabra *is available now on Columbia. It means goatsucker in Spanish, but the connection with the music is, in Imani's own words, "not fucking clear".*

"We like your New Wave," claim Japanese techno rock outfit Buffalo Girls. "What is *Top Of The Pops*?"

Buffalo Daughter go round, outside

Loud music-cheese grates ears in a perverse but pleasurable way. Stuff like the thunderous acid techno rock of Buffalo Daughter, taking off live with the decibels of Concorde. A three-piece from Japan put together by Moog Yamamoto, Yumiko Ohno and Sugar Yoshinaga, three mild-mannered muso's who've learned to exploit the powers of a guitar, bass, lots of electronic twiddly boxes and a set of decks to inflict the maximum contents of their debut LP, *New Rock*.

"We wanted to play techno music in an all rock-style band," explains Yumiko. "We like New Wave."

"Devo especially," adds Moog. "We also like '70s German rock: Kraftwerk and Can." Moog is the lone man who operates the machines, scratches on the decks and plays vocal snips from the *National Lampoons* LP, an old information record about how to train a bird, plus the Apollo space documentary.

It all adds to the unusual onslaught, with Sugar and Yumiko the two front girls, thrashing guitars in the rock goddess genre. A strange idea at first, what with the techno sound behind them, but very attractive. You wonder what they are going to do next. Bite the head off bats maybe? Smash the place up? But no such luck. They are consummate professionals putting all their energy into what they term "New Rock". At the moment they are touring the world and washing their pants in hotel baths. Not exactly Led Zeppelin. Are we going to see Buffalo Daughter live on *Top Of The Pops*?

They are touring the world, washing their pants in hotel baths

"Never heard of it," replies Moog. "We don't know what you mean?" Probably for the best.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Buffalo Daughter's LP New Rock *is out now on Grand Royal.*

albums reviewed by cheeky ctd...

Dr John: Anutha Zone UK Master 2 (Parlophone)
Huge voodoo New Orleans R'n'B master who talks like Max off *Hart To Hart* and is usually brilliant but has fucked things up this time. Sounds as if he's been hanging out with modern musicians. It's all gone a bit *Friends*. Crap.

Brian Wilson: Imagination (Giant)
Wilson, a giant of the '60s with his blond mates, is back. He needn't have bothered. This is arse.

Tanita Tikaram: The Cappuccino Songs (Mother)
Drivel. And she's from piggin' Basingstoke.

Various: Forward The Bass – Dub From Randy's (1972-1975)
The history of dub can be traced back to Jamaica. A seven-inch record by King Tubby was planted in the garden of Lee Perry and grew into a huge oak, under which Bob Marley would play darts. From it they cut branches and whipped their own behinds. Eventually dub was embraced as a music in its own right; this is an excellent example. As essential as water.

Transglobal Underground: Rejoice Rejoice (Nation)
Mad Arabic wailings, some Indian instruments and a few sampled chants would generally be at home dribbling out of pink speakers in a candle shop in Brighton. On this, with a bit of rapping, it sounds brilliant.

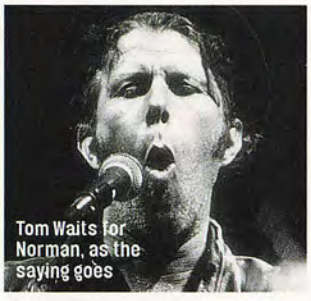
Curtis: lives on a tugboat

Curtis Mayfield: The Best Of (Beechwood)
Curtis Mayfield is God.

What we're listening to

1 Quite a bit of dub, actually
2 The exuberance of youth
3 Dreams becoming reality
4 Silver Apples
5 Relationships fading like the dying of the light
6 That Blur song where he goes 'woohoo!'
7 Builders hitting something metal with a hammer
8 Anything on the *Hellspawn* CD
9 Fish taking liberties
10 Red Snapper 'Bogeyman'

cheeky recommends


Tom Waits for Norman, as the saying goes

Tom Waits: Beautiful Maladies – The Island Years (Island)
Genius eccentric with a voice you'd expect a grilled cheese and tomato sandwich to sound like. Sleazy blues, filthy pants. Fantastic.

The Pop Group: We Are All Prostitutes (Radar)
From the late '70s comes Bristol's finest punk export. They were considered very naughty at the time.

Various: The Network Collection (Network)
Network was the bollox early techno and house label. They made a vinyl record once that you played starting in the middle and the stylus moved outwards. Genius.

Amon Tobin: Permutation (Ninja Tune)
Floaty ethereal ground hummer. The track 'Sordid' is absolutely the best record on this whole goddamn page.

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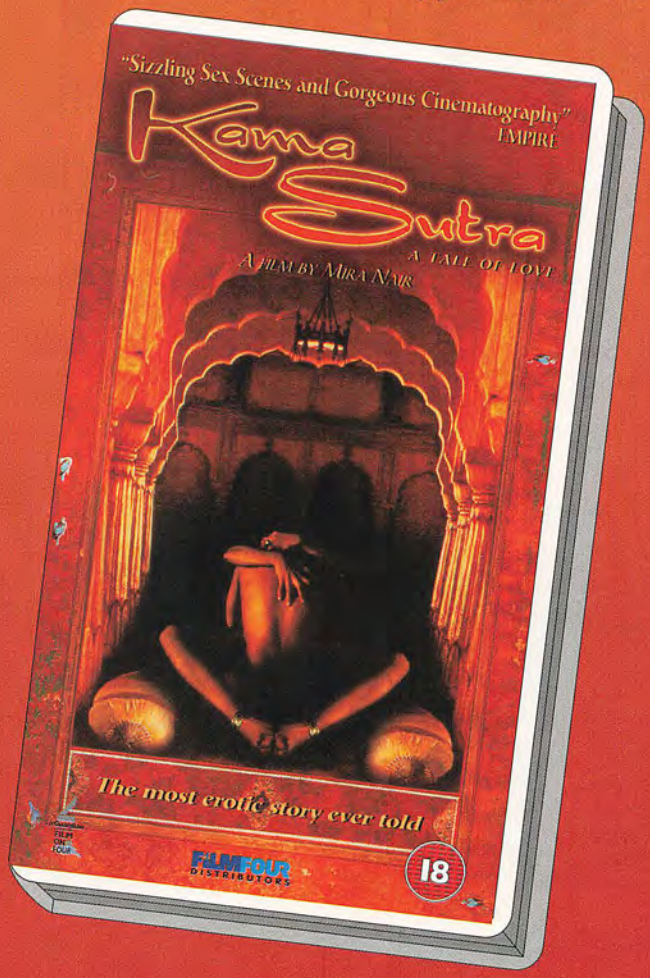

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"You at the back! Are you stroking your chin, boy?"

Ocean colour bream

Red Snapper. They like fish and jazz, and they're not even fins

Summer's finally arrived at **loaded** HQ, and, what with the waft of exotic herbs and the sickening brightness of Hawaiian shirts worn with impunity, the concrete roof garden has never been so gay. This weather requires a suitable musical soundtrack. And, as luck would have it, this arrived in the form of Red Snapper's latest LP, *Making Bones*, and the jazz-tastic single 'Bogeyman'. With its squelchy hip-hop noises, breakbeat drumming and rolling double bass, it is Apollo 440's 'Krupa' and Sabres Of Paradise's 'Wilmot' warped out, lit up and inhaled like a jazz cigarette.

Red Snapper describe their music as "fuck off jazz". This, I suggest to them, is a more common response from the jazz-hating population at large.

"I suppose there's the stereotype of goatee beards and berets," admits funky drummer Rich. "That's a rebound from the acid jazz thing. We were just saying that it's possible for jazz to have some bollocks. Jazz is really about improvisation and experimenting, but you can still do that and it can be clubby and have some oomph."

Nice, as Fat Bob off *The Fast Show* might say.

"I think Jazz Club's brilliant," counters double-bass wrestler Ali. "But it's only one little side of it, and that's the side of it I hate."

So is there much chin-stroking goes on round your gaff?

"If anyone does that they tend to get battered straight off," says Rich. "All three of us like a lot of obscure music, but we're really self-critical and we certainly don't tolerate any noodling. That's the trouble with dance music – and that's what we're doing essentially – the minute it becomes noodly, with solos going off all over the place, then it becomes the wrong side of jazz."

"One of the first gigs we ever did was really improvised," admits Ali. "None of us really knew what we were doing. We did the set for half an hour and nobody listened, then we stopped and two people applauded. The place was rammed. It's strange doing something and not getting any response at all."

I've had girlfriends like that.

"Jazz was the dance music of its day," continues Rich undeterred. "Underground clubs full of strange people doing things they shouldn't have."

Do you get many jazz-spotters at your gigs?

"Their hearts are in the right place, but we do get that a lot in Europe, like when we do the North Sea Jazz festival."

What, on an oil rig?

"Nah, it's actually in Holland," says Ali. "We had middle-aged women trancing out, sitting cross-legged down the front. They were just swaying with their eyes closed. People the age of my mum."

"We don't tolerate any noodling. That's the wrong side of jazz"

Is Red Snapper named for the infamous John Bonham exploits involving that particular fish and a groupie?

"I wish it was the reason," says Rich. "But I was on holiday in Crete and Red Snapper was on menu boards all over the place."

Is it a jazz fish?

"Not really, no. They look a bit like piranhas. You ought to try eating one. They're alright."

And 'Bogeyman' – a song about the relative merits of flicking or eating?

"Nah, not at all. The Bogeyman is the forces that we can't control, governments that are fucking with our lives. But it's also the monster under the bed – it's that thing that's at the back of your mind when you're a bit off your nut."

Not the thing at the back of your nose when you're a bit off your nut?

"No. It's more that spirit of carnival who's also a bit evil."

Er, yeah. Back to nice things like summertime. What's your favourite summer groove? Something by 'Gill' Scott-Heron, perhaps?

"'One Nation Under A Groove' by Funkadelic. And any ELO stuff," deadpans Ali. " 'Mr Blue Sky' is always a winner."

Red Snapper will be the sound of this summer. Unless, of course, ELO make a comeback. Christ.

CHRIS BURKE

Red Snapper's Making Bones *is out in July. 'Bogeyman' is released on 15 June. They will be appearing at Glastonbury on 28 June.*

COMPETITION

We've got some fantastic prizes up for grabs to celebrate Virgin Cola's new Ticket Hotline, a new non-profit line that gives you the chance to win a free pair of tickets whenever you book.

Things like V98. You know, that low-key affair with small, unknown bands like The Verve on the bill. These upstarts are also playing with some other young hopefuls called Massive Attack at Madison Square, New York on 5/6 August. "If only..." you'll be thinking. Dream no more! We're offering the winner a pair of tickets to see this gig plus three nights' 3-star accommodation in New York and return flights on Virgin Atlantic. Second prize is two tickets to the Eurockeennes festival near Paris (3-5 July) where the likes of the Prodigy and Underworld will be belting out a few ditties. And there's more! Third prize is four pairs of tickets, VIP'd up, to V98 (two for Leeds, two for Chelmsford, 22/23 August.)

Christ! There's more! Fifty runners-up get a Virgin Cola Ticket Hotline phonecard. This will give you double the chance of winning tickets on the hotline, and it's re-chargeable. Q: Who are the title sponsors of V98? a) Pepsi Cola b) Virgin Cola c) Coca-Cola? Send your answer to "Loud music courtesy of Virgin Cola", **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Winners will be drawn out of a hat or some other garment lying around the fashion cupboard at the time.

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the video

Cross Of Iron, Sam Peckinpah, 1977, Thorn EMI, £5.99

While queuing to see *Star Wars* in 1977, I saw a poster advertising *Cross Of Iron*, which was showing down the hall. Being a warlike little bleeder I fancied a look, but was denied by the small matter of an X-certificate and had to make do with wookies. Seeing it 10 years later, I appreciated that watching a man getting his crank bitten off was not fit for a six-year-old.

Directed by Sam '*Wild Bunch*' Peckinpah, troubadour of splattered innards, hopeless romantic and grim nihilist, *Cross of Iron* concerns a doomed platoon of German soldiers mired in the battle of Krymskay on the Russian front of 1943.

Peckinpah, who died aged 59 in 1984, was one of those rare directors who became as well known as the stars in their films. He loved a good saga about loners going down in showers of hot lead (see *Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid* and *Bring Me The Head Of Alfredo Garcia*). Asked to direct both *Superman* and *King Kong*, he turned both down because he needed characters he could care about. When German soft-porn king Wolf Hartwig offered him *Cross Of Iron*, it was just the thing.

A fine cast was built up around the majestic James Coburn as the platoon leader, Steiner. German actors play his men, James Mason and David Warner war-weary officers and Maximilian Schell the new commander, an aristocrat who clashes with Steiner in his pursuit of the Iron Cross.

Hartwig's scuttle-flick cash soon ran out but Peckinpah made three tatty tanks look like 100. But the problems were compounded by Sam's drinking. Starved of cocaine on location, he took to necking 80 per cent proof vodka and launched into raging benders where he'd black out and forget what he'd shot.

All that didn't stop the film being a blinder, though. War has never looked more real or unappetising. It was a big hit in Europe, but across the pond the critics could find no glamour in a war film with a bleak ending and Germans cast in a sympathetic light. Orson Welles liked it, though. He hailed it as the best anti-war movie of all time.

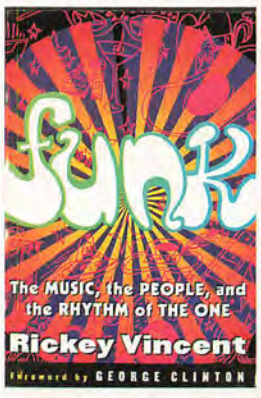
Take a look for yourself. I'm sure you'll agree with the fat man.

CHAS CHANDLER

the book

Funk: The Music, The People And The Rhythm Of The One by Rickey Vincent, St Martin's Press, £10.99

No one with a pulse and ears can deny that funk music is the ultimate in party noise. Folk can keep their dark techstep, en suite garage and rancid beats – nothing can touch a well-drilled funk band in full flight.



This is the first book to examine funk up close, gravy stains and all, and as such it's not just for bell-bottomed weekend disco warriors. It's for anyone who's heard a kicking rap tune and realised some hook, riff, noise or chant was taken from a '70s funk jam but couldn't place it. Funk finally gets a worthy literary examination – a first attempt to focus critical attention on its blood-soaked, sweat-stained, semen-encrusted history.

Vincent has had his own radio show on KPFA San Francisco for years, championing the "grand intellectual aspects and furious jam factors of the funk". He charts the black music heritage from blues through gospel, R&B, rock, jazz, disco and rap, while acknowledging all the white acts who delivered (or influenced) funk along the way. There are essays on everything from *Sergeant Pepper* to 2 Live Crew, and on almost every page he highlights choice records that – like all good music books – will have you scuttling back to reacquaint yourself with your vinyl or seek out stuff for the first time. At the back there's also a huge list of funk recordings, good for confirmed funkateers and those who don't know their Cosmic Slop from their Planet Rock.

The book can be taken as celebrating the spirit of funk and its purveyors or, more deeply, as a statement on black culture and the politics of getting down. The '70s is seen as a Golden Age lasting until "colour blind" disco took over to bring the freakiness of funk to the masses in sterilised form.

Today a lot of disco is still a joke, but as I write this, funk is increasingly pervading the backdrop to our modern moods, even without making it directly onto many radio playlists.

If you want to know more about this joyous stomping funk thing, or if you consider yourself an expert already, this book is for you. A true labour of love, flush with the wisdom that you've got to blow hot if you want to be cool. Dig? **CC**

PHOTO: RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

the cd

Histoire De Melody Nelson, Serge Gainsbourg, 1971, Mercury, £13.99

If ever there was a dirty old man of music, it was Serge Gainsbourg. Until his death in 1991, he lurked for three decades on pop's street corner in raincoat and crumpled slacks, baring his buttocks at all and sundry. He was a French national treasure and cultural icon, notorious for his prodigious appetite for booze, birds and ciggies. A scoundrel who sliced through taboos because he knew that "without controversy it would all be very boring"; a man who could write for a full orchestra just as readily as he could toss off a ditty about following through.

In 1971 he released a devilish masterpiece upon the world: his *Histoire De Melody Nelson*, a 28-minute opus and avant-garde monument. Described as "the first symphonic poem of the pop age", it tells the tale of a middle-aged man's obsessive love for a girl (of unknown but certainly tender years). He deflowers her in a seedy hotel and she flies back to Sunderland, of all places, leaving him lovelorn.

This much I can gather from what Serge growls about in French, but it matters nought because the music's so exquisite. As he rasps on about his 1910 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost and hotel rooms decorated in rococo style, there's an assault of walloping drums, gruff cellos, rogue pianos, vicious guitars, sweeping strings pungent with eastern flavours and bass fit to split the atom.

Saucepot Jane Birkin, with whom he had his biggest and most Vatican-denounced hit, 'Je T'aime, Moi Non Plus' in 1969, adds her sexy purr to a number of tracks. On the grinding funk of 'En Melody' a succession of muffled giggles erupt into the most filthy belly laugh as you imagine the fag-in-mouth Serge leaning over to goose her and suggest a threesome with his sister-in-law.

David Holmes felt the need to cheekily sample virtually all of the opening cut, 'Melody', sprinkling on a few beats of his own, for his recent track 'Don't Die Just Yet'. As for Serge, he used to maintain that man created God and the inverse remained to be proven. Couldn't agree more, my man, and this is godlike work. **CC**

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Hardcore Bourne

loaded takes a trip to the south coast and gets nil by 'mouth

PHOTOS: ADRIAN BATTY

Driving out of London on a scorching Saturday afternoon, we're en route to ogle the beached beauties of Bournemouth and we couldn't be happier. So it comes as no surprise to a man with the luck of a disabled snail on a zebra crossing that by the time we drive through Bournemouth's city limits the skies are as grey as my granny's gusset.

Arriving on a Saturday afternoon at the south coast resort is like walking onto a gigantic town-sized film set just after the director's yelled "cut". The town centre's deserted save for a smattering of Japanese tourists, who are struggling to get to grips with the beach having evidently taken a wrong turn on the way to Legoland.

We retire to the pub to await further orders but it's two hours before we discover where everyone's been.

According to local law, every boy over the age of consent must return home at 5pm and spend two hours ironing his shirt and putting gel on his shorn head. Then, at precisely seven, it's everyone back on set, pints in hand ready for one of the largest boozing set pieces this side of Oliver Reed's life story. Tens of thousands of extras guzzling lager all night while their female companions all seem to be getting married the next day. Dodging the marauding hordes of hen parties is like trying to avoid a wasp sting with your head smothered in treacle. Every pub you sit down in must have a secret buzzer behind the bar that some evil bastard presses to summon a troop of 15 of the ugliest creatures imaginable with nipples like Scammell wheel nuts and the dress sense of a 13th Century peasant girl from Hungary. To be fair, the other side of the proverbial coin reveals just as many hot young things eager for a good deflowering. Unfortunately they're all students from other parts of the country.

We've rashly come here despite several warnings along the lines of "Bournemouth is cheese central. There are strains of cheese here that people in France don't even know about." Well maybe, but it's the psychos that worry me, like the Anthony Perkins doppelganger who shows us to our bungalow at the hotel/motel, twitching uncontrollably and muttering about "the fucking police" hanging around outside his velveteen Karaoke bar. Even mobile phones don't seem to work here. Luckily, as the night wears on, the nightlife begins to get a little bit more fruity.

There are so many cheek-hugging leopardskin dresses it feels like a zoo

We've pitched camp in an Irish theme pub playing the Beatles and full of extras from a never-screened '70s sitcom involving tight denim crotches and mullets. When 'Hey Jude' comes on for the third time and the bloke standing at the bar starts leering at me while his hands fiddle somewhere I can't see,

"I'm off to look at loaded's music section. See ya"

Wayne resorts to Superglue to try and get a threesome

The invisible yoyo still rules the dancefloors of Bournemouth
Ferchrissakes put that thing away
This, I believe, constitutes the local 'talent'

SERIOUS FREAK DOWN

we decide to run for it and end up at Bar Brazil. A mock Brazilian beach hut resplendent in cracked bamboo and faulty fairy lights winking on and off, it's about as convincing as Myra Hindley offering to do the babysitting, and the barmaids come over just a tad more Hartlepool than Rio. A man in chipped wooden clogs and an ethnic hat is transfixed by the blow-up parrot perched over the bar and a group of Bournemouth yoofs are taking it in turns to call each other "cunt" in between pint-sized gulps of beer. We hurriedly drain our Pina Coladas and make our excuses. The next stop, Bar Mediterranee on St Peter's Road, boasts possibly the highest quotient of shirts per square inch in the land. A fat, sweating DJ (Dire Joke) plays electrifyingly shameless handbag house, and the girls dutifully comply by dancing round theirs. It seems theme pubs have swallowed up most of Bournemouth's quaint olde ale houses and the Zoo Cage, on the same vomit-splashed road, is about as pathetic an example of theme as you can get. Pinstripe suited bouncers patrol the queue (a word of advice: leave your trainers at the city limits and don some smart leather numbers if you actually want to imbibe alcohol in Bournemouth). Inside, the boys stalk up and down like lions waiting to pounce on some unsuspecting wimps from London or sink their ratboy teeth into some dumb tigress. There are so many cheek-hugging leopardskin dresses in here it actually feels like a bleedin' zoo.

It raises the question of why Bournemouth men are so aggressive. Is it because Bournemouth was the first port of call for invaders from other lands? Hordes of Romans, Vikings and French came over, got pissed and invaded their damsels' fair pastures, thus exciting the natives' vicious tendencies. In search of a quiet booze we sink into Po Na Na's mock Arabian harem interior, all wall hangings and big comfy ethnic cushions made by small infants in Thailand for thruppence ha'penny and a kick in the mouth. Pity we're the only three people in here to enjoy their labours. Admittedly it is members only, and apparently busies up as the night wears on. Guided by lager-blurred eyeballs we weave our way up to the Millennium club. The Outer Limits (every Friday) at The Millennium is a fantastic techno night that suffers at the hands of this Graham Gold-loving populace, yet somehow survives. It's the friendliest place we visit all night and only the photographer developing epilepsy from the continuous strobe forces us to leave.

On to the Chablis bar on Christchurch Road to slurp some more beer. King Alfred used to roam this part of the New Forest spearing deer. In the Chablis it's just Wayne trying to spear Doris before the end of the night. In fact, our snapper is by now convinced that Bournemouth is just one big genetic mutation experiment that went wrong years ago. There is enough evidence, after all.

If you find yourself stuck in one of these bars, get a taxi to Boscombe from the town centre (about £4) and go to The Opera House for some premier league clubbing. Fridays is Slinky night with yer top names like Sasha and Tongy, while tonight we're treated to some quality house by the gurning residents. Two thousand clubbers having it, and you can actually look at these ones without retching. Bournemouth's best kept secret, however, is another ride in a cab (£10) to Matchams on the A27 where, in the middle of nowhere, is a sodding great dilapidated manor house masquerading as a club. Fridays and Saturdays see regular crowds of 2,000 drive over here to shimmy till the early hours.

Bournemouth: we loathed the place so much we loved it, and if you're partial to the odd sherbert or 10 and being pursued by a load of clucking housewives dressed in giant nappies and dummies, then boy is this your kind of town.

ROB DA BANK

(Idiot clown name – clubs ed)

Bars and Clubs

Bars

Bar Brazil Old Christchurch Road
Bar Mediterannee St Peter's Road
Zoo Cage St Peter's Road
Po Na Na Old Christchurch Road
Bar Chablis Christchurch Road.

Clubs

Millennium Old Christchurch Rd. Fridays 10-3am. £7/£5. Saturdays: The Outer Limits – techno with hip- hop and funk upstairs. 10-4am. £7/£5. Tel: 01202 265473.
Opera House 570 Christchurch Rd, Boscombe. Fridays: Slinky with top names, house and garage. Tel: 01202 399922.
The Manor Matchams. Saturdays: Legacy. Best garage night outside London. 10-4am. £8/£5. Tel: 01425 480855.

THE BRAHMS & PLAYLIST

Who's playing what you want and where...

Fusion
A sweet-smelling explosion of love and dance music with DJs Colin Dale and Dave Angel. The music policy will encompass "jazzy, funky and groovy house sprinkled with classic, retro and melodic vibes". The next party happens on 4 July at The Powerhaus, 240 Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, London. Doors 10-5. £10. Tel: 0956 263640.

1 Oral Delight 'Massive'
2 Mateo & Matos 'Night Moods'
3 Daft Punk 'Around The World MAW Mixes'
4 The Thompson Project 'Messin' With My Mind'
5 New Century Soul LP

Kungfusion
The son of Stealth, the disco with visuals which made young people tie their legs together and dance dangerously to a selection of music from Ninja Tune so diverse that poetry has been written about it. The next one is on 2 July at 333 Old Street, London. Doors 9-3, £8.

1 'We Are Reasonable People Compilation'
2 The Herbaliser 'Wall Crawling Giant Insect Breaks'
3 UNKLE 'Ape Shall Not Kill Ape'
4 The Arsonists 'Flash Back EP'
5 Jurassic 5 EP

S.O.S.
Right across the board Open Bag music policy with all the big gun DJs not playing anything but banging sets. Saturdays at The Lounge, 43-51 Richmond Road, Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey. Doors 10-2. £5 before 10.30, £7 or £6 NUS. Tel: 01932 563294.

1 LL Cool J 'Mama Said Knock You Out'
2 Jackson Sisters 'I Believe In Miracles'
3 Curtis Mayfield 'Move On Up'
4 E'MIJ 'Love Is A Place'
5 The Creeps 'Way Cool'

Molotov Pop
Carefully chosen special guest DJs riot under the disco balls with a Character Bag music policy of funk, hip-hop, house, eclectic stuff etc. Saturdays, The Boardwalk, Little Peter Street, Manchester. Doors10-3. £4 before 11, £7 or £5 concs. Tel: 0161 273 3435.

1 Jazzy J 'Bronks Dogs'
2 Deejay Punk-Roc 'My Beat Box'
3 Schoolly D & Mekon 'School's Out'
4 Daft Punk 'Daft Punk'
5 Laibach 'International'

"To you... to me... to you... take the weight, lads"

Havin' it large

Lumme. Now that's what I call a big night out

"Big Girls' Paradise! The New And Exciting Night Club For Big Women And Men Who Adore Them." Is this the future? As the world's population gets lardier and fascist door policies become ever more exclusive, the fat of the land is rising. The comic *2000AD* was the first to predict the rise of this phenomenon. The League Of Fatties, with their wheeled gargantuan bellies, attempted to take over Mega City 1 to let the people know what it means to be fat. And today, as we near the end of the millennium, Big Girls' Paradise takes over Gray's Inn Nightclub once a month. Inside is a unique experience for the lean-minded to learn just what big fun is all about.

"We didn't feel there were enough places for big women to go," explains promoter Linda Koch, who founded the club in April. "You don't get fat people sitting alone in the corner all night – here it's the thin people's turn."

"Here it's the thin people's turn to sit in the corner all night"

To help the party mood along, there's plenty of sweets and peanuts at the bar with DJ Andy Simms keeping the hot shaking grooves pumping on the dancefloor. "We get all sorts here. Male and female, thin ones, fat ones, all sorts. The age group varies between 18 and 50," enthuses Linda.

What's more, from a historical point of view, the Big GP is the first UK club to introduce fat bunny girls. Men love them, apparently. Which is a bonus, considering Linda will be taking them on tour to New York and around England's nightspots early next year. With a view to finding Miss Big Girls' Paradise 1999.

Once again, like an eternal pair of tight shrinking pants, clubland is still on the cutting edge. Big is beautiful. God bless you all.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Linda is currently looking for sponsorship, lingerie and a footwear company that caters for the larger sizes. Big Girls' Paradise takes place on the last Friday of every month at Gray's Inn Nightclub, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8HG. Doors 10-4. £10. Tel: 01733 760591 or 0181 655 0654.

"...or perhaps you'd prefer some chips?"

"And this for yourself..."

"Does my bum look colossal in this?"

Andy Simms' Big Bumpers

1 Inner Circle 'Sweat'
2 Earth, Wind And Fire 'September'
3 Tina Moore 'Never Gonna Let You Go'
4 Stevie B 'Dirty Cash'
5 Robin S 'Show Me Love'
6 Bob Marley 'No Woman No Cry'
7 UB40 'Red Red Wine'
8 Wham 'I'm Your Man'
9 M People 'Moving On Up'
10 Prodigy 'Firestarter'

YOU DANCIN'?

records you're always too messed up to ask the name of

Sunday Best (Dust 2 Dust)
A near-perfect summer lounging compilation compiled by a Sea Monkey. Just put it on your stereo or on your head and sit down. Very good indeed.

Fatboy Slim: 'The Rockafeller Skank' (Skint)
Summer surf beat boogaloo, perfect for clubs and stereos.

Propellerheads: 'Bang On' (Wall Of Sound)
Fast headbanging beats with a slide guitar. Perfect dancing music for young people.

The Gallery: Modern Masters Vol.1 (Virgin)
A tribute to the London Friday night club The Gallery. Lots of pumping music from Tall Paul and Sister Bliss with one CD filled with the quality eclectic tastes of the Wall Of Sound headteacher Mavis.

DJ Q: 'Delirious' (Dorado)
Disco with bum-slap percussion and Chic-y guitars. Nice groove.

Fuzz Against Junk: 'Country Clonk' (Nuphonic)
Sounds like New Order playing disco. Excellent, in its own league.

Soundcolours Mixed By Phil Mison (X:Treme Records)
Phil met a famous bloke in a record shop in 1993 and now he's famous too. Another perfectly mixed summer compilation of freshly melted discoesque sounds. The margarita.

Wild Style: Film & Soundtrack (Mad Monkey)
Played this in the office, everyone fell to the earth, spun on their backs and couldn't get up in the morning.

Stop And Listen Vol 4 By Patrick Forge (Barely Breaking Even)
Featuring new releases from Ten City and Crazy Penis, this compilation spans 30 years of nice grooves.

Six 6 Collection (Network)
Pre light-stick house and early techno four-CD box collection. This would make a good present for anyone over 30 who used to guppy their chops. Fantastic.

Derrick May: 'Innovator' (10th Planet)
Quality pre light-stick techno from one of the originators of the genre. Good present for anyone over 30 who used to guppy their chops like an idiot. Brilliant.

RIP: The Sound Of The Underground (EMI)
"Bumpin' 4 Deck Speed Garage," as it says on the packet with two CDs, wipe-clean cover and lots of mixin' it up stuff. Mangling.

Deep Dish: 'Junk Science' (Deconstruction)
Proper deep house. An LP of Deep Dish's new deep house. Perfect summer music for heads in an altogether different kind of lock.

Bonkers 4: Hixxy, Sharkey & Dougal's World Frenzy (React)
Reaching the millennium before the rest of us, Hixxy, Sharkey & Dougal need to either go back and start again or just sit back and let the rest of us catch up. Dougal gets right inside the eye of this kipper, mixing up Brisk & Trixxy with one of his own deep cuts. Hixxy kicks off with the Slashing Fun Kids rocket hopper while Dougal cuts straight in there with Innovate's 'Innovate', rips it up for a full16 tracks and delivers us from the storm with Innovate's 'The Universe'.

Absolutely unbelievably happy next-level hardcore. This will change your life, particularly if you are a single man with lots of drugs and no money.

ROWAN CHERNIN

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Got any ~~Reynolds Girls~~ Soft Rock?

The horror! loaded invites you to take an irony-clad boat up the river of time and into the heart of the '80s. It won't happen again

"You're going home in a nostalgic ambience"

"Aaaargh! I've sprained my finger"

Like '88 never happened

"Could you put this on?"

"Piss off. We don't play any old shit"

"Then again..."

PHOTOS: KATIE TOMASHEVSKI

It sounded like a call to revolution: "Fight the power with loud beer and dancing." Flyers often tell lies, but... young people, thrashing air guitars to Foreigner, pogoing to '99 Red Balloons' and, worse still, punching the dry ice and chanting "Amadeus, Amadeus!" NOOOOO-OOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!! Is this a nightmare? Mentally tied-up and dancing in an ironic state, revelling in pastiches of every move ever made by the mullet generation. The epic soft rock of the M-heads, trapped in a particularly bad episode of *The Rock'n'Roll Years*. Defying time like a festering cheesy sandwich left under the floorboards by cowboy builders, this is a resurrection you'll never forget. Can this be the end of the millennium, already?

I tracked down the two men responsible: DJs Blind Olly Soft Rock and Ben Fuego. They have trawled the charity shops, car boot sales, jumbles and bargain buckets to bring us this. We are now almost a year into its conception...

"Groupies? I get fat, sweaty 30-year-old blokes come up and hug me"

Why are you doing this?

BO: "I like the idea that in a club people should hear fists-in-the-air anthems, be they acid house, hardcore or rock'n'roll. Songs with a good chorus, as opposed to the boring, meandering, pretentious rubbish that people just nod along to."

BF: "There's nothing better."

Do you practise at home with three traffic lights in a box flashing in time to the beat?

BO: "No. I have the ability to put a needle on a record. I don't have decks and I can't work mixers at all. I've broken all the DJ rules – left whole albums on and gone to the bar, played the same song twice because I like it, left scratched records on. I don't use headphones either, I just gauge where the records are going to start. In the beginning I just used one deck and there'd be a huge silence between each track which I hoped people would applaud in. What we do is not far from what you do at home, if you like music. Most DJs I hear aren't music lovers, they just play what's expected of them and make money doing remixes.

"I think going to clubs should be like a fucking rock opera. The DJ should be recognised, it should be more of a show. It keeps the nerdy element out – certainly when I play you don't get people looking at the decks seeing what promos I've got. I don't think Bachman Turner Overdrive have brought any white labels out for a few years."

Does playing these epic tracks bring the girls rocking around your box?

BO: "That's a fucking myth. DJs getting birds...? I don't get any at all. Occasionally I'll get a fat and sweaty 30-year-old bloke come and hug me afterwards, saying that took him back a few years."

BF: "We've had girls snogging in front of us, stage-diving and ripping our T-shirts off."

Have you thought about advertising in the Yellow Pages?

BO: "Weddings and parties would be more fun. I'm sure if I hired a mobile jockey for a party in a boozer he probably wouldn't play far different records than me. I'm trying to get my mum to play – she's a line dancer. I though it'd be good to get Blind Olly Soft Rock's mum on and play her Garth Brooks records."

What is the future of soft rock?

BF: "It's going to go skywards. We've got a gig at the Ministry, so after that we're lookin' at Wembley. We're gonna go as big as we can."

ROWAN CHERNIN

You can endure the soft rock experience upstairs at the Sonic Mook Experiment on the first Saturday of every month. Next one is on 4 July, with proper DJs and bands in the other rooms, at the 333 Club, 333 Old Street, London EC1. Tel: 0171 739 5949.

Soft Rock Top Ten

Blind Olly:
1 **Jane Wiedlin** 'Rush Hour'
2 **Belinda Carlisle** 'Heaven Is A Place On Earth
3 **Boston** 'More Than A Feeling'
4 **Rainbow** 'Since You Been Gone'
5 **Joan Jett And The Black Hearts** 'I Love Rock'n'Roll'

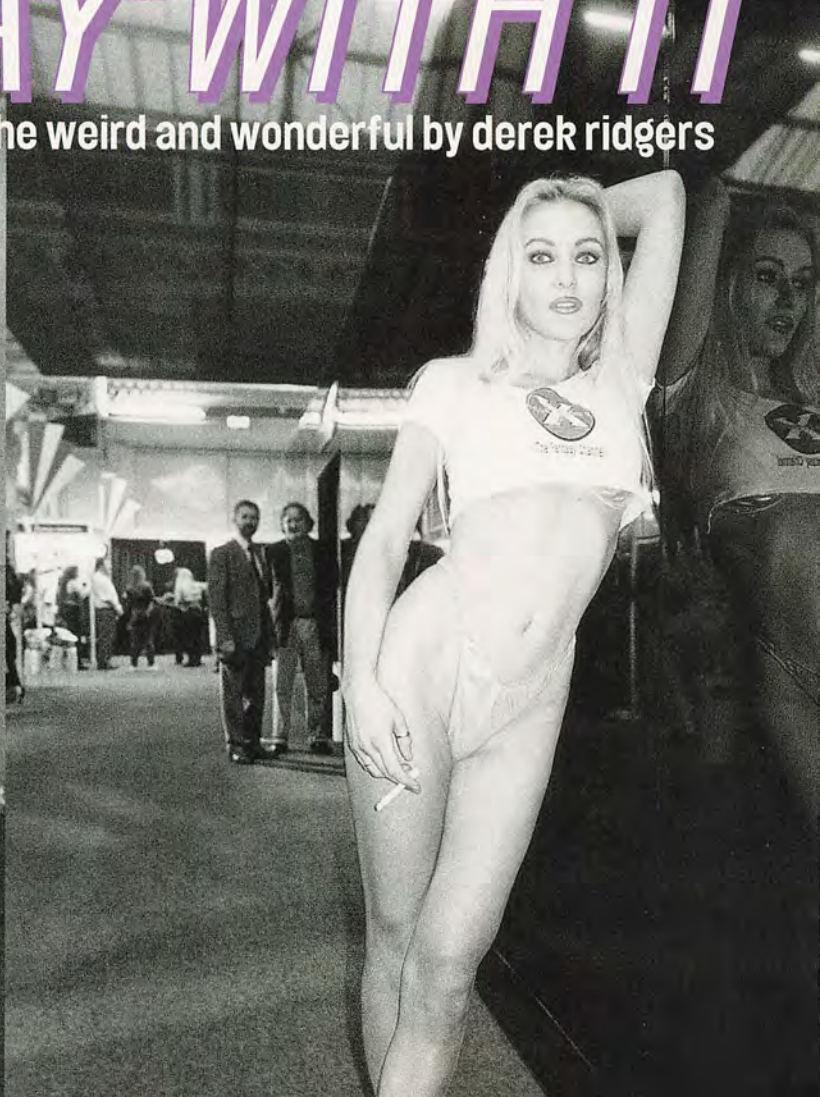
Ben Fuego:
1 **Van Halen** 'Jump'
2 **Belinda Carlisle** 'Leave The Light On'
3 **Whitesnake** 'Here I Go Again'
4 **REO Speedwagon** 'Keep On Loving You'
5 **Bryan Adams** 'Run To You'

(left) Katrina, an art student from Winchester, seen at Erotica '98, sports a corset by Velda Lauder and a silicon dildo by The Rubber Company. "It's certainly a conversation piece on a crowded train," she tells me. (below) Pausing only to adjust her own volume control at the Torture Garden, McArthur Park, an actress from Yorkshire, shouts: "Never be afraid of breaking the barriers of convention to pursue your dream!" I shall follow this maxim to the letter, ladies, so be warned

(right) Popping out for a moment at the Erotica '98 show, it's model Viki Neal (below) Teresa Scott from Nottingham, again at Erotica '98. She wants the world to know that she's "totally, totally submissive, into bondage, the works..."

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

a photo-diary of the weird and wonderful by derek ridgers



MARK ADAMS SORCHA BROOKS MARK CAVEN ALISON EGAN RICHARD CHERRY JULIE-ANN GILLITT ANTONY EDRIDGE CLARKE HAYES THIERRY HARCOURT JACKIE SAWIRIS KEVIN HOWARTH

"RACY, SEXY and COOL" - John Naughton COSMOPOLITAN

the big swap

five couples, one big idea

18

"RAUNCHY ... ADULT and INTELLIGENT" - Simon Rose DAILY MIRROR

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Film of the month

"Shit, you broke my fist!" (*Point Blank*)

Mind blank

It's got Lee Marvin in it, but that's missing the point

Point Blank

In a nutshell: One of the finest gangster thrillers of all time. Over-stylised, over violent but most importantly over here on the big screen for the first time since the '60s.
What's the story: In one of the finest performances of his career, Lee Marvin plays Walker, a man ripped off and left for dead in the ruins of Alcatraz at the end of a robbery. Plagued by flashbacks and paranoia but aided by the fact that he is the hardest man in the world, he goes in search of his money. This ultimately brings him into contact with a vast crime syndicate, as he ruthlessly pursues his debt all the way to the top. And if you watch this film enough you will actually start to become Lee Marvin. His character can cope with anything, and if you don't mind shooting anyone who gets in your way, so can you!
Clever stuff: Very imaginative torture scene in the LA river, and a huge punch up in a psychedelic jazz club in which the singer's cries are mixed in with the screams of Marvin's opponents.
Stupid stuff: Marvin and his partner being so drunk at a party they lie on the floor and plan a robbery at ankle level.
Lust: Not really. Marvin shooting at his wife's mattress.
Verdict: 9/10
MICHAEL HOLDEN

Dad Savage

In a nutshell: The best British film in a goodly while.
What's the story? Patrick Stewart is Dad, a line-dancing Lincolnshire tulip farmer and man's man who's been making a mint from criminal sidelines and burying the proceeds in the woods. His son Sav (Jake Wood) recruits his mates Vic and Bob to help with the nefarious doings, and they learn about the stash from fellow associate H (Kevin McKidd). Kidnapping and torturing Sav, they find the buried bag and scarper when Sav is reunited with his shotgun. Dad hears shots, sets off for the woods and finds his loot gone. He tracks down the boys with Bob's sister (Helen McCrory), and it's reckoning time.
Clever stuff: A splendid screenplay by cab driver Steven Williams, tense, stylish direction and top-notch performances, particularly from Stewart and Marc Warren – who puts you in mind of the young Malcolm McDowell – as the twisted Vic. In some ways similar to *Shallow Grave*, but as a whole it dumps all over it.
Carnage: Dad drives his pick-up through the farmhouse and into the cellar. The film has all manner of emotional and physical havoc.
Sample Dad line: "From this angle I could blow your balls clean up into your lungs, boy."
Verdict: Grand. Go see this film, roight! 8.25/10
CHAS CHANDLER

Patrick Stewart shows his sensitive side (*Dad Savage*)

Hurricane Streets

What's the story? The windy city is New York. Our hero is the 15-year-old Marcus Frederick (Brendan Sexton III). He's the leader of a "club" of street punks who thieve things like trainers with "phat" laces and peddle them to other kids. HQ is an old bomb shelter where pub sports are played and wisecracks pour forth. Marcus awaits the release of his mother from chokey so they can leave for New Mexico, where his asthma should improve.
Clever stuff: Tight direction that won the Sundance Film Festival directing award for Morgan J Freeman, and a sombre ending, recalling *The Graduate*, that only independent film-making can provide these days.
Carnage: Marcus is getting along fine until three things queer the deal. He finds out why his mother is really inside, that his girlfriend Melena is the subject of paternal cruelty, and that the one man he trusts is a crook on the lam. When his mates' yen for more profitable villainy climaxes in the shooting of Melena's father by the chubby kid (every club should have one), Marcus perpetrates one last desperate act to get Melena and himself out of town.
Street wisdom: "You've gotta have hair on your pecker to play darts."
Verdict: 7/10 **CC**

Red Corner

In a nutshell: A corrupt Chinese legal system tries to stop Richard Gere having a good time. *Midnight Express* for the slightly miffed.
What's the story? Gere is a TV exec who flogs soft porn to a committee of Chinese bigwigs by telling them "OK, it's decadent, but stick it on telly then your people can see how depraved we are in the West!" He strolls away having done the deal of his life. Then, after a night rolling around his bedroom floor with a busty local girl and a Champagne bucket full of coke, he wakes up to find her dead with his fingerprints all over her, so to speak. Obviously it's a stitch-up, but how can he prove it when everyone in the Chinese courts thinks this is what Americans do all the time anyway? Which, of course, they do.
Clever stuff: Ridiculously misplaced bicycle chase through streets and houses with chickens flying everywhere. Like Laurel and Hardy.
Stupid stuff: Makes China look like one big torture chamber run by crooks in uniforms. Maybe it is. So why is everyone strutting about like the Bottom Inspectors? Get out of here! It's just daft.
Lust: Bit of a tickle. That's your lot.
Carnage: Electric cattle prod to the goolies.
Best line: "You've got a big nose."
Verdict: 6/10
MICK BUNNAGE

Replacement Killers

In a nutshell: Guns, gangsters and post-millennial tension all whipped up with a dash of John Woo for that Hong Kong kick.
What's the story? Contract killer John Lee (Chow Yun-Fat) has his short and curlies trapped by gangland mafia boss Terence Wei (Kenneth Tsang). Deal is: do my dirty work or your family's compost.
Clever stuff: Bit thin on the ground with the grey matter, but some of the scenes have mind-blowing backdrops and the soundtrack pushes all the adrenaline buttons. Watch out for the inventive use of a mechanic's roller-board in a car wash, as Lee cleans up some hard-to-shift scum.
Stupid stuff: Some appalling "I'm a sassy US chick" acting from Mira

"Stop it, you're hurting" (*Red Corner*)

Sorvino, who plays side-kick Meg Coburn, and amusing one-liners that aren't supposed to be funny.
Carnage: Fucking loads. A World War II munitions factory would have been hard-pushed to keep this lot busting caps.
Quote for the poster: Gun-toting, shades-sporting nutters from the hip side of hell.
Verdict: 8/10
DAVID HALL

Savior

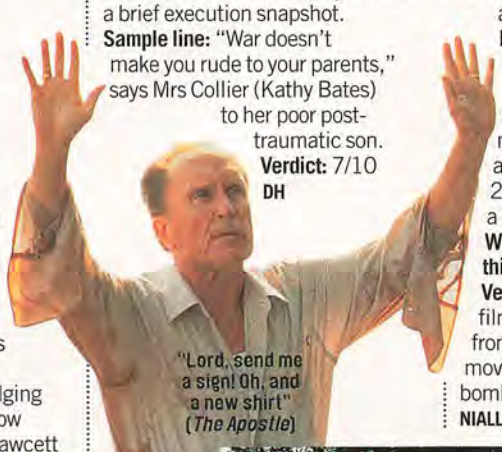
In a nutshell: War film.
What's the story? Bloke sees wife and kid die in terrorist attack in Paris. Goes ballistic and shoots some people. Joins Foreign Legion and is sent to Serbia. Pregnant woman pops up, tags along and bloke has soul-searching exercise.
Who's in it? Dennis Quaid, Nastassja Kinski (but not for long) and Stellan Skarsgard (only slightly longer).
Clever stuff: Oliver Stone is down as co-producer so you get some very violent scenes and an engaging story. As with most of his stuff there's a heavy redemption theme.
Stupid stuff: Not having helicopters swarming the horizon with Wagner's *Ride Of The Valkyries* blaring. It tries to show the effects of modern war: the dislocation of the people fighting and the religious tensions behind it. Sometimes it feels as if this is all just a background for an old plot, and that's disappointing.
Lust: Not really applicable in the circumstances.
Carnage: The beating of a pregnant woman is particularly grim.
Special effects overkill: Gun-related and effective.
The critics say: "War. What is it good for?"
Random line: "Can't you hold the baby?!"
Verdict: 7/10
PIERS TOWNLEY

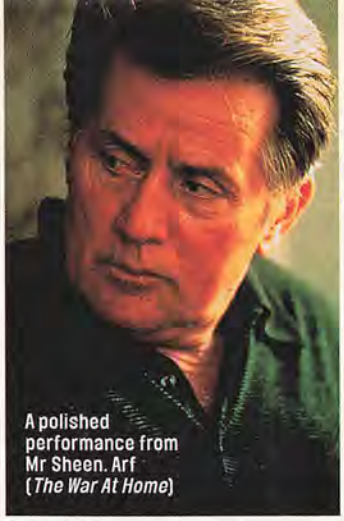
The Apostle

In a nutshell: Hatched from the chrome dome of Robert Duvall, who directs and stars, this is the saga of a Pentecostal preacher on the road to redemption.
What's the story? Superstar Texan Jesus nut Duvall has been preaching since he was in short trews and travels about like a man possessed, converting sinners and indulging in tag-team ranting with fellow professionals. Wife Farrah Fawcett leaves him for a younger minister, so Bob gets juiced up and banjos his rival with a baseball bat, leaving him in a coma. He flees to a small town in Louisiana, baptises himself "The Apostle" and then sets about getting a congregation together for his new church. It flourishes, but Bob learns of the death of his wife's lover and cannot escape the mounting inner demons.
Clever stuff: Duvall is an excellent actor and gets great performances from his cast. He makes religious fanaticism quite interesting. Hats off also to the slip-slidin', country pickin' score.
Stupid stuff: Church service scenes outstay their welcome.
Lust: No. Only Miranda Richardson as someone for Bob to romance.
Carnage: Averted by the power of the Good Book.
Sample line: "I walk with Jesus."
Verdict: As tours de force go, Duvall's ain't bad at all. 6.25/10 **CC**

The War At Home

In a nutshell: Another Vietnam vet flick about flashbacks and all that other cliched stuff.
What's the story? Jeremy Collier (Emilio Estevez) returns from war in a right old state. He just can't cope with anything. And as the film unfolds, so does his ability to keep a lid on things.
Clever stuff: Some good acting from Martin Sheen as Jeremy's dad, producing a few tear-jerking moments... if you're that way inclined, of course.
Stupid stuff: Jeremy has this nasty habit of going into the back garden only for it to turn into 'Nam. One minute he's taking in the crickets, the next he's calling in the napalm.
Carnage: Fairly tame and restricted to the flashback scenes, apart from a brief execution snapshot.
Sample line: "War doesn't make you rude to your parents," says Mrs Collier (Kathy Bates) to her poor post-traumatic son.
Verdict: 7/10
DH


"Lord, send me a sign! Oh, and a new shirt" (*The Apostle*)


A polished performance from Mr Sheen. Arf (*The War At Home*)

Wild Style

In a nutshell: Legendary 1981 docu-drama about graffiti, breakdancing and hip-hop in New York.
What's the story? By day, Raymond loafs around his seedy South Bronx 'hood doing not much. At night he becomes Zoro, the city's finest graffiti writer, who breaks into subway train yards to knock up his colourful pieces under the noses of the cops. The Bronx scene soon catches the eye of the media and Virginia, a reporter, is sent along to cover it. She offers Zoro the chance to make an entry into the 'proper' art world. But will he take it, or does Zoro's soul belong in his home community?
Clever stuff: Plenty. Footage of some of the wickedest subway graffiti ever, loads of def breaking courtesy of Crazy Legs and the Rock Steady Crew, and if that's not enough, hip-hop legends like Grandmaster Flash and Fab Five Freddy in full effect.
Silly stuff: Some ropey dialogue, but then the cast were all unknowns. Virginia's clothes are really silly.
Lust: Zoro's encounter with a randy art dealer serves up a bit of intrigue.
Carnage: None, apart from the local landscape. Lots of burned-out cars and condominiums.
Best bit: All of it, but especially: 1) When Grandmaster Flash cuts some dope beats together seamlessly despite using the most old-fashioned turntables and mixer you've ever seen; 2) when everyone gets down for a big rave in an amphitheatre.
Will you cut a move after watching this? Yeh, you know it.
Verdict: Disses the *Breakdance* films and craps on *Beat Street* from a great height. The hip-hop movie and no messin'. Yo, it's da bomb. 9/10.
NIALL HAMPTON

"Anyone else want to take the piss out of my beret?" (*Savior*)

"Got any Reynolds Girls?" (*Wild Style*)

quick ones

The Big Swap

Cautionary tale of five couples who decide to spice things up a bit by swapping partners. Car keys are dropped onto the carpet, saucy caperings ensue and their cosy world of supper parties, weekends in country cottages and tenpin bowling is soon under threat. At first they think they can handle a spot of dirty fun. But things soon implode in a cloud of insecurity, jealousy and obsession. Rumours of one male friend's unfeasibly large todger prove damaging for male morale, and one woman discovers she was a lesbian all along. Ooh, it's a right old mess and no mistake. Well acted by a crowd of unknowns, it's like a feature-length episode of *This Life* with naughty bits. But, far from being an opportunity for a drop of Kleenex-moistening titillation, it's an unsettling experience. 6/10.
GARY CROSSING

"Eat something, woman" (*The Big Swap*)

City Of Angels

Nic Cage plays a bloke who's dead but still manages to walk about, invisible to all. There's quite a few of these ghosts and they all protect people from bad situations, so I suppose that makes them angels. While saving a bloke from death on the operating table, Cage becomes infatuated with surgeon Meg Ryan, who does look quite fetching in all that sterilised gear. Sadly she can't see him. More to the point, why would she want to be with him anyway? He hasn't got a job or anything. He's not even alive. A pointless remake of Wim Wenders' *Wings Of Desire*, which was good. This isn't. 5/10. **NH**

Dreaming With The Fishes

Drama set in San Francisco about two blokes who all want to die for completely different reasons. Terry is suicidal following the death of his missus and turns to being a Peeping Tom to pass the time. On the night he decides to top himself, he's stopped from doing the deed by Nick, who's ironically got about three weeks before he pops his clogs from a terminal illness. The pair strike a bargain: if Terry will pay for Nick to indulge his fantasies in the short time he's got left, Nick will shoot him. Certainly not as bad as the daft title suggests. Fans of lo-fi independent American cinema will love this. 7/10. **NH**

Bigger than dog

Barking? This lot will have you howling

Anyone flicking idly through the telly listings and ignoring the word 'Barking' in the schedules could probably be justified for their actions. After all, it sounds a bit like a programme devoted to uncannable canines or a pony new soap set in east London. But *Barking* isn't either of those appetising prospects. Instead, it's Channel 4's new comedy sketch show, which features a raft of the finest comic talent working in Britain today. It's taken just over a year to get *Barking* off the ground – gathering the 20 or so contributors together, coming up with material, producing a pilot show and convincing the top boys at Channel 4 to give it a go. And the result? Over 20 writer/performers, dozens of characters, scores of scenarios and a shitload of laughs beaming into the nation's living rooms this summer. Barking mad, honest!

There's an obsessive Royal watcher with a Princess Margaret fixation, a mad cyclist determined to terrorise pedestrians, a right-on couple who just can't put PC into practice and a bar smoothie who preys on women punters with chat-up lines so bad you wouldn't even hear them in a taxi queue on Sunday morning. Add to that a bloke in a pub who could be the best at everything if only he could be arsed, the worst teacher you ever had the misfortune of being in a classroom with and an impotent husband who hides his condition by making model villages in his garage.

A lot of the characters may have been drawn from stereotypes and shrewd observations of everyday folk, à la Harry Enfield or *The Fast Show*, but that's about where the similarity ends. Barking may take the piss, but it's also got a bit of a dark side to it. Be prepared for some surprises.

"The idea behind the show was to showcase emerging talent," explains series producer David Spicer, whose credentials include working on *Armstrong & Miller*. "What we didn't want to do was to form a new *Absolutely* or *Monty Python* sketch team with six Oxbridge types. There were a lot of people on the stand-up circuit who were doing characters, so that's what *Barking*'s all about – stand-ups who do sketches."

Some of the better-known names on board include Dave Walliams, who appeared on *Shooting Stars* as Soft Fruit Alan. He penned the Royal Watcher character with Matt 'George Dawes' Lucas for a series of live shows they did together last year. There's also Simon Greenhall (*Armstrong & Miller*, *Alan Partridge*), Steve Brodie (Channel 4's *Fluke*, BBC Radio's *B & Q Kingsize*) and stand-up comedienne Jo Enright.

The diverse cast also pop up in each other's skits, many of which are revisited and developed throughout the series.

"We have a conflict of comic styles so we've got things which are just mad and totally off the wall," says David. "In something like *The Fast Show* you get one sketch which you return to later and it's basically the same. But In *Barking* we tried to move it around a bit and there are a few very dark moments in the show which aren't necessarily laugh-out-loud funny, but they're certainly valid comedy. I'd like to think there's going to be some people out there who hate some parts of *Barking*, but hopefully, people are going to love other parts of it."

Couch potatoes should be spoilt for choice this summer. If the World Cup becomes a bit of an embarrassment, then there's always the option of flicking channels and seeing some funnier dysfunctional people on *Barking*. But is the nation ready for it? "Yes, I think so", says David. "This isn't a sketch show featuring people you know and love – this is a show featuring people you don't know who you're going to love."

"This is a sketch show featuring people you don't know but are going to love"

Any guesses which characters may go down best? "I think Bagshaw the teacher is very good because it resonates with everyone who had a cunt of a teacher like that at some point – and no one got through school without that teacher. And Dave Walliams' Royal watcher is great. He's just so far out there. If you gave him a phone directory to read out loud, I'd probably piss myself laughing."

NIALL HAMPTON

Catch Barking *on Channel 4 from the last week in June.*

Barking off their trolleys

Dave Walliams on Peter Andre, the Royal Watcher

"It's based on James Whittaker, who Princess Diana called the "Jolly Red Tomato". He's a slightly pompous man who used to be on *GMTV* and claims to always have inside information on the Royal Family. But we took it to an extreme and made him an insane stalker who would pass it off by saying he had the latest Royal story. Peter's got this front of dignity, but as it goes on, he starts losing it. He pretends to have had a close relationship with Princess Margaret in the 1960s. We got the name from the singer Peter Andre who was in the charts when we were writing it. We didn't want to give one of our characters an awful name, like Ponsonby-Smythe or something like that."

"I want some big Royalties for this"

Steve Brodie on Peter Piper, the man who can't be bothered

"I got the idea from growing up in Selsey, near Portsmouth. I knew this bloke who had a trial for Southampton. "How did you get on?" I asked him. "It went OK," he replied. "Do they want you then?" "Yeah." "Are you going to do it, then?" "No, I don't think I can be bothered. I'd rather be a normal bloke and stay here with all my mates." A lot of people are like that in real life. It's the fear of failure. Peter Piper's look is partly a country look. In Portsmouth, there's a lot of Pompey supporters and you really do see an alarming number of people with sideburns and black-dyed quasi-Elvis hairdos. Someone said it looked a bit like Fred West, but that wasn't the intention."

"Can't be arsed with this"

Suspiria, Nouveau Pictures, £12.99
The classic work of Italian Horror maestro Dario Argento. Films for hearing-impaired Limahl fans. The plot: an American exchange student is staying at an exclusive German Academy in the Black Forest when she sees her mates murdered in front of her. This sort of film goes hand in hand with heavy metal, self-mutilation and halitosis. With the soundtrack featuring relentless grunting and hissing, and the over-the-top lighting bathing every scene in red and blue light, you really know this film has been directed by Dario. It couldn't be more so if Argento himself popped in front of the camera at the end of every scene and proudly announced, "I did that." Everyone will tell you that it's a classic of modern horror, but only in the sense that Gabbici was classic, or choc and nut Cornettos. Subtle it ain't. Argento arranges the deaths/kills in his films as a kind of *Can't Cook Won't Cook* step by step operation. About 10 minutes into the movie one of the girls is looking out of her bedroom window when a big hairy arm smashes through it, grabbing her round the back of the head. That's followed up with her getting repeatedly stabbed in the chest, (you see her internal organs being prodded with the blade) and then her death by hanging. If this isn't horror enough the camera pans down the length of her body, and then further down, following the blood as it drips from her body onto the corpse of her friend who has a big shard of glass stuck in her brain. Questionable.

Hussy, Digital Gems, £12.99
Terrible quality. Despite being made in the same year as *The Long Good Friday*, it's more like *Grange Hill* does Gangland. Starring Patti Boulaye and Helen Mirren, *Hussy* is set at the start of the '80s in the fictional Baron Club in Soho. Mirren is part of a team of brasses giving hand shandies to Arab businessmen and fat blokes. They all look very depressed. Perhaps this is how our birds feel about having sex with us – tired and depressed slobs with hairy backs, full of lager and pointless lengthy lies to try to make ourselves sound more interesting. This film was so depressing I had to have a bath half-way through and wash off the smell of fags. All the neon on the screen made my skin feel sticky. Perhaps that's radiation off the telly? It could be my phone, it said in the papers the other day that they give you brain cancer. Makes you think.

Hope and Glory: The Official History of the English Football Team, VVL, £12.99
With the World Cup upon us blah tedious blah blah Waddle.
PHIL ROBINSON

video of the month

The best of sting

Buzz off you pesky killer bees. Ouch!

The Swarm, £5.99, Warner Bros
"I'm saying that the bees did this."
"Are you saying bees eat plastic?"
"No no, but I'm wondering. Your American Honey bee couldn't even break the skin on a grape... this species is tearing up plastic cups!"
Brilliant. We've got a swarm of tedious fidgety bees on our hands. Perhaps they're waiting for a bus or have drunk too much coffee. It's like they don't just sting you to death, they wind you up with their neurotic habits.
"I never believed it would turn out to be the bees, they've always been our friends," says Michael Caine. Just before the bees envelop a small child, crunching on his lollipop with their death choppers. His friends cower inside the school while bees eat at the windows, but it's too late for the boy. He's dead. Full bee justice delivered.
It's lucky for the rest of the town that Caine, the world's foremost Bee Fancier, just happened to be passing with a truck full of anti-killer bee serum, enabling the President to put him in charge of swatting this cloud-like menace. This is one of the best worst movies ever made. The great cast includes Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Slim Pickins and Olivia De Havilland – all of them having to work their way around the film's premise: How do we avoid getting jumped by a million angry bees? Here's a tip: they make a bit of a buzzing noise. In one scene three kids valiantly attack the bees with petrol bombs in a forest. Why would bees be hanging about in a forest? Are they delinquent? They've probably got a porn mag hidden under a log, or were thinking of setting up a camp, playing the latest chart hits on a stolen tape machine before doing some butane and stinging hikers to death for their trainers.
A real Bee movie! Arf arf! **PR**

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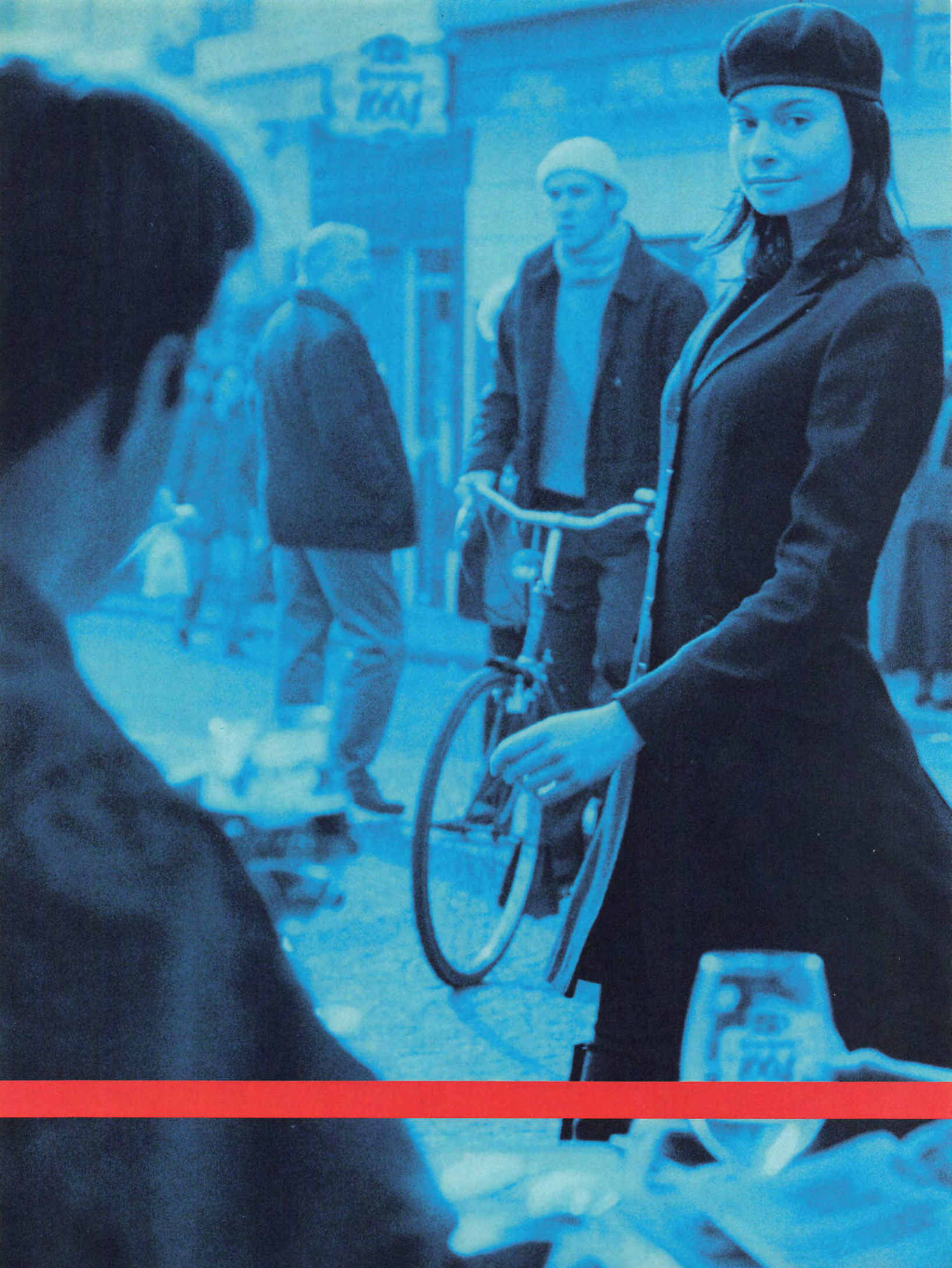

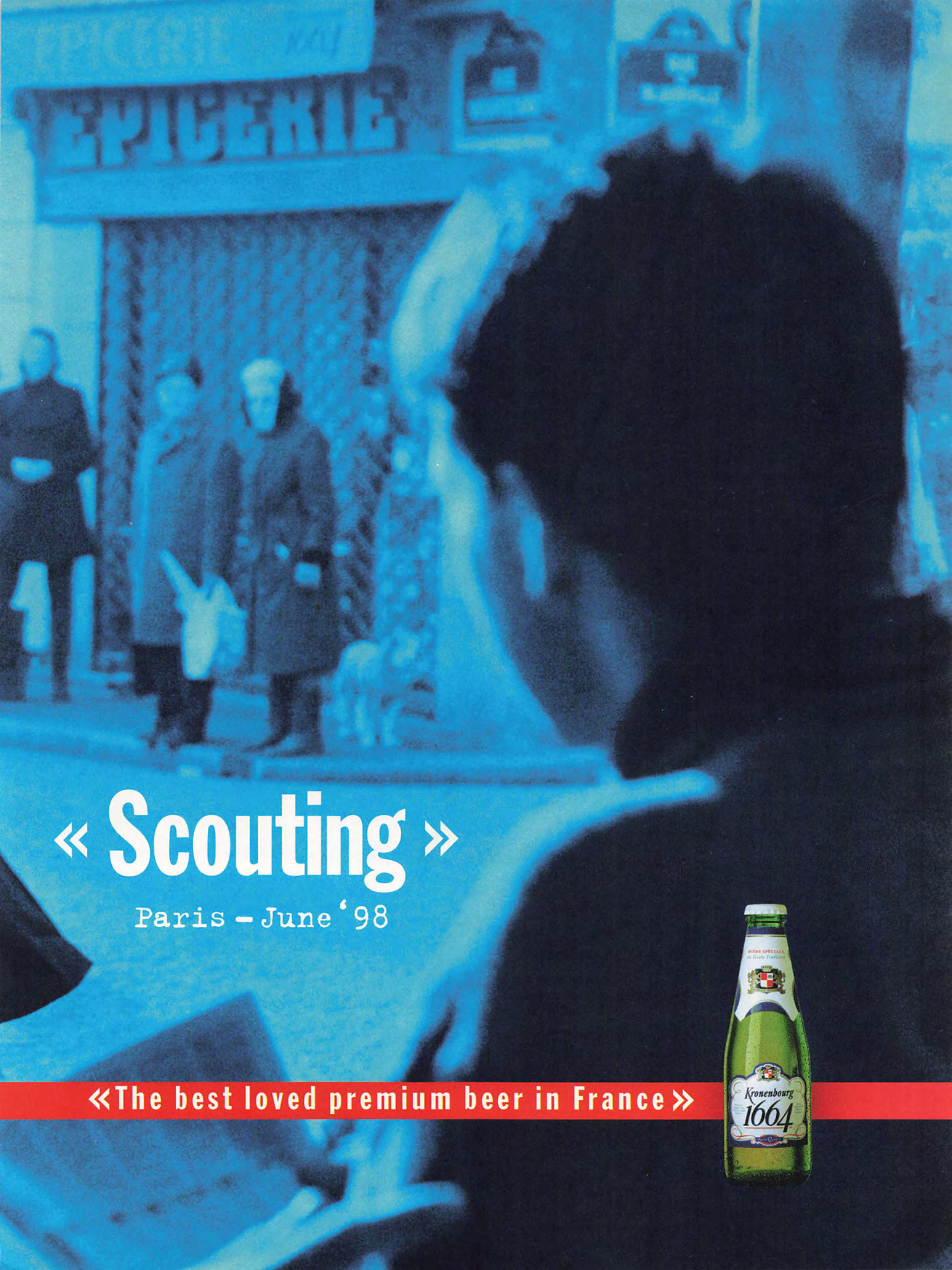
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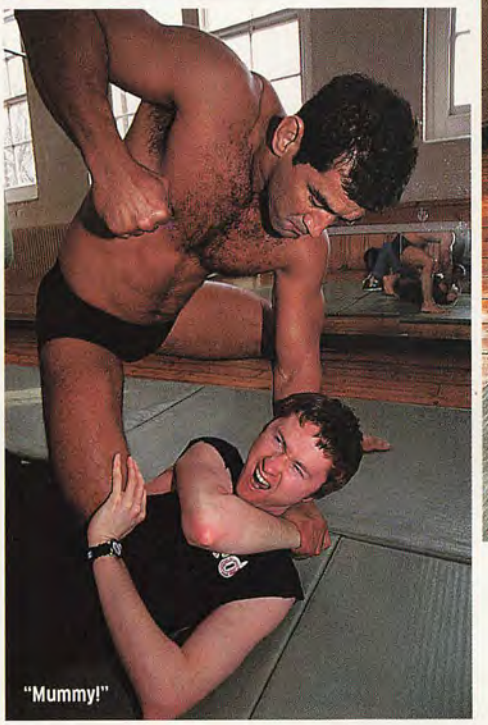
"You're goin home i a loade ambulance"

Fancy it, big boy?

loaded's own Mr Muscle offers out the world's hardest man

"You wouldn't hurt a man in glasses?"

"That's the rent money sorted, then"


"Mummy!"

The last thing you need when you're feeling like shit after a works do is an invitation to go and square up to one of the world's hardest men. Correction – probably *the* hardest. Brazilian Marco Ruas, the world's number one No Holds Barred fighter and a black belt in seven martial arts, is training in town and **loaded**'s been invited to go and do a couple of rounds with him. "We need the best man for the job," I'm told. "But seeing as he can't make it, you're doing it." Too hungover to argue, I'm off to meet a bloke whose vital stats read as follows: fought 303, won 303, lost 0. The winner of 1995's Ultimate Fighting Championship VII, the three-times World Vale Tudo ("anything goes") champion, and someone who invented his own fighting system when he got bored of everybody else's. Now that's what I call *hard*.

On my arrival at the gym, Marco is busy changing, so one of his entourage sticks on a video of his recent fights while we're waiting. Kicking and smashing his way past a succession of bigger, fatter and uglier challengers, it's easy to see why Marco's been dubbed "quite possibly the most dangerous man on the planet". He makes it all look so easy, combining lightning legwork, powerhouse punches and holds in fluid movements that leave his opponents looking as if they'd much rather have stayed in bed. Which, strangely enough, is exactly how I'm feeling.

"'Ere, don't envy you, mate," grins some ninja bloke. "He's broken legs with one kick, and in his last fight he couldn't use his left hand but still ended up ripping the other fella apart." Thanks for the info, pal.

Cometh the half-hour, cometh the man – all 16 stone of him. Arms and legs like little trees and a chest like a small building. In the flesh, Senor Ruas looks positively menacing, especially with a ripe shiner above his left eye. I introduce myself, wondering whether I'm going to get ripped to pieces as part of his light exertions before lunch. A slight pause, then a huge hand and an even huger grin appear in quick succession. Formalities exchanged, Marco goes through his warm-up routine, kicking a punchbag and connecting with such force that people in the street probably felt it too. A quick bit of shadow boxing, and he's ready to show **loaded** some of his techniques.

He doesn't understand the meaning of 'gentle'

Squaring up to Marco on the mats, I feel a bit like Mr Magoo face to face with the Hulk in a confined space. First up, he demonstrates his punching, but remembers to make each powerhouse blow stop just short of the desired target – my nose. Next, a few locks and holds, but there's a slight problem. One of the blokes who's training with Marco points out that the big man doesn't really understand the meaning of the word 'gentle'. Someone tries to explain it to him, but Marco's puzzled expression is giving me cause for concern. Big time. He does a dummy run with someone else to get the idea. Then he asks me where I want it. "Want what?" I ask. "Head lock or leg lock?" "Er, neither, ideally." Opting for the latter, I get on the mat but before I can say, "Not the left leg, please," Marco's bundled me

PHOTOS: ANTONY MEDLEY

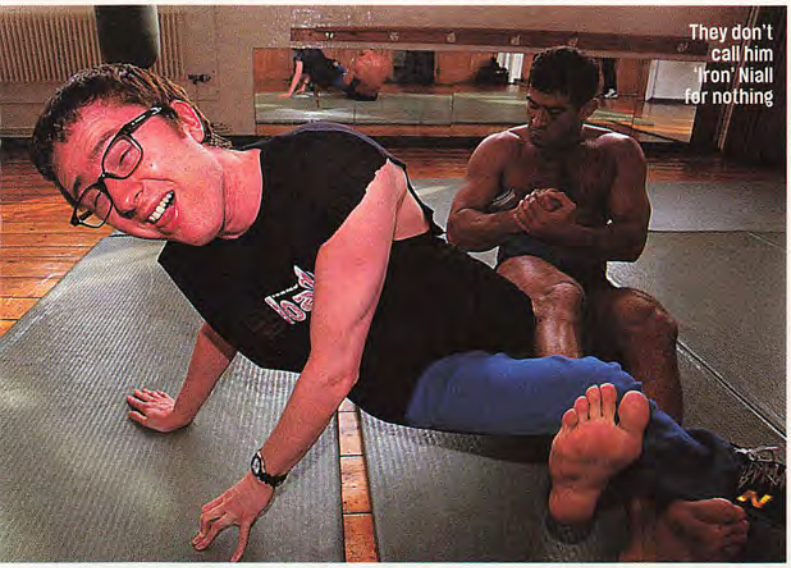
over like a bag of twigs into one of his favourite holds and whipped my foot right back. "Owwww!! Ffffffffff...ing hell!" Just as I'm contemplating life on crutches with a badly broken ankle, Marco releases his grip and untangles himself. Thank fuck that's all over.

"I've just had to fight in Japan and I've been very busy in training," he tells me afterwards, adding that he puts in between four and seven hours a day. So what's the worst injury he's picked up? "I broke a little piece of kneebone when I got kicked in my first No Holds Barred fight, but I still finished it, went on to the next fight and won that." Bearing in mind there are only two rules in this style of fighting – no biting and no gouging – it's an impressive injury record, and one that bears testament to his sheer power and endurance. Marco's gameplan is to be as well known as his childhood hero, Bruce Lee.

"I'm training hard to be at the top, to be the most complete fighter, so that the whole world knows me. That's my ambition." And how long will that take? "With the things that are happening now, it's not too far away but there's a way to go. This is my life – training, teaching, travelling. All my life is the fight. Family and fight."

It's a bit of a contradiction that someone so hard is a softie at heart, devoted to his family and the poor and needy who train for free at his gym in Rio. But then, he's not a bad hangover cure either. Ten minutes in the ring with Ruas relieves all nausea and lethargy and – ankles excepted – most aches and pains too. Better than spending the day in bed like the big girls' blouses in the office.

NIALL HAMPTON



They don't call him 'Iron' Niall for nothing

Sports Listings

Skateboarding, Playstation Amateur Competition, Storm Skatepark, Derby, 20 June. Tel: 01332 201 768
The start of several 'rad' events for kids with scuffed knees and elbows. There are loads of prizes and anyone can enter. Then it goes to Stockport, Liverpool and Truro, finishing in London on 5 September. The Dust Junkys and A will be playing at this final.

Mountain Biking, Red Bull Mountain Mayhem, Trentham Gardens, 27-28 June. Tel: 0181 900 1818
A 24-hour event involving non-stop saddle action, music and sugary drinks. Just getting to the shops for 20 Regal kills us, so pedalling round some shrubbery for a day sounds like madness. The combustion engine was invented to combat situations like these.

Angling, National Championships Division 3, Grand Union Canal, Milton Keynes, 4 July. Tel: 01283 734735
Along with the odd diesel-poisoned perch and a few knackered sprats, supermarket trolleys and road cones will also feature here. Competitors will tell tall stories about

maggots and the beauty of freezing your bollocks off alongside an iffy canal waiting for 'the bite' that will propel them to county-level fame.

Football, World Cup Final, 12 July. Tel: 00 33 14 414 1998
Oh, really?

Tennis, Wimbledon Championships, London, 22 June-5 July. Tel: 0181 946 2244
Grass-based malarkey involving players in white and spectators who've been fleeced stupid for tickets. This will entitle them to inflated strawberry prices and the high probability of rain.

PIERS TOWNLEY

loaded PROMOTION

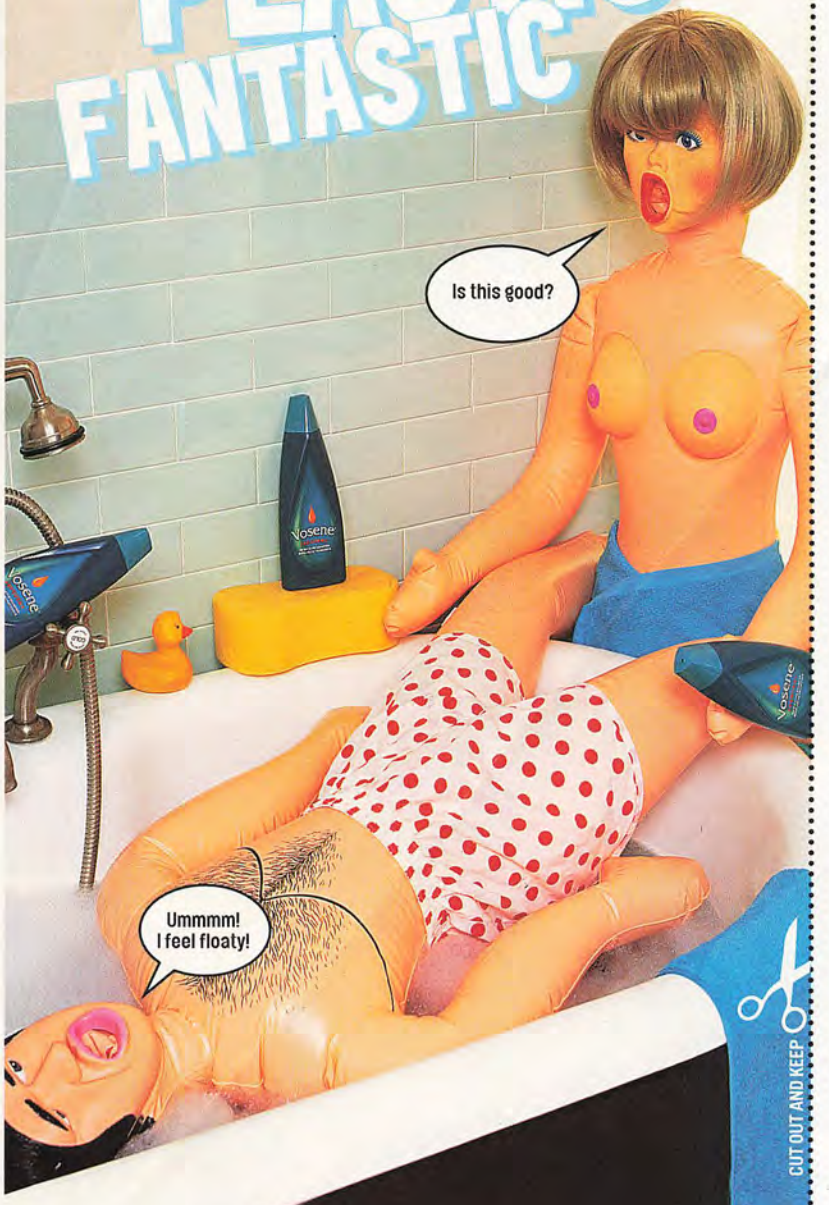
Position of the month: The Ducking Stool

In the previous issue Vince and Virginia got all soapy in the kitchen. This month Virginia expressed a preference to having her monthly slap and tickle with Vince back in the bathroom.

As a ladies man, Vince understands that if you're lucky enough to own good hair, it's essential that you treat it properly so that it appeals to women. As a busy executive in a large latex firm, Vince needs a shampoo that's no hassle to use, refreshing and invigorating. That's why Vince and Virginia turn to Vosene Frequent when they want to get down to a bit of hair washing fun - it's perfect for saucy one on one shampoo action. And after you've had your bath time giggle, Vosene Frequent is all you need to get your hair deep down clean and feeling healthy. Vosene Frequent also has the added benefit of protection against dandruff and a unique blend of conditioners which means it's mild and gentle enough to be used everyday - or even while you're drowning in the bath.

Next month Vince and Virginia are back in the kitchen - what position could they possibly be in this time?

PLASTIC FANTASTIC



CUT OUT AND KEEP

bags of difference

Fed up with knocking back the same old marching juice time after time? Need something with a bit of a kick to it next time you fancy a big blow-out? Sounds like you should give WKD a blast. It's a classy Iron Brew drink with an injection of pure vodka which gives it a distinctive, refeshing taste. Get some of this down your mouthpiece, but don't worry – it's guaranteed not to make your insides rust.

Sweeney Todd: The Real Story Of The Demon Barber Of Fleet Street by Peter Haining, Robson Books, £8.99

Sweeney, so the story goes, killed 160 people in his barbershop and sold their flesh to a piemaker, Mrs Lovett down the road. Improbable though it sounds, this book paints such a vulgar picture of 18th-Century London that you can almost see yourself doing the murders, particularly if people asked for something tricky like tramlines, highlights or a Rod. Random quote to tell the Old Bill when you're next arrested: "The church I was christened at was burnt down, my mother and father are dead, the nurse was hanged and the doctor cut his throat." The laughter never stops.

One Minute Sculptures by Erwin Wurm, Art Books International, £11.95

A man putting staplers in his mouth and passing it off as art. God help us if there's a war. Random quote: "Like a film director." My guts! I pray this is a joke.

Camus For Beginners by David Zane Mairowitz and Alain Korkos, Icon, £8.99

A step-by-step guide to help you understand the thoughts and writings of the legendary French goalkeeper-cum-philosopher who was obsessed with the idea of just going up to people and shooting them. An absolute hoot. I was on the edge of my seat, because I had to share it. Random quote: "The guillotine is on the same level as the man who approaches it." Big words, goal boy.

France 98 The World Cup: Waiting For The King by Paul Days, Footy Club, £9.95

Handy and well composed guide to the finalists in this tournament. A darned sight easier than waiting for Barry Davies to shut up about Shakespeare and tell you what you want to know, and on balance, in the deluge of World Cup info floating around at the moment, perhaps the best of the bunch. Random quote: "Frode Grodass."

Reincarnation: Amazing True Cases From Around The World by Roy Stemman, Piatkus, £6.99

I lived briefly as a 12th Century Belgian milkmaid; they beat me to death. I whored myself in mediaeval Streatham. I was in the trenches, as a pebble. And now this. Funny thing, reincarnation. Like UFOs and the precise nature of Nicky Campbell's talent, it is almost impossible to prove. Hence this book, and doubtless others like it. Anyone thinking they have lived before should kill themselves and leave the air for those of us breathing it for the first time. Random quote: "Mummy, I'm coming back!" Why?

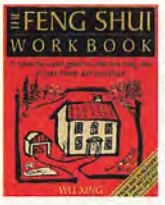
The Golden Age Of Rock Instrumentals by Steve Otfiniski, Billboard, £12.95

Heartfelt and informative guide to the golden age of the karaoke-unfriendly hits of the '50s and '60s. These days an instrumental is widely believed to be the warped guitar interlude in some weird heavy metal daydream. Back then, rock'n'roll, surf guitar and soul artists would routinely send vocalists out on lengthy shopping trips, resulting in epic performances from the likes of Link Wray, Dick Dale, The JBs, Herb Alpert, The Bar Kays and Booker T and the MGs. And this is a book about that. Random quote: "Melody like a snake charmer's pipe."

In The Sixties by Frank Habicht, Axis, £16.95

Men in suits and bowlers walk arm in arm round the streets of Chelsea with naked women. Crazed society dentist Fark Ingkunt invites you to his boudoir to drop acid with a pop musician and a member of the House of Lords. That was the '60s. Here it is in pictures. Good pictures too, but should you find yourself aching with nostalgia for what never was, smack yourself in the face with something modern and turn on the telly at once. Random quote: None (just pictures).

There's a 'window box' joke here somewhere



The Feng Shui Workbook by Wu Xing, Piatkus, £9.99

My sofa is the devil, but the waste paper basket means he cannot hurt me. All aboard the good ship Feng Shui – chuck out your chintz, woman, it's giving the cat rickets. There is a compelling logic to all this spirituality in shape and location. Someone ought to open a Buddhist estate agent's. The flaw is that few people live in their ideal home or ever will, and the removal of an unlucky mountain in the area is well beyond most budgets. Random quote: "Wood burns to produce heat."

MICHAEL HOLDEN

Book of the month

Chet has a mild attack of Gillespie Cheek Syndrome

Chesney talks

A brilliant bebop blower with a bollocksed-up life

As Though I Had Wings by Chet Baker, Indigo, 6.99

The collected memoirs of Chet Baker, arguably one of the greatest white musicians of all time. As far as trumpet playing goes, Baker was the total opposite of Roy Castle insofar as he never had his own TV show and Roy Castle never had an enormous smack habit, but then he never got to play with Charlie Parker either. This is a remarkable story told with innocent candour – lines like "Naturally I was the first to be locked up" and "She simply asked my name, my address, and how much cocaine and heroin I wanted per day" sit comfortably alongside descriptions of his father-in-law's poodle and boating holidays. Sexual misadventure, psychiatric institutions, prison, jazz music and love. What more do you want in a lifetime? Random quote: "Take me to the nearest hospital." And they did.

Stout work fella

John Gilroy, the man behind the old Guinness ads

If you had to go and see one art exhibition this year, would you opt for Italian Renaissance pastoral paintings by blokes with lots of time on their hands or John Gilroy's Guinness poster exhibition? Thought so.

By the time of his death in 1985, his ads had made him a worldwide name. After a stint in the First World War, this Newcastle lad hit the big time when he started banging out poster art for the black stuff during the '30s. For the next 20-odd years he watched as his efforts helped Guinness become a national institution. It was around this time that the legend 'Guinness is good for you' was developed to such an extent that everyone swore blind it was compulsory with hospital food. If you were pregnant you had even more of a guarantee of getting a regular pint. Then everyone decided to have another war and Gilroy's success reached new heights.

He put the Great into Britain with his 'Careless Talk Costs Lives' and 'Dig For Victory' posters for the Ministry of Information. He designed others for the Empire Tea Bureau, set up to encourage Britons to consume vast quantities of the stuff. How can a nation ever forget the immortal 'Tea Revives You'? He also worked on Rowntree's Gums, Persil and toothpaste and rolling tobacco brands. If that wasn't enough, he did mugshots of Winston Churchill, the Queen Mum, Edward Heath and Pope John XXIII, who probably enjoyed a sneaky swift half himself.

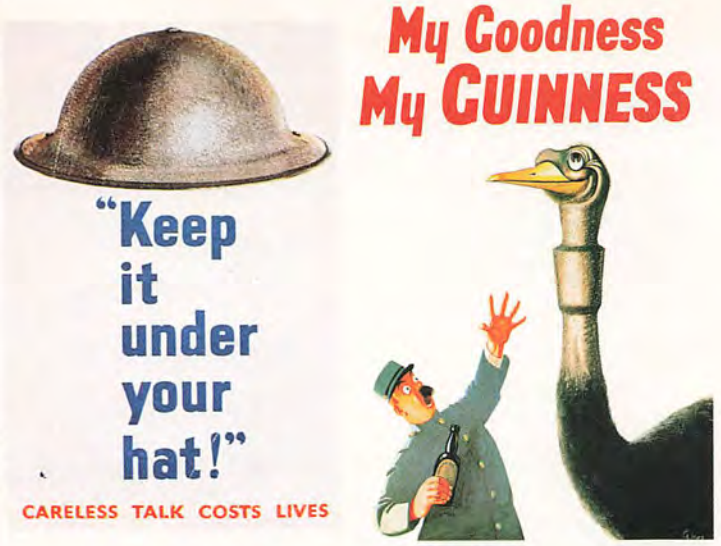
It was Guinness that made the man, though. While working at Benson's ad agency, Gilroy designed the zookeeper, animals and pint posters from which the emblematic Guinness Toucan was born. Blokes pulling carts with the horses in them and blokes with girders on their heads followed, and the brewery were so utterly gobsmacked with his work that they eventually gave him an honorary pension.

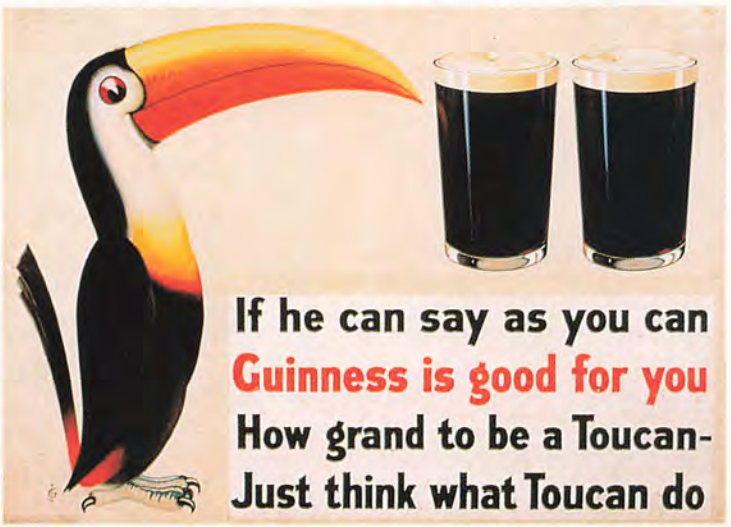
Along with red telephone boxes, cricket, rickets and rationing, Gilroy's handiwork with a brush and pen is a part of our history. Educate yourself, if you can get away from your pint.

PIERS TOWNLEY

The exhibition celebrating 100 years since John Gilroy popped out of his mum is on at the Laing Gallery, Newcastle until 5 July, then at London's RCA from 16 July to 3 Sept. There's also a new book about the history of Guinness advertising. It's got lots of pictures, is published by Guinness, will set you back £20 and is available now.

Everyone swore blind Guinness was compulsory with hospital food





PHOTOS: KIND PERMISSION OF GUINNESS LTD

It's not quite Warhol's factory, is it?

Putting his foot right in it

Giant Comedy Octopus

The many-armed Universal Grinding Wheel

Look – stop me if you've heard this one before, but I've just seen one of the funniest things in ages. This lot are so absurd, so original and so fucking funny, they're a perfect cure for the nagging hangover that is shitty sitcoms and unfunny stand-up comics. An act so unique that, when they answered a newspaper ad looking for new comedy that didn't fit into any particular category, they were snubbed because... their material didn't fit into any particular category. And now, as ensemble comedy threatens to break down stand-up's back door and burgle the family jewels, some people still don't know what to make of this lot – tipped as they are to take the Edinburgh Fringe Festival by storm. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you Universal Grinding Wheel...

It's unlikely that you'll find too many comedy turns who name themselves after drab factories in the Midlands, but UGW take their tag from a Stafford-based solvent manufacturer. Brothers Eamonn and James O'Neill, Paul Cowdell and Martin Shea met working as extras on *The Madness Of King George* and started writing together after discovering they had mutual comedic interests including the Marx Brothers, the Goon Show, Buster Keaton and low-rent B-movies. This mixed bag of influences soon spawned numerous sketches including current audience favourites 'The Dancing Highwayman', 'Ursa Minor' and 'A Tribute to John Denver' plus a longer skit, 'A Celebration of the World's Teas'. Turning the consistently surreal ideas scribbled furiously on scraps of paper in the middle of the night into something stageable led the boys to bring in Israeli theatre director Dana Fainaru, who's responsible for "co-ordinating the chaos into order" as she puts it.

"Our ideas come from anywhere," explains James in his animated Donegal brogue. "It could be an old book or from something you've misheard on TV. We get half an idea and then it'll be created on over 30 pages which we then condense." So that's how Universal Grinding Wheel manage to cram so many gags into a typical six-minute routine, which often includes four or five costume changes. It's very fast and very frantic, with visuals, verbals and sound effects flying in from all directions. But it's impossible to disengage because there's so much happening, on several different levels. Audiences love it, but they're probably having trouble working out exactly which element they're laughing at.

"What was so encouraging in the beginning was the type of laughter it was," recalls James. "It wasn't laughter like when you have a stand-up comic who talks about observations of ordinary life. It was almost childish laughter, people being thoroughly surprised."

Was that the idea, or just how it's evolved?

"Two things still stand from when we started," chips in Paul. "One was that all curved lines would be thrown with a straight face – which we don't understand but it sums us up – and the other was that we would never do an obvious joke apart from a very obvious joke." And when they drop one in, you're usually recovering from the previous gag. Or five. Little surprise then, that UGW are being courted by a couple of TV companies keen to put their surreal absurdity on the box.

"We've had some dealings with TV people," says James, "but they wanted us to just do sketches, and we like to do all sorts of things. We'd like to do a documentary." Which was what their 'A Celebration of the World's Teas' was all about, a lengthier routine that caused a right old stir at 1994's Edinburgh Festival. Apparently, people didn't know whether they were watching a comedy sketch, or instead had unknowingly been recruited into a bizarre religious cult who worshipped tea. "It actually scared people," remembers Eamonn. "But the *Socialist Worker* said it was actually better than anything performed at the festival proper."

Once they've sorted out which of them's going to carry their costumes all the way to Edinburgh, UGW will be ready to challenge the comedy collective with their infectious lunacy. So exactly where do they see themselves in the pantheon of contemporary comedy? "Outside, in the car park," deadpans James. "We always get the feeling that we're sleeping in stand-up comedy's front room until we can find a place of our own," adds Paul. See for yourself, because this time round, courtesy of BBC2's *Edinburgh Nights*, the revolution will be televised.

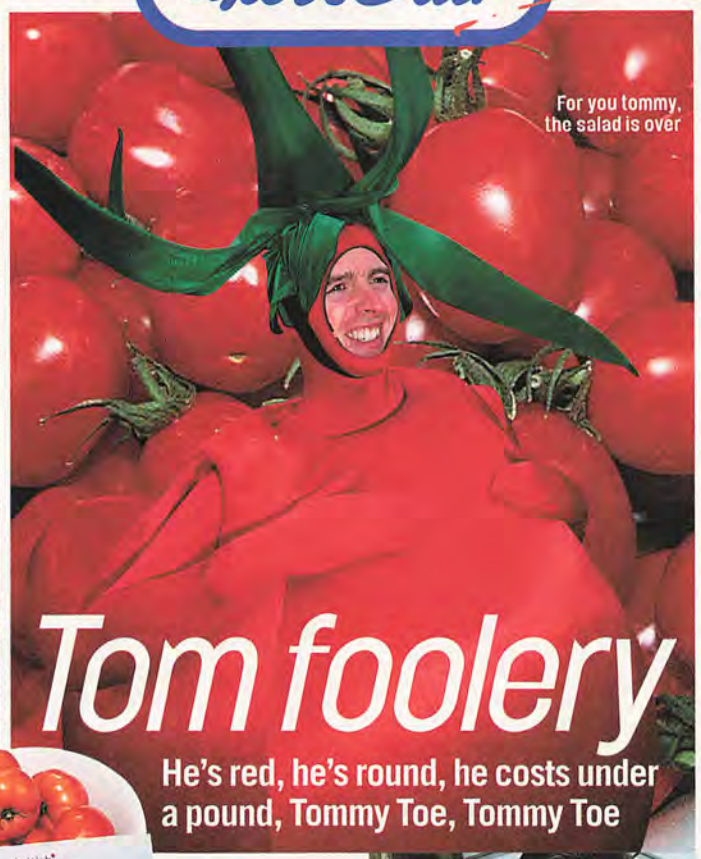
"We're sleeping in stand-up's front room until we can find a place of our own"

NIALL HAMPTON

You can catch them at The Pleasance during the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, 9-31 August.

PHOTOS: VANESSA ELEY/JAMIE 70

Mick's Grill



Tom foolery

He's red, he's round, he costs under a pound, Tommy Toe, Tommy Toe

Over the last few years, **loaded**'s banged on about beef, praised pie'n'mash and raved about roast dinners. We've chewed our way through cheeses, exalted eels, slobbered over soups, sausages and sushi. Nothing but the best scraps from the world's tables.

But the humble tomato's missed out. Which is a bit of a shame really, because they're useful things, tomatoes. Superb in salads, top for making sauces, perfect with fry-ups and – when they go off – ideal for lobbing at politicians and crap actors. Victorian music-hall audiences used to swear by them.

Tomatoes may be great but they're also taken for granted. For example, no one at **loaded** could decide if they were a fruit or a vegetable or say where they come from. Are they poisonous? Do they have aphrodisiac qualities?

Well, they're red, they're round and, erm, that's about all we know. Idiots, the lot of us. Sounds like it's time to get an education about one of the nation's favourite foodstuffs, and how better to start than by finding someone who knows his tomatoes better than his onions? Produce farmer Dave Agomber certainly does, and he offered us the chance to ketchup (*ouch!*) with some facts and figures at a tasting session organised by the British Tomato Growers' Association.

So is a tomato a fruit or a vegetable, Dave? "Silly question," he answers. "Tomatoes are definitely a fruit – they've got seeds inside and grow upwards on a vine. Vegetables grow out of the ground, or on it."

Fair enough. Are they poisonous at all?

"Absolute rubbish! Quite the opposite in fact. They're literally bursting with vitamins A, C and E and their red skins contains properties that counteract rogue cancer cells."

That's us told.

"See this?" he says.

"It's a cherry tomato. Smell it. British tomatoes are fresh. We harvest them today, they'll be on sale tomorrow." Mmm... Nicer than those tasteless ones that go hard and watery.

"Ah, do you know which ones they are?" asks Dave. "Spanish long-life varieties. They make them like that because tomatoes don't travel very well. They need them to be here in five to six days."

How can you tell British and European tomatoes apart? "We grow the same varieties – classic, cherry, on the vine, plum and beef – but our tomatoes have thinner skins than those from southern Europe," Dave points out. "There's also quite a difference in taste." So if they're better, why do we sell Johnny Foreigner's inferior product?

"We can only realistically produce tomatoes in commercial quantities between March and November, so we're always going to have the need for some imports."

Which is, after all, how they got here in the first place. Tomatoes originated in the Andes circa 700 AD and were brought to Europe during the 16th Century by either a Spanish priest travelling home from Peru, a Jesuit monk returning from a jaunt to Mexico or that Columbus geezer. Nobody seems too sure. But when tomatoes first turned up at the Elizabethan court, the Queen and her entourage legged it in terror. Shat their silky pants, in fact.

"Don't eat them, your highness," Sir Francis Drake might have warned. "They're red and obviously the work of the Devil."

For a couple of hundred years afterwards, tomatoes were grown as creepers on the outside of big houses because they looked nice. No one seemed interested in eating them. It wasn't until the 1850s that this versatile fruit caught on.

These days, we're in the Premier League of tomato producers. That's what the farmers say, so let's find out if Blighty's best can stuff Spain's sunkissed finest. A blind taste test using cherry tomatoes should do it.

Elizabethans shat their silky pants when they first saw tomatoes

First up it's the Spanish. "Ugh, that's a bit sharp," says Mick. "It's definitely British," adds Chris, "There's no way this has been under the Mediterranean sun." Rowan wants to say something but his tomato bursts. "It's ruined my clothes," he moans. "Alright but a bit bland," Adrian winces.

Next, it's the turn of the British tommy. "A bit redder, more of a veggie taste – it's got to be English," remarks Mick. "Much sweeter," says fruit guru Chris. "Must be the Spanish one." No comment from Rowan, who's sloped off to the dry cleaners, so Adrian has the casting vote: "Smoother, nicer texture and much better than the other one."

That settles the issue, then – British tomatoes piss on their cheaper, European competitors. The future's red, but it doesn't have to be be – it can be also be green, gold, yellow and pink. Even if you don't like their taste, you could always grow tomatoes on the outside of your house.

NIALL HAMPTON

Innovations In Tomatoes No 1: Bloody Marys

Method:
Cut 25 cherry tomatoes in half and place them face down in a big dish. Cover in vodka, sprinkle with Worcestershire and Tabasco sauces, salt and pepper to taste. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Eat first thing in the morning.

Verdict:
Tom: "Good idea but a bit weird. Little bit of an aftertaste though. Eat them aggressively, like a Spaniard."
Rowan: "Ugh, you can't chew these. Feels like a volcanic residue down the back of my throat. It's actually given me some energy."
Jon: "Nice, but needs a bit more pepper. I think you're on to something here."
Michael: "You can't make Bloody Marys like this!"
Mick: "It's the most powerful fruit I've ever tasted."
Reece: "Why have you done this?"

PHOTOS: ANTONY MEDLEY

Party fears seven

Recreate the pub in your own home with big kegs of German beer

Remember Party Sevens? Well, to be honest, I don't. But my brother reckons they were those huge tins of beer that were always cradled by the biggest piss-head at any late '70s/early '80s party, and were made by Watney's or someone. What a fantastic idea. They did exactly what they said on the tin. Seven pints of beer that you took to a party. And, although the Germans almost certainly wouldn't remember Party Sevens, it seems they're well up for the idea of lugging your own brewery around with you like some dray horse on a knackers' yard bender. The Teutonic version, five-litre beer kegs which are invading our supermarkets like they're the Sudetenland, contain lager rather than bitter and, unlike the infamous Boddington's 'Bodkan', you don't have to drink all seven pints in one go just so it doesn't go flat. Apparently these kegs shift 10 million units every year in Germany, which is helped in no small part by something called a Datograf Bier Zapfer (that means beer tap) which comes in a range of fancy designs so that you can turn your living room into a fully-functional Bavarian beer hall, or indeed Terry's gaff in *The Likely Lads*. The basic 'Bierfix' (wasn't he a mate of Asterix?) taps the beer from the bottom of the keg for that authentic student homebrew feel; there's also a heavy oak barrel model for that authentic 'Wench, more ale for my men, we ride at dawn! Let us quaff till we can quaff no more!' ambience; and the implausibly named 'Bier-Crack' for that authentic fat landlord bending over to lift a... well, you get the picture. So next time you go to a party, forget the four-packs of Tennents Super and strap a big keg to your back. The drinks will be on you all night.

CHRIS BURKE

Five-litre kegs of DAB beer are available from most major supermarkets. The Bier Zapfer taps are available priced £12.95 plus £2.95 p+p from H Rudebeck & Company, Mercantile House, 2 Queens Road, Haywards Heath, West Sussex RH16 1EB. Tel: 01444 450672.

Beer of the month

Pig is the new brew on the pub block. It tastes of beer, has 5 per cent alcohol with no additives and is made from rye. This is old skool, we're informed; barley being the cheaper and more common ingredient of booze that everyone else uses. It's also named after a farmyard animal, which is worth a look in itself. The name comes from Richard Paterson, the brains behind the stuff: "It seemed to sum up everything a beer should be about: bold, straightforward and a lot of fun." Not the usual things that spring to mind when considering pork-based critters. The words swine, bacon and crackling are rather more immediate. You can get it in Safeway's along with a jar of apple sauce.

PIERS TOWNLEY

What 's eating us

1 Dead Sea Monkeys
2 Ikea Aquavit
3 Simian brains
4 Garage food
5 New spicy KFC burger
6 Graham's snot
7 Black squid
8 Mackerel & spinach tarts
9 Chocolate-covered pretzel things
9 Phil's lovely lemon tart
10 Skunk
11 35 small prawns
12 Sweaty shrink-wrapped sarnies
13 Carne and chicken enchiladas

PUNTER'S PUB

Bar 38

I am not a number, I am a pub

Bar 38: an incorrect artist's impression

Where is your pub ?
Sunny Manchester. Bar 38 is one to take note of. The newest addition to Canal Street, this is another costly brewery investment with fantastic staircases and air conditioning. While Bar 38 is part of the Village in Manchester at the weekend it is well known for its straight edge to the point now where it is known as 'bar thirty-straight' by the locals. Canal Street is a particular favourite for the bar establishment where, apart from a McChicken takeaway, every door is another boozer. This one has a clean-cut, Continental lager feel as opposed to a stout-soaked, oak-beamed den of iniquity vibe.

What are the barstaff like?
Beautiful people with small heads.

Swanky decor?
Lovely upstairs but it's the downstairs toilets that deserve a mention due to their open-plan nature. The gents and the ladies are only a thin, slight misty glass panel apart and the 6ft central water fountain turns out to be the only place to wash your hands. Walking into the wrong lavs is a foolhardy yet no doubt common problem.

Any celebrity regulars?
Perhaps Mick Hucknall will get round to popping in for the odd shandy but it's a bit too new for regulars at the moment.

Describe the clientele... any talent?
On a club night, which is every night apart from Monday, Bar 38 is awash with young ladies who don't seem to understand that you should wrap up warm when you go out. At the last evening's orgy of D&G and CK (all copies bought from the local markets) it was decided that only 70cm of the female body was the average covering space, helped by two small belts and something resembling a small, cuddly whippet.

What's on the jukebox?
A light ambient vibe with the occasional screeching diva when you are least expecting it. Most people are here to drink and chat rather than listen to the latest beats.

Any food?
Well you can eat the biscuits they provide if you have a cup of coffee, and the cigarettes from the expensive machine have a high nutritional content.

Best story?
Too young for any yarns about celebrity punch-ups or local skullduggery, but if you hang about washing your hands in the water fountain something will probably turn up.

ADAM FRASER

Bar 38, Canal St, Manchester. Tel: 0161 237 5919. Send your nominations for Punter's Pub to the address at the front of the mag, answering the questions above and don't forget the photo! You might win a prize.

"Hello! I'm your singing Dinogram!"

PHOTOS: RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

'Zilla back

Or will you pick number three, who's 19 storeys high and covered in scales?

What's longer than an entire city block in New York, is taller than a 19-storey office building and comes equipped with a tail the length of four subway trains? The answer is Godzilla; a gigantic, city-stomping, egg-laying, radiation-spawned dinosaur mutation with atomic breath and a bad attitude who is heading your way this summer...

Under the direction of Hollywood hot shots Roland Emmerlich and Dean Devlin (whose *Independence Day* depicted the world being destroyed by alien hordes), *Godzilla '98* promises to be the blockbuster to end all blockbusters. This time an arsenal of computer-generated special effects has been utilised to show New York City being flattened underfoot by the giant lizard in a bid, according to Emmerlich, "to outdo, I mean really outdo, *Jurassic Park*".

Until now, the only glimpse that the press and the public have had of *Godzilla* has been through a teasing, cleverly controlled ad campaign where only the big G's foot and eye were revealed in a series of trailers and posters. Reports from secret screenings have described the new Godzilla as being "lean and muscular with a whip-like tail, studded with alligator-type nubs". Emmerlich and Devlin's creation, however, is a far cry from the original Japanese Godzilla (aka Gojira) who was first brought to life by Toho Studios in 1954 to take the lead role in *Godzilla, King Of The Monsters*, where he starred alongside Raymond '*Ironside*' Burr in a tale of science gone too far. Twenty-two films (and numerous encounters with various monstrous opponents from other galaxies) later and Godzilla was finally "killed off" by Toho in 1995. This was a sad end to a career that had spanned over 40 years. Even if we all knew that it was just a couple of Japanese actors in rubber suits jumping up and down on a miniaturised cardboard model of

Godzilla had atomic breath and enjoyed running amok

Tokyo, there was something endearing and almost lovable about Godzilla and his various intergalactic cronies. In the early films, Godzilla was depicted as a destructive force, an Old Testament-styled behemoth-type creature which was sent to show mankind what happens when it tampers with (nuclear) power beyond its control. As the series progressed into the '60s and '70s, however, a more cuddly Godzilla was introduced to his hordes of Japanese, American and European admirers. Sure, he still had atomic breath and continued to enjoy running amok through nuclear power plants and secret government bases, but when an equally ugly-looking, similar sized invader from another planet strayed into his territory then it was clobberin' time. The most impressive of these was King Ghidorah; a triple-headed winged dragon with laser beam flames shooting out of its mouth which was one of the main attractions in *Destroy All Monsters* (1968). This rubber monster-suit slug fest also included Rodan (a limp-winged pterodactyl), Queen Mothra (a giant moth the size of a B-52 bomber), Baragon (a triceratops of unknown origin), Spiega (a giant spider mutated by radiation) and Minya (a cute, smoke ring-blowing baby Godzilla who was supposed to be the big G's son). While the puny, inscrutable humans fiddled with their machines and bombs in a pathetic attempt to halt the bare-knuckled combat between Godzilla

and his chums, the dust they kicked up inevitably blotted out the sun long enough to cause some environmental disaster to happen. The subliminal conscience-nudging about man's raping of Mother Earth which leaked from many of Toho's productions came to a head in *Godzilla Vs The Smog Monster* (1971) where the threat of global pollution took the hideous shape of Hedorah, a muck slinging, squid-shaped, smoke junky with deadly breath and venomous blood. One memorable scene involves Hedorah sucking on an unfiltered, king-sized industrial chimney in order to satisfy his craving for pollutants.

During the '80s and early '90s Godzilla's image was revamped to allow his darker personality to shine through once again. *Godzilla 1984* (1984), in which Godzilla's mood was more psychotic and the special effects more convincing. After this failed to set the world alight, things began to get weird.

As well as fighting return bouts with King Ghidorah, Queen Mothra and Mechagodzilla (a robot Godzilla!), the big G was also forced to do battle with a Triffid-styled rose bush in *Godzilla Vs Biolante* (1993) and *Space Godzilla* (1995) before going out with a bang during the impressive climax of *Godzilla Vs The Destroyer* (1995). Here The Destroyer, a weapon designed to defeat Godzilla, battles to the death with our hero on the verge of a nuclear detonation. In the final scene Godzilla burns up in front of his fans as his entire nervous system goes into total meltdown. The original King Of The Monsters was dead.

Godzilla '98 was initially supposed to have been doing battle with an alien-created monster called the Gryphon, but this was scrapped in favour of a script that has the big lizard pounding down hard on the beleaguered citizens of New York City. Expect the original to return, however, early in the next century as Baby Godzilla grows up and steps into the giant footprints left behind by his dear old dad. In Godzilla movies, size really does matter.

EDWIN POUNCEY

Godzilla '98 is out on 17 July.

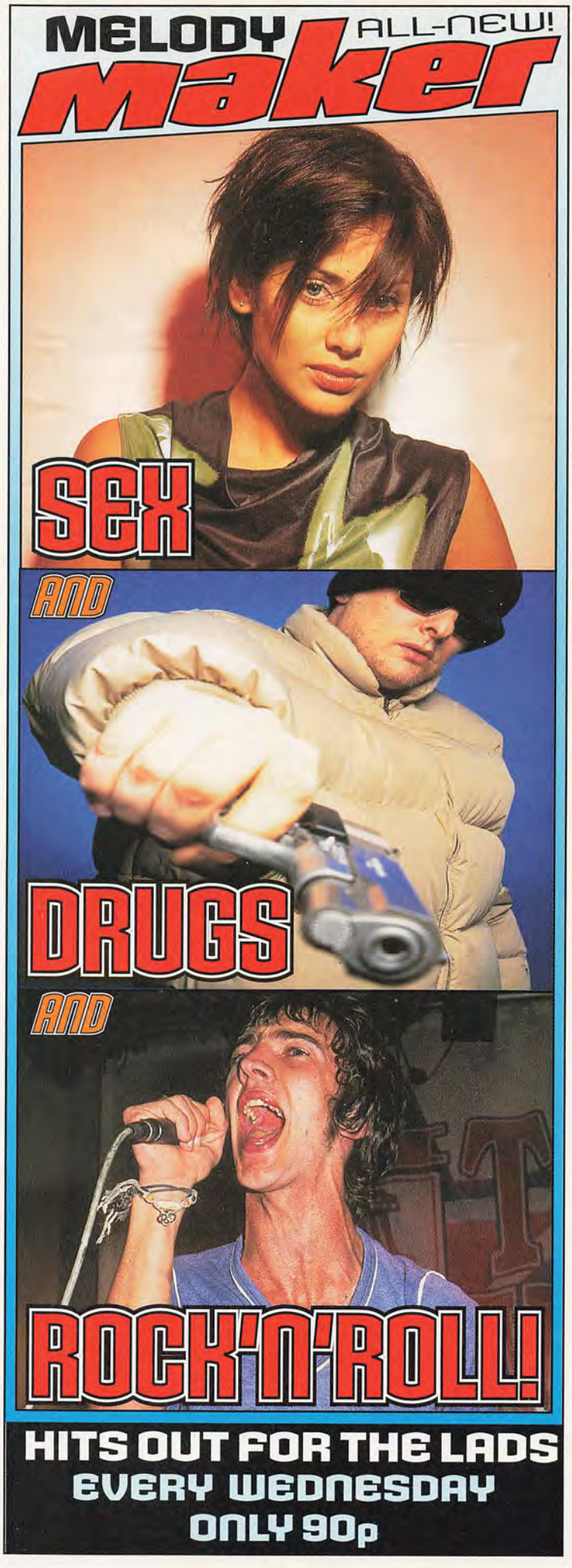
Atomic mutants

Godzilla is a creation of the atomic age, a 400ft tall Tyrannosaurus mutant from the Mesozoic period who was a product of radiation poisoning due to atomic testing. The radioactive energy from these atomic bomb explosions caused Godzilla to keep growing, as well as providing him with the ability to spit radioactive fire.

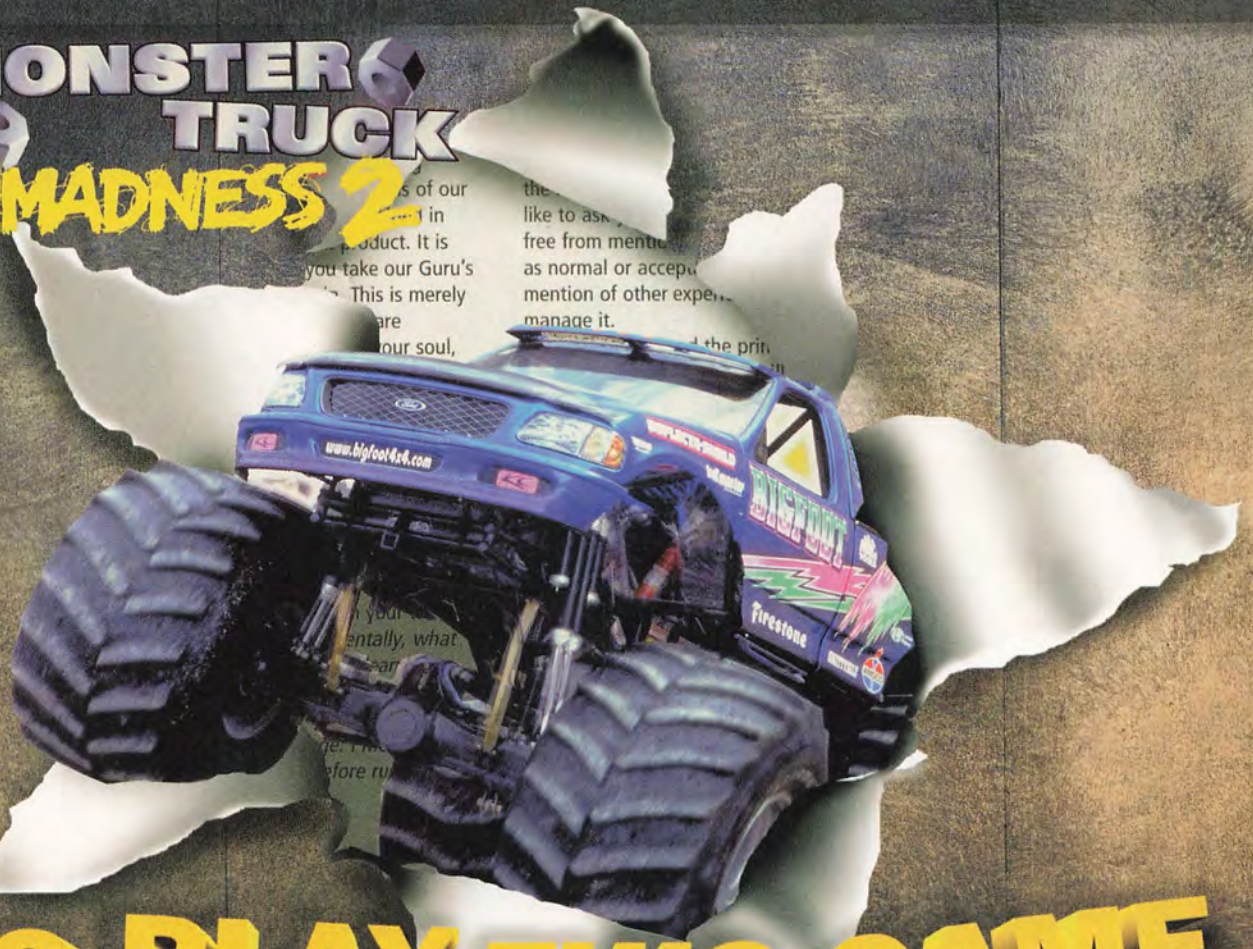
Although no Godzilla-sized specimens of lizard have ever been sighted, mutations and birth-defects caused by radiation affecting livestock continues to multiply. In parts of the Ukraine and Belarus in the Soviet Union (close the site of the 1986 Chernobyl nuclear power plant disaster) alarm was caused by the increasingly frequent births of mutant animals. Pigs were born with no eyes or hind legs, calves and foals suffered deformities of the spine and skull, internal organs were underdeveloped or malformed, and the number of two-headed calves born in the region during 1989 increased to 90. Residents were particularly distressed to discover that one horse had given birth to an eight-legged foal. **EP**

COMPETITION

Crap special effects, awful dubbing, lots of screaming Japanese; yep it's time for the re-issue of all the old Godzilla films. We've secured, with the aid of Mothra, five boxed, widescreen sets of Godzilla madness to give away. Sit back and enjoy rubber-suited berks playing monsters, with Godzilla as king spud of them all. You thought you'd forgotten *Invasion Of The Astro Monsters*? What about *Terror Of Mechagodzilla*? Masterpieces one and all. These films will live in our minds for all eternity and are on sale 15 June. Answer the following question and dino-action could be yours. Is Godzilla real? Answers to 'Big Lizard Competition', **loaded**, King's Reach tower, Stamford Street, London. SE1 9LS.



MONSTER TRUCK MADNESS 2



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His shirt is very gay

Camp sites

Moustaches and other gay stuff on the net

Suddenly it's cool to be gay. George Michael is gay. Michael Barrymore is gay. Even Chris Evans is gay. So this month we are doing a big gay bionic page with loads of big gay stuff on it. Being gay is fun and here at Nerd Towers, gayness is well and truly 'in'. Moustaches, leather and other hugely stereotypical stuff will adorn these pages in our big bad Bionic ball-game. Let us boogie. Also if you want to e-mail us about anything then try loadweb@ipc.co.uk.

Firstly moustaches. Moustaches are cool. Tom Stubbs the assistant fashion editor has started to grow a massive hairy thing on his upper lip which he tells us is all the rage in groovy gay circles. As a response, none of the rest of the staff have joined him in his bristly quest. However the web is a wonderful directory of moustachioed men. Get growing.

http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/2265/ – the Moustache Page is concerned with moustaches of any size and shape. It's crazy and furry.
http://www.ozemail.com.au/~drummer/htmls/greghp3.html – Men And Their Moustaches. Not many moustaches here. More like a sex thing.
http://www.sys.uea.ac.uk/~dmh/Beards/Beards.html – The Moustache and Beard club have lots of fine information on facial hair, including the 1997 beard and moustache championships in Trondhiem in Norway.
http://www.geocities.com/~texastache/demoberd.htm – TexaStache's Democratic Beard & Moustache Page and, although not strictly gay, it should be of interest. Some fine lip hedgehogs.

Of course there are a lot of cartoon and TV shows with gay characters in them at the moment. One of the most inspiring is Big Gay Al from South Park. He saves the gay dog Sparky (played by George Clooney) from homophobia at the hands of his owner Stan at his Big Gay Animal Sanctuary. Check out plenty of images at one of the many South Park sites at **http://www.xnet.com/~rayskin/image104.html**.
The whole script is available at **http://www.geocities.com/TimesSquare/Alley/9362/biggay.txt.**
Waylon Smithers is a well known gay chap from *The Simpsons*. Mr Burns' assistant is unhappy because he can't come out in such a bigotted small town and he fancies the nasty Mr Burns. There's a cool animation of him at **http://kim.net7.be/fra-smithers_qui_prend_une_photo_des_simpons.htm**
There is also a big debate page about the question of whether or not Smithers is Gay (of course he bloody is – doh!) at **http://www.abelink.com/personal/leon666/smithers.html.**

(clockwise from top) some gay chaps, a gay Greek chap, Big Al's Big Gay Animal Sanctuary

There have been a lot of famous gay people in history. Some of them have been nice, some of them nasty. We're not likely to know too much about the boring ones, I guess.
http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Oracle/1985/alexmain.htm#Sex – is a site dedicated to Alexander The Great, who was a big gay soldier and politician. He had invaded most of Asia by the time he died at 32 and took his fella Hephaestion everywhere he went. He was also quite friendly with some eunuchs.
http://wso.williams.edu/~junterek/ – is another examination of Alexander and his lovers.
Socrates and Plato were also big gay philosophers, although that isn't surprising because the whole of Athens was set up for men to have sex with everyone else (women, boys, parking meters):
http://www.soci.niu.edu/~phildept/Dye/AthenianSex.html
Other gays in history like Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Sappho can be found at **http://www.illinimedia.com/di/archives/1995/October/5/p8-gays.html**

If you have ever been a fan of Action Man then have a look at Billy the gay doll. He's big and gay and he has a massive dick. There is a lot of stuff on Billy on the net:
http://www.kentuckyconnect.com/heraldleader/news/0216/t7billy.html
http://www.gayhome.com/billy.htm
http://www.thebillydoll.com/
http://www.gaymart.com/shoptag/2item/i005388.html
http://www.uploaded.com/site/about/billy.html

Also, why not go on a gay biking holiday at **http://alysonadventures.com/bigloire.htm** or check out some rubbish gay band at **http://godisgay.com/** or a gay English rugby team, the Kings Cross Steelers?
http://www.kwtelecom.com/kxsrfc/
You can shop in a gay way at **http://www.gaymart.com/shopbook/2item/i003580.html** or be a JuJitsu hero at the gay Ishigaki JuJitsu club at **http://www.cygnet.co.uk/~cdenning/ishigaki.html** and then go and compete in the next gay games in Hamsterland at **http://www.gaygames.nl/index3.html.** It's a gay world.

"I love your liver spots"

Game of the month

Trooper loopy nuts are we

The Second World War has finished. But don't let that stop you bashing the Boche up

"Achtung, Englander schweinhund! Gott in Himmel! Hande hoch!" etc

Commandos – Behind Enemy Lines, PC-CD ROM, £44.99
Take command of a small group of elite soldiers and battle the Hun in enemy territory. There's a series of 24 fiendishly difficult missions (based on actual World War II events, apparently), where you'll use a wide range of weapons, explosives, boats, planes and ground vehicles to defeat Jerry and his Nazi chums. With *Red Alert*-style game controls, it's easy to pick up, especially as there's no mining/building to worry about, but despite the obvious similarities this is a very different game where stealth is the order of the day – just steaming in will get you nowhere. The graphics give an ultra-realistic feel and everything (uniforms, weapons etc) is modelled to be historically accurate. You can keep your off-world, deep-space alien nonsense – this is the future!
Verdict: 9.361/10 **MIKE KARIN**

World Cup 98, Playstation/ PC-CD ROM/ Nintendo, £39.99
Right on cue for cashing in on the big event. This one's up there with FIFA 98 and should ensure your year's footie overdose is complete. On-pitch playability is great, and individual players have their own moves and celebrations. The commentary boasts voice-overs by Lineker, Waddle, Motson, Lynam and Wolstenholme, so apart from queues to the bogs you could almost be there. The clever lot at EA Sports have even managed to make players look like themselves. If you get fed up with the current '98 line-up you can recreate the classic teams of previous World Cups, like England in '66, Brazil in '70 and Germany at Italia 90. There's also varying weather conditions and some World Cup trivia thrown in for trainspotters. Copies of the game will be in short supply to the French.
Verdict: 8.8/10 **PIERS TOWNLEY**

Some pixels are on the pitch (*World Cup 98*)

Ghost In The Shell, Playstation, £39.99
Based on the Manga animated classic, this is a corking shoot-'em-up where you control a robot insect-buggy thing that can climb walls, hang from ceilings and pack a mean, high-explosive punch. Stop futuristic, mechanised terrorists in Neo-Tokyo with a variety of 3D levels, bosses and power-ups. The format's old hat but there's enough new twists to keep you interested. As addictive as prawn crackers.
Verdict: 6.5/10 **PT**

Treasures of the Deep, Playstation, £39.99
If you go diving in this country, the experience will include used contraceptives, turds, genetically mutated tench and the odd wrecked fishing vessel. In the waters of this game you'll meet psychotic frogmen, unstable aquatic life with teeth and various enemy submersibles. Search 12 different wrecks throughout the world as an ex-Navy Seal dude who wants fame, wealth and glory but might end up as shark food for his troubles. Kit yourself out with the latest in diving equipment and take to this watery world. All from the dryness of your front room.
Verdict: 7/10 **PT**

"Oooooh, the vibrations!" (*Treasures of the Deep*)

Motorhead, PC-CD ROM, £29.99
Run-of-the-mill racing game, with very little to distinguish it from anything we've seen before. It looks very nice (especially with a 3D graphics card installed), but driving along at 200mph, you get the feeling that something is lacking. Where are the terrified pedestrians? Why can't you smash into the other cars? Yes, that's right – playing this only served to make us all misty-eyed and nostalgic for the glorious nights of last summer when *Carmageddon* ruled the **loaded** office and our girlfriends hated us because we never got home before 10pm. Still, the game plays well, it's fast, there are plenty of tracks to choose from and it works well on even the slowest Pentium – a feature that is becoming increasingly rare with PC games, so you could do worse.
Verdict: 6.829/10 **MK**

"That bastard's copied my paint job" (*Motorhead*)

Wetrix, Nintendo 64/PC-CD ROM, £39.99/£19.99
Sounding like a medicated pile cream, this simple puzzle game will fire up your blood pressure. Visually simple, it has an addiction level better than religion. Over a 3D landscape you have to build land masses, *Tetris*-style, to dam water and evaporate it with falling firebombs. Two- player mode will have you sending over earthquakes to spew up your opponent's feeble efforts. An atmospheric

GADGETS

The Glove, £49.99
Designed to make you look like a twat in your own home, this electronic nerd mitten allows you to one-handedly twiddle your thumbs and fingers to control games. Unbelievably puzzling at first, and looking like a hand calliper, after a few tries it works pretty well. Best for fighting games, this could be the forerunner of a lot more *Lawnmower Man*-type gadgetry. And a life of being shunned by loved ones and whispered about at work. It also leaves one hand free during *Tomb Raider*, you pixel-crazy perverts. **PT**

Uploaded

cyber news from our nerds

Vote Your Brain™ on Up**loaded**! Yes, our boffins have been working around the clock in the utmost secrecy to bring you the revolutionary Vote Your Brain™ system. Simple, yet incredibly complex, the Vote Your Brain™ system looks and works just like any web page where you can vote for the best goal, stupidest refereeing decision or craziest haircut during the World Cup. But, unlike other pages, it's called Vote Your Brain™ and for this reason alone is clearly superior. That's right, Up**loaded** is scientifically proven to enhance your enjoyment of the World Cup, and if you tune your browser thingy into **www.uploaded.com/site/france98/index.html** you'll see why. Being the only non-sport magazine with accreditation for the competition, we'll have exclusive match reports every day, pictures from the games and constantly updated news from our man in the field, Adam Porter, who will be dressed as a chicken for the duration of the competition. We've also dug out some of the best old footie features from the mag to fill up a bit more space, so if you missed them before you'll be able to check out interviews with David Beckham, Ron Atkinson and Gianluca Vialli plus features on Juventus, footballers abroad and Italy's World Cup qualifier in Rome. All this plus semi-naked women in football kits and a special chat page where you can talk endlessly about your love of goat's cheese, fine wines and the beautiful game.

There's plenty happening on the rest of the site, with a new photo-shoot of the delectable Emma Caesari at **http:// www.uploaded.com/site/photos/photo.html** plus all the usual stuff like horoscopes, rogues, games reviews, bi-weekly updates from our finely tuned escort girl Nikki Love at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/nickylove/index.html** There's unhealthy debate in our Man on Man Action bit at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/forum/forum.html** Oh, and we blew up a toilet at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/viddy/viddy.html** Enjoy!

soundtrack and intense gameplay will make this game a hit. A drug in computer form.
Verdict: 8.5/10 **PT**

F-22 Persian Gulf V5, PC-CD ROM, £39.99

An insanely complicated but very realistic flight simulator featuring the ever-popular Lockheed F-22. Unlike with the recent F-22 Raptor, some study of the manual and lots of practice is required in order to even get off the ground here since, after an hour of play, we were still upside-down most of the time and completely clueless as to what any of the instrument readings meant. But there are plenty of advanced features to keep you busy once you get to grips with the basics, as well as the usual multi-player options. The action takes place in three 'real world theatres' – Bosnia, Ukraine and the Persian Gulf and, incredibly, there's no repetition of any of the terrain – it's all mapped by satellite and appears exactly as it should. There are 11 types of mission, with a random generator thingy which means you never have to fly the same mission twice, and a handy autopilot so you can nip off and make a cup of tea if you suddenly get a bit thirsty over Baghdad. Great.
Verdict: 8.5/10 **MK**

Golf Pro, PC-CD ROM, £39.99

"I'm not joking – it's shit," Phil told me after playing this new golf game for five minutes. "Hang on, it's actually quite good," he said enthusiastically another five minutes later, after we'd discovered how to work the mysterious 'Mousedrive' controls. Unlike most golf games, where you click the mouse three times to control your shot, this requires you to swing the mouse back and forth to hit the ball. It takes a bit of getting used to, but eventually gives a far more realistic feel. There are two courses – St Mellion in England and Hilton Head in the USA – and the graphics on both are superb. Gary Player's commentary is the only downside – you'll want to kill him after about 30 seconds.
Verdict: 8.199/10 **MK**

COMPETITIONS

Win a Diamond Monster 3D II Graphics Accelerator

It might look a bit dull, but stick one of these inside your computer and all sorts of crazy shit happens: games suddenly appear so new and shiny you'd think the Lord himself had been in charge of designing them. This one is particularly good because they've called it 'monster', which is always a sure sign of quality. And it's very easy to install once you've read the instructions and overcome the initial panic of seeing the inside of your computer. They go for £179 in the shops, but we've got five copies of the Monster Sports pack – which includes the *World Cup 98* and *F1* games as well as the Monster 3D II itself, and normally goes for £239. Answers to this question by e-mail to loadweb@ipc.co.uk or by post to 'Monster Comp', **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS:

Who was the son of Godzilla?
a) God
b) God Head
c) Godzuki

Win a Resident Evil 2 Playstation

You could be the lucky git who'll bag this *Resident Evil 2*-branded console – ideal for offending anyone who thinks *The Bill* has become too violent. In black for that added scary look, it's also got fake blood marks on it. And in case you forget what you're playing, it's written on the console. Ten other readers get copies of the game. Answers to this question to the same address as above, marked 'RE2 Comp':

Resident Evil 2 features:
a) Muppets
b) Flumps
c) Zombies

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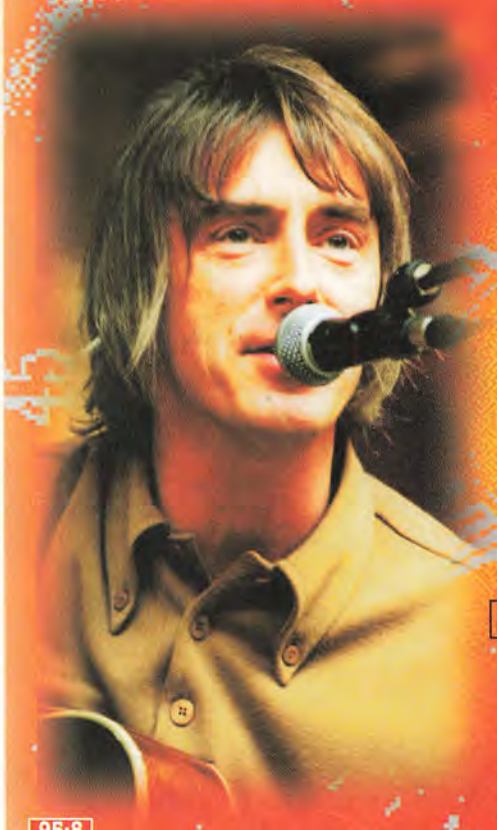

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8 SUNDERLAND EMPIRE
10 GLASGOW ROYAL CONCERT HALL
11 GLASGOW ROYAL CONCERT HALL
12 WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
13 WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
14 WATFORD COLOSSEUM
15 NORWICH THEATRE ROYAL
16 NORWICH THEATRE ROYAL
17 NORWICH THEATRE ROYAL
18 CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
20 LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
21 BOURNEMOUTH PAVILION THEATRE
22 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
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28 OXFORD APOLLO THEATRE

APRIL
1 READING HEXAGON
2 READING HEXAGON
3 BRIGHTON DOME
4 BRIGHTON DOME
6 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
7 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
8 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
9 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
10 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
11 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
13 LEEDS GRAND THEATRE
14 DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
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16 NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE
17 HULL CITY HALL
18 YORK GRAND OPERA HOUSE
20 BIRMINGHAM ALEXANDRA THEATRE
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16 EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
19 GLASGOW ROYAL CONCERT HALL
20 BLACKPOOL OPERA HOUSE
21 SOUTHEND CLIFFS PAVILION
22 SOUTHEND CLIFFS PAVILION
23 LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
24 OXFORD APOLLO
26 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
27 CARDIFF ST DAVIDS HALL
28 BRIGHTON DOME
29 BRIGHTON DOME
30 CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
31 LEEDS GRAND

JUNE
1 GLASGOW ROYAL CONCERT HALL
2 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
3 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
4 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
6 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
7 MANCHESTER PALACE THEATRE
9 LLANDUDNO
NORTH WALES THEATRE
10 THE ROYAL HANLEY
11 BIRMINGHAM ALEXANDRA THEATRE
12 BIRMINGHAM ALEXANDRA THEATRE
13 BIRMINGHAM ALEXANDRA THEATRE
15 WYCOMBE SWAN
16 WYCOMBE SWAN
17 WATFORD COLOSSEUM
18 READING HEXAGON
19 READING HEXAGON
20 BOURNEMOUTH PAVILIONS
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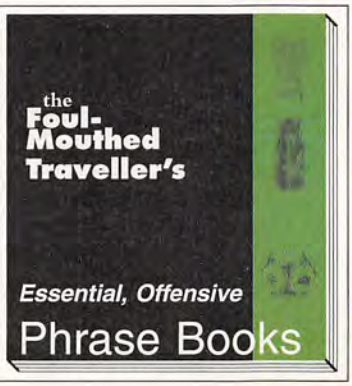

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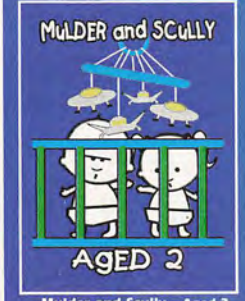

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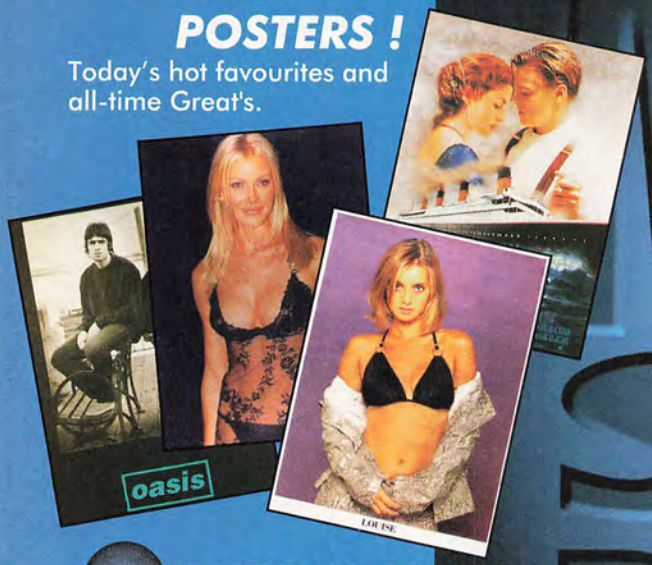

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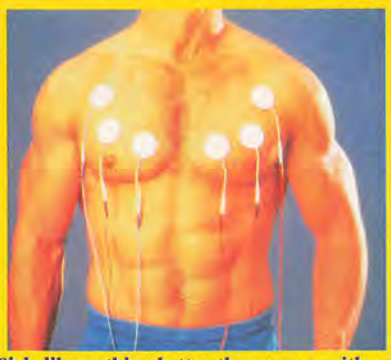

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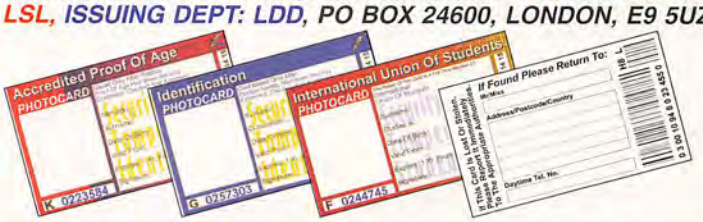

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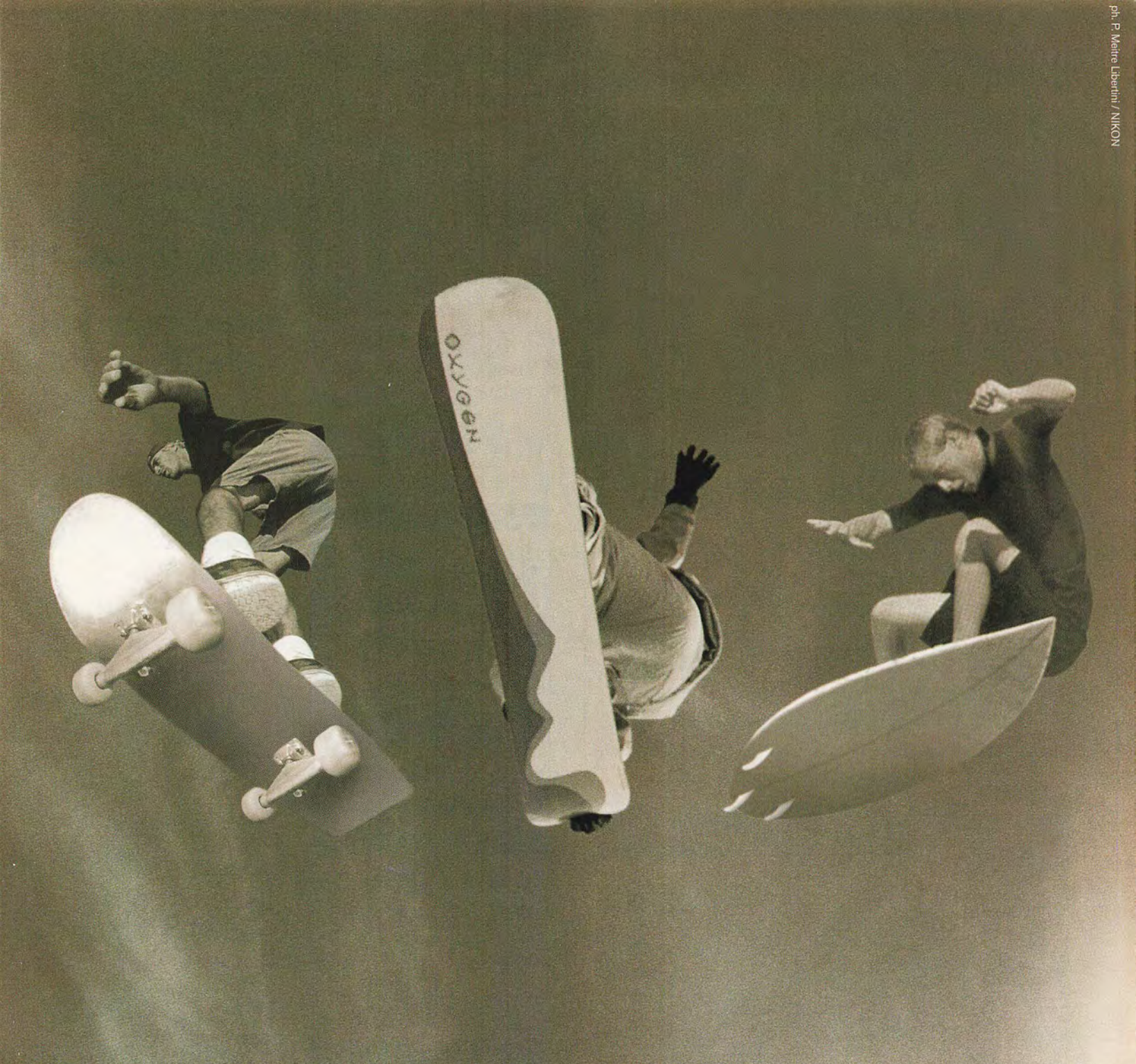

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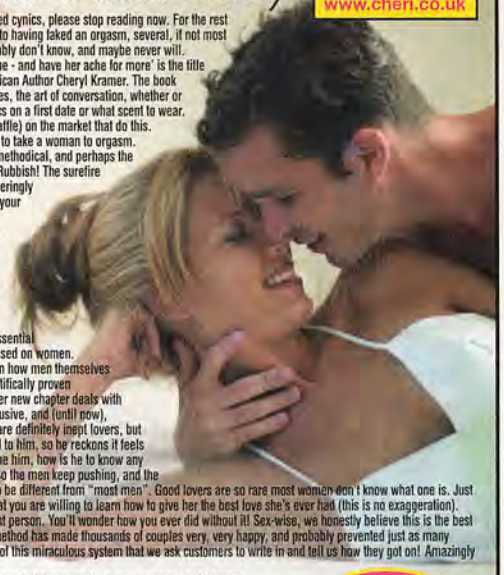

Modern day Casanovas, and narrow-minded cynics, please stop reading now. For the rest of us a FACT: OVER 99% of women admit to having faked an orgasm, several, if not most times, in their life. Has yours?...You probably don't know, and maybe never will. 'How to take a woman to orgasm every time - and have her ache for more' is the title of an explosive new book by leading American Author Cheryl Kramer. The book *doesn't* tell you about how to attract females, the art of conversation, whether or not you should talk about religion or politics on a first date or what scent to wear. There are a million sex manuals (full of waffle) on the market that do this. It comprehensively covers one topic - how to take a woman to orgasm. You may say this sounds too clinical, too methodical, and perhaps the bedroom isn't the place for such "rules". Rubbish! The surefire techniques taught are so simple, yet staggeringly effective, after learning them you can add your own improvisational extras. Fast, highly effective methods of preventing premature ejaculation are also explained. The book clearly explains how to recognise and deliver not one but several types of intensely explosive orgasms in your lover (including multiple orgasm). Any heterosexual male who truly values the woman in his life cannot be without this essential investment. Although the emphasis is focused on women. This new edition also contains a chapter on how men themselves can achieve multiple orgasm (now a scientifically proven phenomenon). Read it to believe it. Another new chapter deals with "The G-Spot", giving full details on this elusive, and (until now), mysterious female "hot spot". Most men are definitely inept lovers, but through no fault of their own - it feels good to him, so he reckons it feels good to her...but it doesn't! You can't blame him, how is he to know any better? The girlfriends aren't much help. So the men keep pushing, and the women keep faking. This is your chance to be different from "most men". Good lovers are so rare most women don't know what one is. Just the fact that you are reading this shows that you are willing to learn how to give her the best love she's ever had (this is no exaggeration). After reading this book, you'll be a different person. You'll wonder how you ever did without it! Sex-wise, we honestly believe this is the best investment you will *ever* make. Cheryl's method has made thousands of couples very, very happy, and probably prevented just as many couples breaking up. We are so confident of this miraculous system that we ask customers to write in and tell us how they got on! Amazingly over 70% do! Here are a few excerpts:

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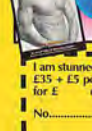

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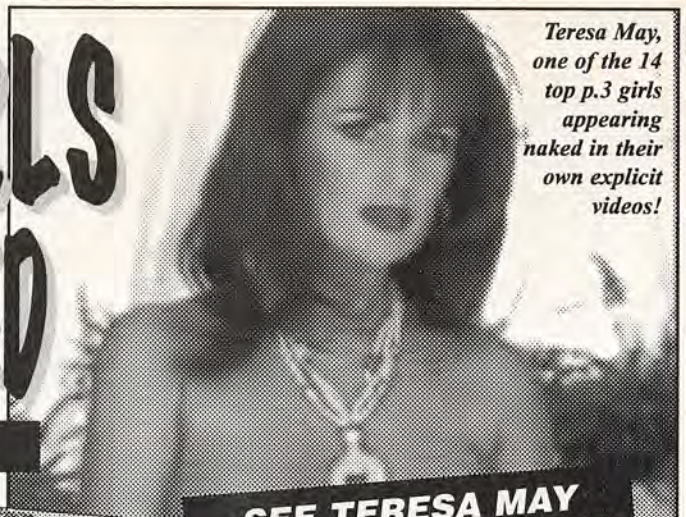

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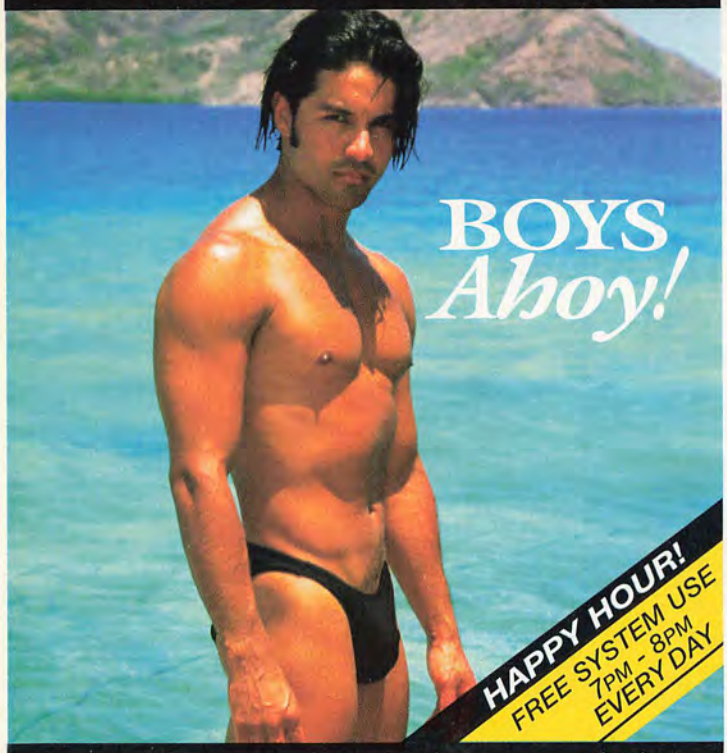

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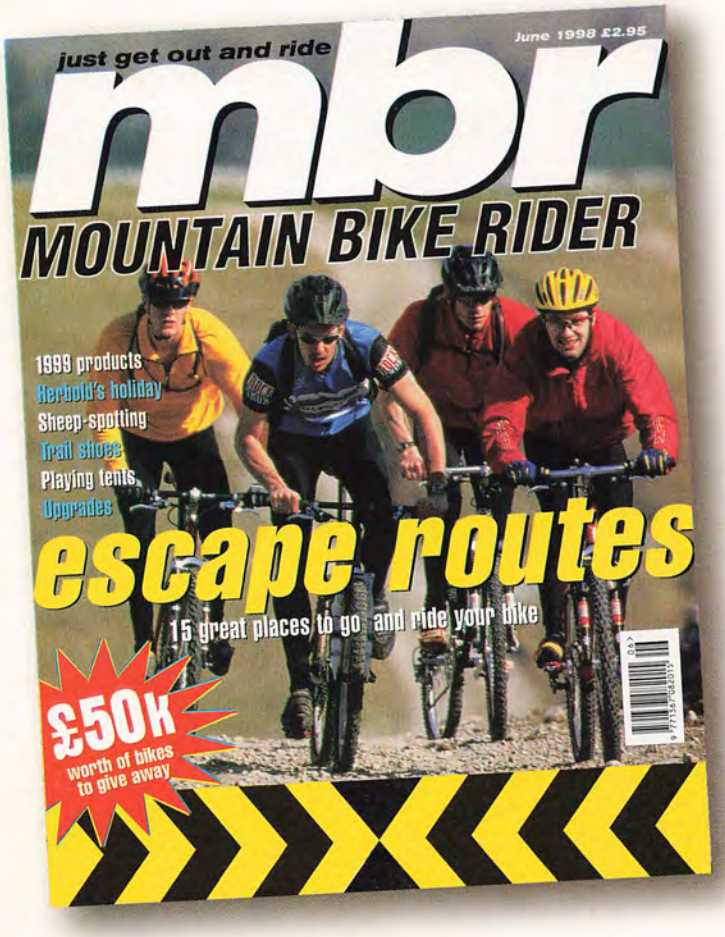

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Dr Mick

Dear Dr Mick
Why is everyone having a go at India for letting off a nuclear bomb underground? Strategically I think it makes a lot of sense. Everyone knows that if the world is devastated by nuclear war it's the ants who will inherit the earth. If we can take them out of the game while they're still in their nests this need never happen. Hit 'em first and hit 'em hard, that's what I say. Peace!
Steve Hawking, Oxford Technical College
Wise words, Steve. If only we could lure all the French down into their wine cellars at once we could give them a taste as well! Cheers.

Three stripes mean danger...

Dear Dr Mick
"Let sleeping dogs lie," said the wife. So we did. Bet he got the shock of his life when he realised we'd gone off for a two-week holiday in Corfu. Fuck him, though – it's only once a year, isn't it? Cheers,
Ronald Ash, Hants
Too right, Ron. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. Doesn't bother me, though. I've had my spaniel Alan pinching wallets since he was a nipper.

Dear Dr Mick
When I told my wife I'd turn over a new leaf I was laughing on the other side of my face. I work for the Forestry Commission and do it every day! Piss easy! Don't tell her, though. She still thinks I own a chip shop.
Bruce
Haddock and chips twice then, sunshine. Mum's the word.

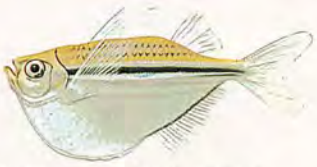
... one means social embarrassment

Dear Dr Mick
I point-blank refuse to buy a licence for my dog. He bought the telly, he can sort himself out. Bloody biscuit ads, he loves 'em. The hairy berk.
Sam
?

Dear Dr Mick
I don't want to make a fuss, but I cant help thinking that young people today don't understand what it was like to live through the Second World War. Times were certainly harder than they are now, especially with you English pigs bombing our cities day and night. Oh well, I suppose in the long run it was worth it. We're rolling in it, aren't we? Sieg Heil and cheers.
Peder Maastricht, Bonn
Er... nice one.

Dear Dr Mick
I'm not sure I swallow all these theories about gravity holding our planet together. Without gravity, say the experts, the mighty oceans would float off into space. Get off and milk it!! I weigh about 12 stone but I can lift my right foot off the ground with ease and hold it there for ages. Admittedly I'm in good shape, but more powerful than the Irish Sea? Don't make me laugh. No, there's something going on here that someone doesn't want us to know about. Who's zooming who, man?
Tam O' Sheath, Cornwall
Someone's put a lid on it, haven't they squire? It's like that bloody Roswell incident business. Did they ever catch this Roswell geezer? No. My guess is he's laughing his arse off somewhere down the Costas. I mean, I saw the photos and I reckon I could spot him a mile off.

Dear Dr Mick
Kids say the funniest things, don't they? Except my youngest. He's deaf, dumb and blind.
Mrs Cheadle, Lincs
Ooof!



This means homoerotic arousal

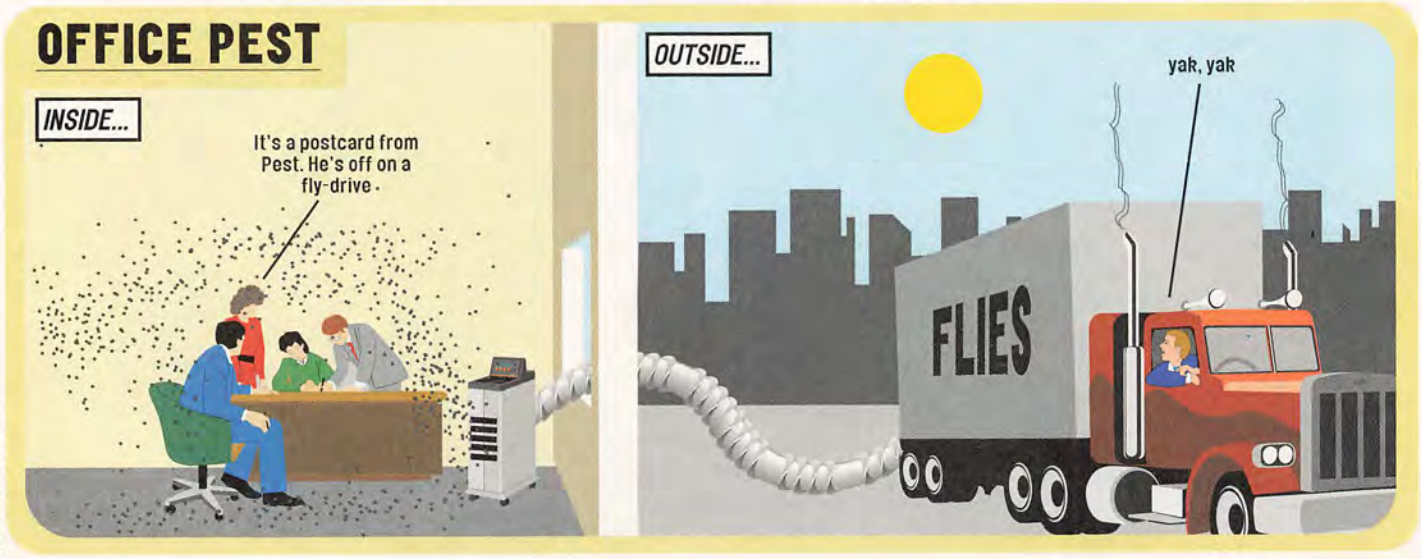
Dear Dr Mick
Forty per cent of all car accidents are caused by drunk drivers. Yet still the police have failed to develop a simple breathalyser test to weed out the bulk of offenders who are stone cold sober. I am teetotal and I've been driving for 40 years without even so much as a ticket for parking too long on a meter. Though statistics suggest I'm more likely than most to plough into a party of school children, I haven't been stopped once. Crazy or what!?
Vernon Chassis
At last someone's talking some sense, Vern. My round, I think.

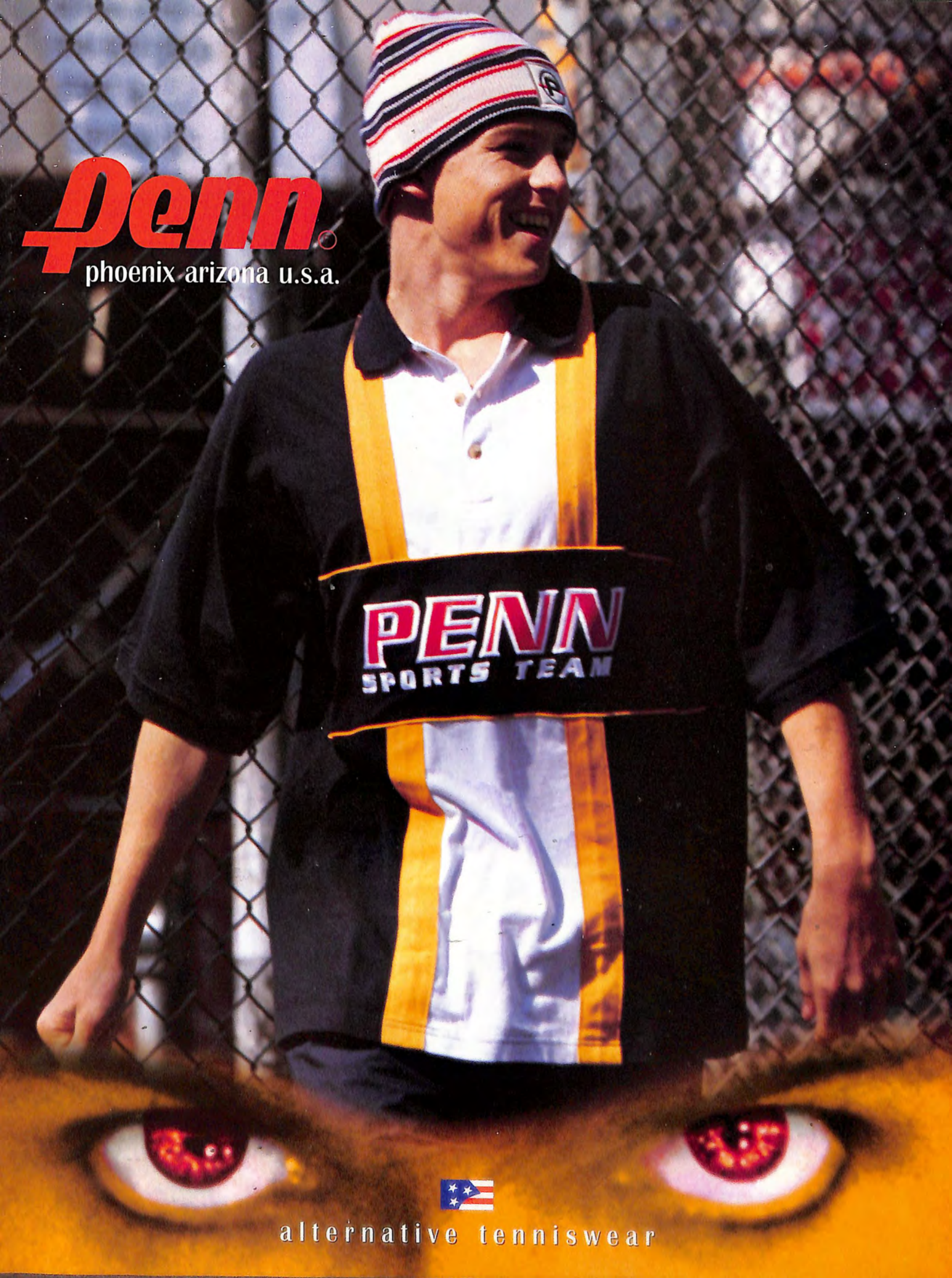
Dear Dr Mick
My brother-in-law maintains that an Englishman's home is his castle, even though he lives in a small council house. He's backed this up by roping off the spare bedroom for himself and his family, and now claims a huge financial subsidy from the National Trust.
Terry Sly
Nice one Terry.

This fish has died

Dear Dr Mick
Here's one we've all heard. My wife's gone to Indonesia. Jakarta? Only as far as the airport. After that she was on her own. Smashing!
Stan Ketteridge, Yorks
Stop it, you're killing me.

Dear Dr Mick
Why oh why have we still got it in for the French? I only ask because I'm nipping over for the football and obviously I'll be wanting to wind them up as much as possible.
Gregg
Nothing wrong with the French. They keep cows in crates and set fire to their sheep.

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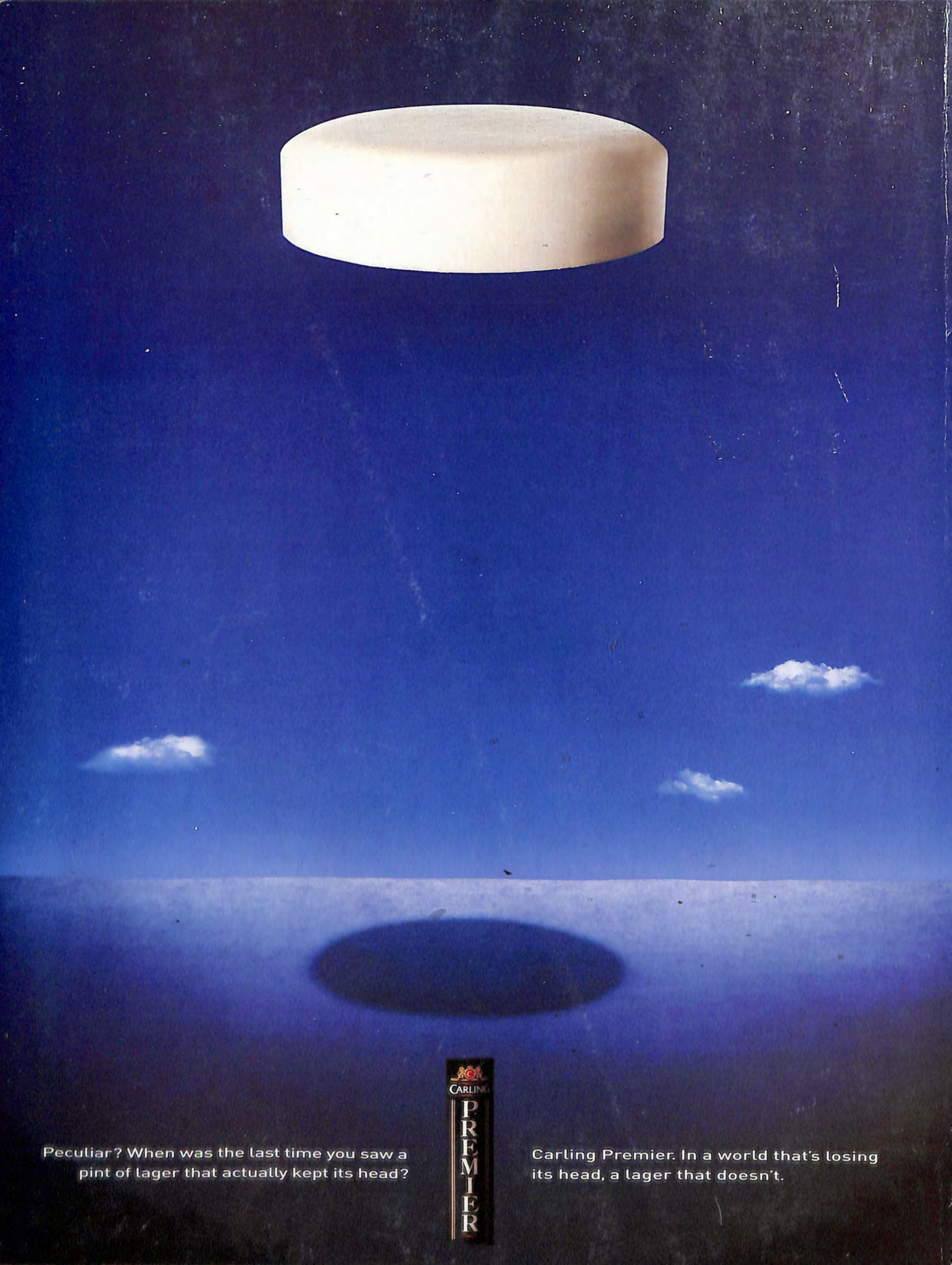
SPORTS TEAM
alternative tenniswear


Peculiar? When was the last time you saw a pint of lager that actually kept its head?
CARLING
PREMIER
Carling Premier. In a world that's losing its head, a lager that doesn't.